

BYGONE YEARS



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1881, August 11

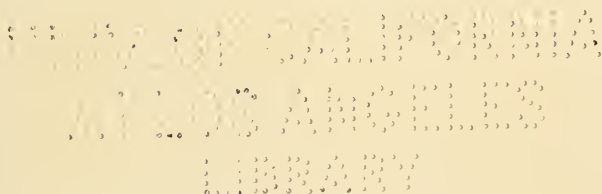
F. Leveson Power

BYGONE YEARS

RECOLLECTIONS

BY THE HON. F. LEVESON GOWER

WITH A PORTRAIT



LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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INTRODUCTION

IT has been often remarked that few men above the age of eighty retain any activity of mind. Although I have long passed that age, I do not perceive that my mind, which was never active, is less so than it was. What is gradually failing me is memory, and if I am to relate a few incidents of my life, I must do so at once.

I cannot attempt to write an autobiography, but merely to jot down some recollections which may be found of interest. It is curious how uncertain memory becomes at an advanced age. Whilst I remember a number of unimportant events, I find it difficult to call to mind the broad outlines of my life. I can, therefore, only offer a disconnected account of it, for which I crave the indulgence of any one who may be inclined to glance over these pages. It may be extended to me because the whole of these recollections have been written since I attained my eighty-sixth birthday, and because I possess no notes or journals to assist me, except those from which I have taken descriptions of Spain, India and Russia, which I wrote at the request of my uncle, the Duke of Devonshire.

Moreover, no one is obliged to read my book, and if it bores any one, he has only himself to blame. I say to him,—

I give thee all I can, no more,
Though poor the offering be.

If, then, asked why I publish it, I make the usual excuse—because my friends advise it, and I attach greater weight to their opinion than to my own.

It may cause some disappointment that I scarcely ever refer to political events. As my brother was a statesman who played so distinguished a part during a great portion of the last century, and having lived in close intimacy with him during the whole of our joint lives, I may be expected to throw light on many occurrences which are still imperfectly known. But for two reasons I shall not attempt it. My first reason is because I cannot trust my treacherous memory to preserve me from falling into some inaccuracies which do not signify when I am relating social gossip, but which would be quite inexcusable when they are connected with political events. My second reason is that my brother's life is being written by Lord Edmond FitzMaurice, and that he is better able than I am to describe the various political episodes which entered into Lord Granville's career.

I may, however, say that it has been my good fortune on nearly every occasion to share my brother's political opinions, and to admire his conduct in public affairs. Because he had charming

manners and was conciliatory, he has sometimes been suspected of weakness ; but he did not deserve this imputation. For I have known few men with a stronger will or more ready to be firm whenever it was needful.

F. LEVESON GOWER.

April, 1905.

BYGONE YEARS

EARLY LIFE

1819-40

I WAS born in 1819. I passed the first ten years of my life alternately in London and at Wherstead, a country-house in Suffolk which my father rented. Of course I have only some very vague recollections of the place. I remember resenting not being allowed to enter the adjoining woods for fear of disturbing the game, which was very plentiful. I think that on one occasion the bag consisted of a thousand head, which was then considered remarkable, but would not be thought so now. It was there that the Duke of Wellington, who was not a safe shot, wounded my father in the face, doing no harm, only covering it with blood, his eyes luckily escaping. I also remember my astonishment at the rapidity with which at breakfast Mr. Frederick Byng¹ ate his egg, devouring it in one or two spoonfuls, whereas I ate mine very slowly, one with more prolonged pleasure.

¹ A son of the fifth Viscount Torrington.

Did this forebode that I should grow up a philosopher or a *gourmand*? I certainly did not become the former, and I hope not the latter.

My father in 1824 was appointed Ambassador to the Netherlands. The post was then an Embassy, and remained so till Belgium was separated from Holland. Towards the end of that year he became Ambassador at Paris. I remained with my parents abroad until I was sent to school. I can call to mind very little of the intervening period.

The chief incident which I can remember was my introduction to Sir Walter Scott. He was dining at the Embassy when I was sent for to be presented to him. I fancy I still recall the kind manner and benevolent countenance. Three years ago I went to see Abbotsford from a country-house in its neighbourhood. The old guide who showed it was so enthusiastic about Sir Walter that I was induced to tell him that I once had the honour of shaking hands with him.—“That is impossible. Do you know when he died?”—“He died in 1832, and I saw him in 1826 when I was seven years old.”—When at length I convinced him he was delighted, and told the next batch of tourists of my acquaintance with Sir Walter, which he seemed to think a marvel.

There were two other occurrences during my stay in Paris which, although of no importance, impressed me much at the time. One was that my squirrel bit me, when I thought him incapable of such wickedness; the other was the death of some

small birds, just hatched, that I had brought from the garden to feed. One evening, going to some entertainment, I forgot to feed them, and found them dead on my return home. For some time I looked upon myself as a murderer.

I was sent occasionally to St. Cloud, in order to play with the Duc de Bordeaux (whose later title of the Comte de Chambord is more familiar) and his sister. The Duke's subsequent career, which was perhaps a happier one than if he had become King of France, is well known. His sister married the Duke of Lucca, who, on the death of his father, became Duke of Parma. He was unworthy of her, and deserved his nickname of "*filthy Lucre*." Soon after their marriage they passed a winter in the neighbourhood of London, when he frequently after dinner deposited his wife at my brother's house in Bruton Street, going himself to his club, and did not call for her before the small hours of the morning, to her distress and the annoyance of my sister-in-law. Some years afterwards we met at Venice, when they had become still more estranged, and she openly complained of his conduct. His end was tragical, as in 1854 he was assassinated in the streets of his capital. She survived him long, and retained the respect of all who knew her.

At the early age of eight I was sent to Dr. Everard's fashionable school at Brighton, which was called the "Young House of Lords" owing to most of the boys being related to the peerage,

many of them future peers, and among them several dukes. We were treated luxuriously, so much so that the Doctor, who was as improvident as he was kind, soon afterwards became a bankrupt and fled the country, his debts amounting to thousands of pounds. The dear old matron, Miss Holland, a second Mrs. Partington, being aware of the money difficulties, only lighted one of the two tallow candles allowed her when we visited her in the evening—a piece of economy which did not avert the coming catastrophe. The drawback to the school was that we learned little, which at the time I did not much resent. We saw a great deal of the royal cousins, Prince George of Hanover and Prince George of Cambridge. They were put under the care of their uncle the King in order that they might be brought up with English surroundings, and were staying with him at the Pavilion. We liked them both; they played with us at our school, and we were often summoned to the Pavilion to play with them. We were delighted with the King, who was very kind to us, and told us sailors' stories, sometimes rather coarse ones, which amused us much. It is not generally known that there was a question of the late Duke of Cambridge marrying Queen Victoria. His mother was intent upon it. The blindness of his elder cousin was an obstacle to his becoming King of Hanover, and the younger one would have taken his place, which would have rendered the English alliance impossible. The Duchess of

Cambridge, in consequence, got some experts to state that the blindness of the elder prince was merely temporary, and that he was therefore entitled to ascend the throne of Hanover. This would have enabled his cousin to marry Princess Victoria. But "*Femme propose et Dieu dispose.*" The Duchess of Kent and her brother, the King of the Belgians, put forward the claims of their nephew, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, in opposition to the Duke of Cambridge. If the Queen had married the latter, no one could have objected, but she did still better.

In due course of time I was sent to Eton, where my life was not a very happy one, and, unlike most Etonians, I do not retain a very pleasant impression of it. My health was indifferent. I was not good at games, and I made no friends—at least, none who remained so in subsequent years. At one time I became dangerously ill from internal inflammation. I had been out of school ten days, complaining of headaches, when my tutor accused me of malingering, and said I must at once resume my school duties. Two days later I was at death's door. My near relations in England were summoned to my bedside, and my parents were nearly being sent for from Paris. I was bled once one day and three times the next. Before the last bleeding I actually heard the two doctors, father and son, dispute about it. The former said I could not bear another bleeding; the latter, that if I did not have it I must die. I however

recovered, and never during my long life have I again been seriously ill.

It was during the Easter holidays in 1834 that my first great sorrow occurred. My relations were at Devonshire House, but I was staying with my aunt, Lady Harrowby, in Grosvenor Square. I remember my father coming there to break to me the sad news of my brother William's death. He was most lovable, and I was devotedly attached to him, perhaps all the more from his having always been a great invalid. I returned soon afterwards to Eton with a heavy heart, and was so much dejected that Spankie, the dealer in sweets who was always stationed at the entrance of the College, rebuked me, and urged me, the dear old man, to try to be more cheerful. Spankie, at his death, which occurred many years afterwards, possessed a substantial sum of money, which I am told he left to Eton College.

Perhaps because I was idle, or on account of my state of health, I was soon afterwards sent to a private tutor in Nottinghamshire. Having little else to do there I read diligently, which would have benefited me more had Mr. Berry been a good scholar. He was an excellent man, but not blessed with the art of teaching. He had a refined mind and wrote admirable letters, which induced my father, who had read some of them, to send me to him. The kindest of men, he was not the most tolerant. Although a Low Churchman, he was impressed with the idea that Dissenters generally

were incorrigible sinners. I was therefore surprised when in later years I got engaged in elections, to find that they were as a rule the most moral members of the community. He was not free from some weaknesses. With the view of giving me a favourable impression of his culture, he used, when we were reading Juvenal together, to say he was reminded of a parallel passage, which he quoted as if from memory. I unfortunately had, unknown to him, the same edition, and perceived from the notes at the bottom of the page whence he had derived his quotation. In spite of such little failings I had a great regard for him, and was glad to meet him many years later, when he had become an incumbent in Dorsetshire. I was fond of some of my companions, amongst whom were Vesey Dawson, who lost his life at Inkerman, and the late General Claremont, the best friend man ever had. It was at this period of my life that I began to take an interest in politics. I read with delight Mr. Fonblanque's brilliant articles in the *Examiner*, and adopted Liberal principles, which I have never since abandoned. In 1837 there was a general election and a contest in Nottinghamshire, in which we took some interest. One of the candidates caused much amusement by stating in his address at the conclusion of his canvass that what had gratified him most was that in the places where he was least known he had met with the warmest reception.

I fancy there are few men who have gone through

a University career who do not look back with pleasure to that period of their lives. To feel oneself for the first time comparatively one's own master, and to lead an existence free from the cares which usually come with later life, is delightful. How valuable are the life-long friendships then formed, free from the mistrust which too frequently accompanies the friendships of later years. I went to Oxford in 1837, and remained there about two and a half years. I must confess that I was very idle. The atmosphere at Christ Church was not at that time intellectual. I cannot call to mind in my time at Christ Church any undergraduate who afterwards became a Cabinet Minister, or who, with one exception, distinguished himself in any other capacity. And amongst my friends there was not one who seemed in the least anxious to obtain University honours. How different it was in previous years at Christ Church, when there were so many undergraduates who in after life took a considerable part in the history of their country. To what is to be ascribed this change? I am inclined to think it was partly due to Dean Gaisford's management. Whilst Christ Church was going back, other Colleges were advancing, particularly Balliol, which soon after came under the influence of Mr. Jowett. The fact is, the Dean, although very learned, was ill fitted for his post. He knew more about Greek particles than about young men. His manners were rough and he inspired the undergraduates with no confidence.

Frank Charteris¹ was an exception. He was not afraid of the Dean and said what he liked to him. I fancy people who know that some are afraid of them are apt to prefer others who are not so. The Dean once gave him leave to go to London to get advice about a lame leg. The following day the Dean perceived his name in the list of guests at the Palace ball, which made him say the next time he met him, "I was not aware, Mr. Charteris, that dancing was a cure for lameness."

There was one undergraduate in my day who was relied upon to maintain the credit of the College. He took a first-class, but in after life proved a failure. He became a member of the House of Commons, where he made foolish speeches. On one such occasion Mr. Lowe whispered to his neighbour, "That fellow was my pupil at Oxford."—"I do not think he does you much credit."—"Not much credit? I never had a pupil who did me more. Fool as he is, I enabled him to obtain a first-class."

There was another undergraduate who was little thought of at Oxford, but who became afterwards very famous, the late Mr. Ruskin. The Dean of Durham tells us in an article he has lately written, entitled "Ruskin at Oxford," that by degrees Ruskin formed at Oxford valuable friendships. This was not my impression. He seemed to keep himself aloof from everybody, to seek no friends,

¹ The present Earl of Wemyss.

and to have none. I never met him in any one else's rooms or at any social gathering. I see him now, looking rather crazy, taking his solitary walks. His isolation was in no wise, as the Dean suggests, due to his parentage, as undergraduates never took that into account in the choice of their companions. Young men having relations and friends in common and some knowledge of London society were unconsciously disposed to foregather, but not from any wish for exclusiveness. It was no advantage to Ruskin to be a gentleman-commoner, as gentleman-commoners, with some notable exceptions, were generally looked upon askance, as rather vulgar parvenus, too proud of their wealth; and there was more fellowship between noblemen and commoners than there was between them and gentleman-commoners. Ruskin classed the gentleman-commoners as being between the noblemen and the commoners. I should put them last. But such classifications are rather fanciful. A Yankee who had never been in England asked a fellow countryman who had been there what people were comprised in the term "middle-class."—"Baronets, to be sure"—a definition which would not be acceptable to some of our baronets with long pedigrees.

Ruskin on one occasion gave a large supper, to which he invited some of the leading undergraduates whom he did not know. His speech on this occasion did not make a favourable impression. He said he could hardly express how

much he felt honoured that so many young men who were superior to him socially should have condescended to accept his invitation. This disinclined us to keep up the acquaintance, although we were the losers thereby.

I cannot however, say that I have ever felt the enthusiasm with which Ruskin inspired so many of his contemporaries. No one can fail to admire the beauty and eloquence of his writings and his exquisite drawing. But I have felt great misgiving about the soundness of his judgment. I do not pretend to be an authority upon Art, but I know something about Political Economy, which causes me to be astounded at the nonsense he wrote on economic subjects. What could be more foolish than to urge young men to give up their games in order by manual exertion to do something useful, and accordingly persuading them to dig a road which led nowhere and was left unfinished? Surely educated youths should try to benefit mankind by the use of their brains rather than of their muscles.

In connection with this question of the relative importance of physical and mental labour, I will quote what the late Lord Farrer wrote to me about it in a letter. He refers to the division which our old economists made of the elements of production into land, capital, and labour, and omitting brains or lumping brains with labour as if it were homogeneous, and adds: "The difference between brain labour and muscle labour is as great as possible, and it is brain labour which

has caused the immense progress of later years. From this confusion of language arise innumerable muddles, imperfectly got out of by such phrases as wages of superintendence and absurd demands on the part of socialists and workmen. It is human intelligence and not human muscle which has made material nature prolific and brought the ends of the earth together in the service of man. Is it not absurd to speak of the 'Wealth of Nations' or the works of Watts and Faraday as labour? I feel sure that this one mistake in language is the fertile parent of falsehoods without end."

I myself, however, should divide the elements of production into labour, capital, and brains, as I consider land to be fixed capital. But this is sufficient political economy.

Among other absurd recommendations Ruskin somewhere says that marriage should only be allowed to those who deserved it. All this makes me doubt whether even about Art he could be quite a reliable guide; and certainly some of his views about it appear to me rather fanciful.

The gentleman-commoners had several privileges. They were allowed to have a servant, a permission prized by mothers, who were glad to have some trusty person to look after the health and wants of their sons. Another privilege was to wear silk gowns and velvet caps; and also to get better food, which, like the noblemen, they ate at a separate table of their own. My great friend Charteris was a gentleman-commoner—and was wholly free

from the faults I have imputed to them generally. In order to do me a good turn, he suggested that I should sit at one end of the commoners' table, and that he should sit near me at the end of his table, so as to enable him to hand over the superior dishes, from which I could help myself. This was perceived by an officious don, who very properly put an end to so objectionable a proceeding.

I can confirm the Dean of Durham's statement that Mr. Gladstone disliked the removal of these distinctions, as he held that those of the outer world should have their echo at Oxford. I ventured to argue with him on the subject. I maintained that the equality between youths, both at school and college, was a great advantage, particularly to those who were most favoured by fortune; and that anything which militated against this equality should be done away with. There is a well-known story about my friend, the late Lord Bath, who, on his first arrival at Eton, was asked his name, and answered, "I am Viscount Weymouth, and I shall be Marquis of Bath." Upon which he received two kicks, one for the viscount, and the other for the marquis. This story may not be true, but at any rate it illustrates the fact that if at Eton a boy boasted of his social advantages he would have cause to repent it.

Soon after our arrival at Oxford, Edward Kerrison and I were elected members of the Mitre Club. It was a famous old hunting club, not

noted for the sobriety of its members, but which latterly had somewhat mended its ways. Still I cannot say that in our day it was conducted on strictly temperance principles. For instance, a new member was required to empty at one draught a cup called the "Fox's Head," containing a bottle of port. I have always looked upon myself as a sober individual, because I never reduced myself to that state in which I could not take care of myself. But I am free to confess that, both at Oxford and afterwards, I sometimes imbibed more wine than was good for me. Both Kerrison and I were gratified by our election to this club, so soon after our arrival at Christ Church; but our satisfaction was a good deal diminished when we learnt that every member was going to leave at the end of the term, and that there was a debt on the club amounting to eighty pounds. The result was that at the beginning of the next term we found ourselves the sole members, and that we were responsible for this large sum. We put a bold face on it, and summoned a meeting of the club (*i.e.* ourselves), when we respectively elected ourselves Chairman and Secretary. We then elected twelve new members to fill up the vacancies. We announced to them their election in some trepidation, but secretly hoping that, like us, they would consider it an honour. To our relief they gratefully joined the club, which continued to exist a number of years. It was Mr. Gladstone's opinion that gambling was a worse vice than drunkenness; al-

though he himself was the most abstemious of men, he saw some merit in the genial intercourse which takes place over the social glass of wine, whereas he looked upon the greed which is the sole incentive to gambling as one of the worst propensities of man. I did not agree with him. My chief answer was that I could be, and often had been, fond of a gambler, but never of a drunkard.

The Coronation of Queen Victoria took place during my first year at Oxford. I came up to London for it, having had the good fortune to obtain, through the kindness of the Duchess of Sutherland, a ticket of admission into the Abbey. I got a capital position, very high up, but opposite to Her Majesty. It was a splendid spectacle. I saw the whole ceremonial well, including Lord Rolle rolling down the steps of the throne. I had a great disappointment that evening. To my delight I received an invitation to a great ball given by the Duke of Wellington in honour of the Coronation. After dinner I went home to dress, when, knocked up by the fatigues of the day, I sat down in an armchair, fell fast asleep, and did not awake till four o'clock the next morning. My distress may easily be imagined.

It was during one of my holidays in Paris that the Italian Opera-house was burnt. I was amusing myself with some friends at a *bal masqué* when we heard of its being on fire, and we at once proceeded to the scene of action. We had to fall in

with one of the lines of men who were handing on the buckets, full of water, to the theatre, or the empty ones from it. The line we joined was luckily the latter, and therefore the least fatiguing. It was an intensely cold night, and we were thinly clad, but the excitement of the labour kept us warm. The rule is, that no one once engaged is allowed to leave ; but we managed to evade it, and therefore did not witness the dreadful tragedy which took place. The manager and his family threw themselves out of their apartment at the top of the building, and all perished. Had they remained quiet they would have incurred no harm, as the fire never reached their quarters.

F. Charteris and I, when at Oxford, spent a good deal of our time at Nuneham, a charming country house which the Archbishop of York had recently inherited, when he changed his name of Vernon to that of Harcourt. His illustrious grandson, the late Sir William Harcourt, had just before his death become the possessor of it. The Archbishop was my uncle and godfather, and always very gracious to me, both in the country and later in London. He was a noble specimen of an ecclesiastic of former days, courteous, dignified and genial, very hospitable and beloved by all who approached him. In certain circumstances in our political history he acted with a good deal of common-sense. He was an ardent sportsman, perhaps more so than some of the strait-laced would approve of. When Bishop of Carlisle he shot grouse on the Naworth

moors. One day when they proposed to take him out of his way to show him the Roman wall, he said, "Never mind the wall; show me the grouse." On one occasion at Nuneham we found the foxhounds running by the house, when we saw the Archbishop, leaning out of an open window, crying out "Tally-ho!" at the top of his voice.

The following account of Nuneham, written some years afterwards by my sister, Georgiana Fullerton, to my mother, may be found of some interest.

NUNEHAM, *February 25th, 1843.*

"We arrived here yesterday at half-past four. I am much struck with the beauty and comfort of the house, and the view and the gardens in summer must be perfectly beautiful. We find a large family party. . . . We are to go to Oxford on Friday. I summoned up courage to say that I would rather go and see some of the buildings while they are at a lecture of Doctor Buckland's on the causes of the colours on birds' wings. And so it is arranged.

"There is much surprise felt at Oxford at Mr. Ward's¹ marriage, and both friends and foes seem to think it rather inconsistent in such an advocate of Romish practice. I suppose he says it is a matter of discipline only, and that, as his Church allows him to marry and he does not feel equal himself to what he has recommended as the highest line, he is justified in doing so. That may be so, strictly speaking, but it throws rather

¹ Mr. Ward was one of the leaders of the Oxford movement, and a close friend of Newman and of Gladstone. His book, *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, was condemned, and he was stripped of his degrees by Convocation in 1845. He subsequently became a Roman Catholic, and was the father of Mr. Wilfred Ward.

a ridicule upon him, and people say he has left his College more in love than in hate."

I will add an extract from another letter written at the same visit.

"The morning is beautiful, and we are going to drive into Oxford. I shall enjoy it very much. I am so pleased at what I have just heard that I shall look upon it in better spirits than yesterday. The Bishop has wisely and kindly given way and Mr. Oakeley resumes his ministry without recantation or conditions. They do not mean to have any more proceedings at Oxford of any kind, and therefore there seems some prospect of peace and agreement in differing."

My sister joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1846, just after my father's death. She postponed doing so as she knew it would cause him great annoyance. Those who knew her will think me justified in saying she was an angel on earth. Her conversion never altered her relations with any member of her family, to whom she was always devotedly attached, particularly to my mother.

Our visits to Nuneham were much more frequent when Mr. Harcourt, the Archbishop's eldest son, came to reside there in the absence of his father. His wife, Lady Elizabeth (who was the daughter of the second Earl of Lucan), was Charteris' aunt, and was handsome and attractive. Her daughter, who had just married Lord Norreys, was also charming. The latter became Lady Abingdon, and was the mother of Sir Francis Bertie, who

has lately been appointed Ambassador at Paris. Time passed in such society was very agreeable.

Lady Elizabeth, not long after this, met with an untimely end. She and her husband went to Milan to witness the Coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Lombardy. By my father's leave I accompanied my brother-in-law, Mr. Fullerton, with the same object, and also in the hope of meeting the Harcourts. Milan was the scene of numberless festivities. The Italians just at that time became more reconciled to the Austrians on account of the benevolent rule of the Viceroy, Archduke Rainer. Many of the Milanese nobility opened their houses, and we were present at most of their parties. I have a distinct recollection of seeing several times in society that fine old man, Marshal Radetzki. I also remember a beautiful Russian, the Comtesse——, whom I had known in Paris, and who was at Milan, as an Italian lady put it, in rather a "bad smell." She led a fast life, and I heard an amusing story of an incident which occurred a year or two later. She had fallen in love with an Italian tenor, who at her request had cultivated a moustache. Now it seems that it was not etiquette for a singer to appear on the stage otherwise than clean-shaved, so that the audience hissed him; upon which the lady stood up in her box with her hands outstretched in a suppliant attitude, which was a silent appeal to them to allow her favourite to retain his moustache.

This reminds me of an incident in a theatre which happened some years afterwards at Venice. I was there with my brother, Lord Granville and his wife, her mother the Duchesse de Dalberg, and her aunt Contessa Marescalchi. We went one evening to the Opera, when the last-named recognised in the principal singer the husband of her lady's-maid, who had cruelly deserted his wife. Madame Marescalchi got my brother the next morning to ask him to call at our hotel. When he appeared my brother said nothing, but begged Madame Marescalchi, who was waiting in the next room, to come in. She entered, bringing in her maid, who at once threw herself into the arms of the faithless husband. Upon this a reconciliation took place, to last how long I do not know. The following day we all returned to the Opera, to show our approbation of the young man's conduct. We vehemently applauded every note he sang. As he sang out of tune the audience resented this applause and began to hiss. This made Madame Marescalchi remark to us, "*Je vous prie, un peu moins de zèle.*"

To hit the right measure in such cases is somewhat difficult. I found it so at some private theatricals which took place at the Dowager Lady Essex's in London. Henry Greville was the principal performer, and at the end of the first act complained to us of the absence of applause, without which it was impossible to act. We then took to applauding vigorously, which made him

still more angry. Indiscriminate applause, he said, was worse than none. But as the acting had nothing salient about it discrimination was difficult.

The Coronation at Milan was a magnificent sight, rivalling that which I had lately witnessed in Westminster Abbey. There are few interiors of cathedrals finer than the one at Milan, and when the beautiful Empress walked majestically along the aisle from the door to the altar, it was a sight worthy of the gods, although somewhat impaired by the insignificant appearance of the husband by whose side she walked. One evening the Cercle de Noblesse gave a ball in honour of the Coronation. I led Lady Elizabeth Harcourt, leaning on my arm, round the room, and her beauty excited general admiration. Two days later she was seized with an attack of cholera, to which she succumbed. I need not say how much we were grieved and shocked. We went out no more, soon taking our departure for Paris.

It would weary my reader if I described in more detail my life at Oxford. It seems strange to me now that neither I nor any of my companions paid any attention to what was called the Oxford Movement, which had its origin about that time. Some of us used to go to St. Mary's to hear Newman preach. We were attracted by his earnestness and the beauty and simplicity of his language; so far as I can remember he rarely touched upon dogma.

Our life was very pleasant, but must be con-

sidered to have been wasted, except by those who look upon time affording much pleasure as not absolutely thrown away. My chief amusement was tennis. I sometimes went out with the drag. I was president of an archery club, which, to the peril of the neighbourhood, we converted into a rifle club, and was on that account closed soon after I left. I went to many wine-parties, where there was no drunkenness, but perhaps more conviviality than would be at present approved of. I played a good deal at whist, but for moderate stakes. I read little, and relied on what I had learnt at my private tutor's to get through my daily work. We were on the whole a steady set, but it was not a life calculated to promote success in our future careers.

In my opinion my masters, whether at school or college, were to a certain degree responsible for my indolence. Not one of them sought to interest me in my work, or pointed out the merits of the authors we read. Nor did they bring home to me the circumstances under which these authors wrote, nor make any comparisons between ancient and modern literature. It was very different with a Frenchman who coached me during one of my Oxford vacations. He pointed out beauties and defects, and enlivened his lessons with many anecdotes and interesting facts bearing upon our studies. It is fair to add that he had as a teacher a considerable reputation. I do not remember his name, but he was tutor to the late Duc de Broglie, the

distinguished politician and author, whose father recommended him to mine, and in later years he became the tutor of the Prince Imperial.

It is odd enough that in England instructors of the well-to-do classes never receive any training in the art of teaching, while this is required of the masters and mistresses in our elementary schools.

I left Oxford in the autumn of 1840 and joined my parents at Paris. I remained with them until the end of the following January, when I took up my abode in London in order to study law.

ABROAD

1841-42

MY legal studies were soon interrupted by my being summoned to Paris, where my father had been struck down with paralysis. I believe this was the result of the anxiety he went through during the previous autumn. England and France were on the verge of war on the Mehemet Ali question, and it was largely owing to my father that peace was maintained. But the strain put upon him was great, and undermined his health. He gradually somewhat recovered, but for the rest of his life remained an invalid. He was very fond of me, and was unwilling in his impaired state of health to part with me. So my return to my legal studies was postponed to the following year. This was most welcome to me, as I dearly loved my father, and preferred the gay life in Paris to reading Smith's *Leading Cases*. There are two seasons in Paris—one in mid-winter, before Lent, the other after Easter. The latter is by far the pleasanter, as I realised on this occasion. There were many balls and other amusements, which I thoroughly enjoyed. I attended the races at Chantilly with a pleasant

party. The Duke of Orleans gave a ball in a part of the building which had been the stables of former days, and had escaped destruction during the French Revolution. The whole *château* was afterwards, as is well known, fully restored by the Duc d'Aumale.

Later on in this year, when the weather grew warmer, my father rented a charming place not far from Versailles, called La Jonchère. It was formerly the residence of Ouvrard, the great contractor in the time of the first Napoleon, and one of Madame Tallien's lovers. The house stood on an eminence, with a glorious view, the Seine winding through the plain below, St. Germain with its *château* in front, and Marly with its woods and aqueduct to the left. As my father got better we saw more society, and many people came down to sleep or only for dinner. One difference I observed between our English and French visitors. The former either admired or pretended to admire the view ; the latter rarely looked at it. We got up some theatricals in a small way. Madame de Meyendorf and my sister Georgiana Fullerton acted in perfection the scene between Célimène and Arsinoë in Molière's *Misanthrope*, and I took a part in the bower scene of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

During my various visits to Paris I came across a number of remarkable persons. I saw Talleyrand once or twice, and Thiers oftener. I frequently shook hands with Guizot, and heard Molé converse,

who was reckoned one of the most agreeable men in France. I saw Berryer, but never Lamartine, except when speaking in the Chambers. I knew Eugène Sue well, as he frequented the house of one of my friends. When a dandy he wrote some fashionable novels, and was the pet of various fine ladies. One of his novels was founded upon a story in real life. It was published in numbers, the heroine being described as involved in dreadful trouble from which his female friends entreated him to extricate her.

This reminded me of an anecdote *à propos* of *Clarissa Harlowe*. The novel came out in successive volumes, and at the end of the sixth she is described as dying. Upon this some one wrote to Richardson that he would give him a thousand pounds if in the next volume he would restore her to health. This Richardson refused to do.

Eugène Sue then wrote some stories full of sympathy for the working classes. He consequently obtained their favour, and was elected a deputy by them, but in that capacity he met with no success.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the lovely women I at this time became acquainted with. The Duchesse d'Istrie was the most beautiful, and one of the few French women I ever met with who could rival our principal English beauties.

The Duchesse de Galliera, a first cousin of my sister-in-law Lady Granville, was remarkably clever. She was rather plain, with a peculiar absent manner, but had great *finesse d'esprit*, and

could hold her own with the distinguished men she received in her salon. It was to her, I believe, that some one remarked, "*Après tout, madame, il faut avouer que ce sont les gens d'esprit qui ont perdu la France.*"—"Mais alors donc, monsieur, pourquoi ne nous avez-vous pas sauvés?"—Both she and her husband were immensely rich, and lived in the splendid Hôtel Monaco. I never afterwards went through Paris without her asking me to dinner, when I met distinguished company. I made friends there with M. Legouv  , the dramatist and academician. He was the author with Scribe of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur.*" When I told him I had been charmed with a little piece which had just appeared at the Gymnase called *La Chaste Suzanne*,—"I am glad," he said, "you were pleased with it, as I am the author."

At one of these dinners, which took place just after the entry of Garibaldi into Naples, I expressed myself delighted with this event, not knowing that among the guests was the Cavaliere Canofari, who remained as Neapolitan *Charg   d'Affaires* at Paris until the recognition of Italy by the French Government. This caused me some compunction, as he bore with so much good humour my observations, which must have been most offensive to him, and merely expressed his dissent from my views.

The Gallieras were most generous. He gave £800,000 towards the improvement of the harbour at Genoa. She built and endowed various institu-

tions in France and in Italy. She and her son handed over Il Palazzo Rosso with all its priceless treasures to their native town of Genoa. Her son is a Socialist, and, considering all capital to be robbery, was with difficulty persuaded to limit himself to the miserable pittance of £20,000 a year, which I believe he distributes among others. His mother, who held rather Liberal views, was devoted to the Orleans family, and proved her devotion by giving a valuable estate in Italy to the Duc de Montpensier. When she offered it he accepted it by telegram. She also left a large sum to the Empress Frederick, with whom she became acquainted on the Riviera.

During these years I frequently saw Princess Lieven, who, when she had ceased to be Russian Ambassadors in London, took up her permanent abode in Paris after passing a winter in Russia. She spent much of her time at our Embassy. I often made up her rubber of whist, of which she was very fond. The Tsar was indignant with her for refusing to return to Russia, so much so that at one time he stopped her allowance, and she had to have recourse to her friends to enable her to meet her expenses. My father delighted in her conversation, and on this account my mother was glad to welcome her to her house; she also pitied her, as she thought that, in spite of her brilliant existence, she was an unhappy woman. The Princess, in one of her letters to her brother, Comte Benckendorf, which have been lately

published, says that she preferred my mother's society to that of any other woman in London, which is all the more flattering as my mother did not really feel much affection for her, and she was the only person who took little interest in politics whom the Princess cared for.

What the Princess chiefly suffered from was intense boredom, which amounted almost to a disease. If nobody called during the afternoon she would roll on the floor from *ennui*. On one occasion, when on her way from England, she got so much alarmed at the prospect of travelling alone from Calais to Paris, that she offered a seat in her carriage to a respectable-looking clergyman on board the steamer, which he joyfully accepted. When seated beside her, he talked so incessantly as nearly to drive her wild. She could only relieve her feelings by putting her head out of the window every ten minutes and screaming out to the winds, "*Il m'ennuie—il m'ennuie !*" Sometimes since, when bored by some one to extinction, I have been soothed by repeating those words to myself.

Though she looked very distinguished, with her small head and graceful figure, she was not handsome ; yet there never was a woman who had at her feet so many men of mark. Prince Metternich, Canning, Wellington, Aberdeen, Lord Grey, and Guizot, as well as George IV. were at different times devoted to her. It, however, appears from some of her lately published letters that she did not care much for any of them,

but made use of them for her own political objects. Her correspondence betrays duplicity with regard to them. The only person she seems to have been truly attached to was M. Guizot, who was her friend for twenty years, and was faithful to her till she died.

I was once present on an interesting occasion at her salon. All Paris was at that time wondering whether the Emperor would marry Mademoiselle de Montijo. The room was full when the door was thrown open, and the Comtesse and her daughter announced. Madame de Lieven immediately got up from her seat and, brushing past the mother, embraced the daughter, taking her by both hands. Every one present at once knew that the engagement had taken place.

Madame Appony, the Austrian Ambassadors, was also a constant visitor at our Embassy. She was a most amiable woman, but was to a tiresome degree what the French call *doucereuse*, her words melting in her mouth. Her eldest son married Mademoiselle de Benckendorf, who was described, before her arrival as a bride at Paris, to be blunt and insolent. This made Monsieur Tschann, the Swiss Minister, observe: "*Si elle est brutale cela sera rafraîchissant.*" She afterwards became Austrian Ambassador in London, where she was decidedly civil and popular. She was a niece of Princess Lieven, and probably found out that, being less clever, she had better not try and imitate her aunt's imperious ways.

Later on I spent a short time in England, and

afterwards went to Nice, where my father had been ordered by the doctor to spend the winter. I found the whole family lodged in a charming house close to the shore, near the *Promenade des Anglais*. Lord Brougham had offered to lend his villa at Cannes to my father, but he preferred Nice as being more sociable. Lord Brougham's villa and Mr. Leader's were then the only ones at Cannes, and Nice and Genoa were the only towns on the Riviera frequented by strangers. Nice was very gay, with a distinguished and cosmopolitan society. My uncle, the Duke of Devonshire, rented a house close to ours, and took an active part in all that was going on. So did the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden, with her daughter the Princess Marie. The Duchess was related to the Empress Josephine, and was the adopted daughter of Napoleon. She was very good-natured and without pretension. On *Mardi Gras*, not recognising her, I pelted her mercilessly with bonbons, which she did not in the least resent. Another visitor at Nice was the handsome and brilliant Duchesse de Dino, whom Prince Talleyrand had obtained in marriage for his nephew the Duc de Talleyrand, who became the Duc de Dino. After the lapse of some years she left her husband in order to live with his uncle, over whose establishment she presided during the remainder of his life. She accompanied him when he came to London as Ambassador, and had great success in English society, which, after some hesitation,

received her well. Her daughter, Madame de Castellane, who, with her husband, was staying with her at Nice, was said, when a girl of eighteen, to have reconciled Prince Talleyrand on his deathbed to the Church, and was consequently looked upon as a saint. She deserved that appellation, not on account of that achievement, but because she was good, and bore well some sad trials in life. Her daughter married Prince Radziwill, whom I met in Russia just after his engagement, and surprised by telling him that I had once given a kiss to his intended. But he was reassured when I explained that she was at the time only two years old. The Duchesse de Dino, upon her uncle's death, became devout, and was for a time the bosom friend of the Archbishop of Paris. After we met at Nice she fell in love with a good-looking young German, a Prince Lichnowsky, and was only deterred by the prayers of her daughter from becoming a Protestant in order to marry him. Some years afterwards he lost his life in a riot at Frankfort.

One day the town was startled by the arrival of Lord Douglas, the handsome son of the Duke of Hamilton. He had come in order to propose to the Princess Marie in obedience to his father's injunction to marry a royalty. His advances were well received, and we thought the affair was as good as settled, when, to the young lady's indignation and to every one's astonishment, he suddenly departed for Rome. The next summer in Germany

she all but accepted a friend of my brother, which, coming to the ears of Douglas, roused his vanity, and he again came forward and induced her to throw over his rival and to become his wife. She would have done better not to forgive him for his previous behaviour, as he proved an indifferent husband.

Compared with its present condition, Nice was then in a primitive state. For instance, I was sometimes obliged to go to parties in a sedan-chair. The streets were ill-lighted with oil lamps. There was a good deal of poverty and numberless beggars. Some one lamenting this in the presence of the Governor of the town, he professed on the contrary to be much pleased, as it induced the rich to be charitable. The beggars, if they were not impostors, probably viewed the matter in a different light. The Governor was an Ultramontane, and represented a government which was at that time the most bigoted in Europe. At the instigation of the Church every sort of absurd restriction was imposed. Some years previously I was at Aix-en-Savoie, when the young men organised a dance, and ordered a band from Chambéry to play at it. The band duly arrived, but as it was a Friday, was not allowed to perform. So we had to dance to the beating of a drum until twelve o'clock, when the music became permissible.

My brother, Lord Leveson,¹ and his charming wife came to Nice early in spring, and soon afterwards I accompanied them to Rome in time

¹ Afterwards second Earl Granville.

to be there during the Easter week. My sister-in-law was remarkably cosmopolitan. Her father, the Duc de Dalberg, was originally a German Baron at the head of a distinguished family, but became naturalised in France, when the first Napoleon conferred on him the title of Duke. He took a prominent part in French politics, both during the French Empire and during the Restoration, when he was credited with Liberal tendencies. Her mother was a Genoese of the noble family of Brignole. Her first husband was Sir Richard Acton, a son of the famous Neapolitan Prime Minister, the friend of Nelson and of the English Alliance. She was sister-in-law of Cardinal Acton, and mother of the late Lord Acton, one of the most learned men of his time. In consequence of her many connections I found myself at Rome in the midst of the leading society of the place. It was of course reactionary and clerical. They fasted strictly, and although the *maigre* food was delicious, my brother and I sometimes slipped away to a restaurant to fortify ourselves with a little meat. I was given every facility to see the Church ceremonies, which I admired without being much impressed. I was a little too much behind the scenes. I will not describe Rome, or, with a few exceptions, any of the interesting places I have visited. They are so well known, owing to the many books of travel and guide-books that have been written about them, that it would be a waste of time to attempt it.

SOCIETY

1840-46

I SOON afterwards turned my face homeward in order to resume my legal studies. One of my great privileges in early life was my intimacy with Lord and Lady Holland. I was as a boy a frequent visitor at Holland House, and during her widowhood I saw a great deal of her in London. I first made their acquaintance when I was a schoolboy at Brighton. They used to come there every year, when she often invited the sons of their friends to visit them. She rather alarmed us, and put to us questions which were difficult to answer at once. One day she asked Cosmo Russell, the Duke of Bedford's son, what profession he would prefer. He answered without hesitation, "The Church."—"What text, my dear, would you choose for your sermon?"—"The wages of sin is death."—The answer was, perhaps, more ready than tactful.

When later I stayed at Holland House Lord Holland used to chat with me most pleasantly. Lady Holland was particular about my going to church, as she knew my mother would wish it, especially as I was living in a house reputed

to be the temple of unorthodoxy. On returning one day from church, I, in the innocence of my heart, asked Lord Holland who the pretty girls were who sat behind his pew. As he never went there he could only answer with a smile, "I do not know." What was remarkable in him, beside his intellect and great culture, was his good humour and the patience with which he bore his wife's teasing ways. I see him now, gesticulating and finishing a story, as he was by her orders being wheeled backwards by the footman out of the room; and he remained perfectly unmoved when, as would sometimes happen, she told the footman to take away the unfinished food that was before him.

Lord Holland died in 1840, and left his widow disconsolate. During many months I frequently saw her in tears, and after my mother, who did not like her, had paid her a visit on her return two years later from abroad, she observed, "That woman has suffered much, and I will never again say she has no heart." She was a staunch friend and always ready to do a service to those she liked. It must, however, be admitted that she had no great affection for her own children. Her son Charles one day said to me, "I wish she loved us as much as she loves all of you." I do not think she ever resided at Holland House after her loss, but she continued to entertain in Stanhope Street all her former *habitués*, none of whom ever failed her, which proved that they appreciated her

good qualities. At that time I was living in a small lodging in Charles Street, reading for the law. Nothing could exceed her kindness to me. I dined with her whenever I liked. I had only to send word in the morning that I would do so, a permission of which I frequently availed myself. Of course I never uttered a word at dinner, but listened with delight to the brilliant talk, to Macaulay's eloquence and varied information, to Sydney Smith's exquisite jokes, which made me die of laughing, to Mr. Rogers' sarcasm, and to Mr. Luttrell's¹ repartees.—“Will you make a little room, Mr. Luttrell?”—“It will have to be *made*,” he replied, “for it does not exist.”

All the Whig ladies visited Lady Holland, and many of them were charming and agreeable. She was very fond of my cousins, Lady Carlisle's daughters. One day she exclaimed, “What is the use of education? Your cousins know very little, yet how perfect they are!” I think she hardly did them justice, as, without being learned, they had cultivated minds.

I once asked Lady Holland whether it would frighten her to see a ghost.—“Oh no; it would delight me, as proving the existence of a future life.”—She could not bear the idea of leaving this one. She said she would exchange her present position for that of a crossing-sweeper

¹ Mr. Luttrell was believed to be a natural son of Lord Carhampton. He had sat in the last Irish Parliament, and died about 1855 at a very advanced age.

who was young. She never would allow the word "death" to be uttered in her presence. I once went with her to the play to see an after-piece. We arrived too early, and the funeral in *Hamlet* was being performed. She immediately left the box. She entreated Lord Carlisle to raze to the ground the beautiful mausoleum at Castle Howard, which is visible to all the country round, and which, she said, made her too sad. And yet I was assured she met death with perfect calmness. But she was not courageous, particularly in a carriage. Her coachman once told her he could go backwards, but could not go slower. When he said, "no fear, my lady," she answered, "Perhaps there is no danger, but there's a great deal of fear."—She was the only person ever known to have the drag put on when driving along the boulevards at Paris. For a long time she refused to travel by railway. At last she was induced to go to Bowood by the Great Western line, when she got Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer who had constructed it, to accompany her, and held him by the hand the whole of the journey. Mr. Brunel was a great friend of hers, and she was much concerned when his life was endangered by his swallowing a coin. At the time of this occurrence, Sir Arthur Aston, who had been our Minister at Madrid, was dining with Lady Holland, when he told in relation to it the following amusing story. A youth at Madrid having swallowed a coin was surrounded in the streets by a crowd, when efforts

were made to extract it ; upon which some one cried out, " Send for the Queen-Mother, she will get at it ! " Her Majesty was reputed to be very grasping, and to be amassing a large fortune.

Lady Holland was much attached to Mr. Allen, who was Lord Holland's private secretary and lived during many years under their roof. He was very learned, talked well, and gave one the impression of great benevolence. But he was much abused on account of his holding sceptical views. I can only say that those who do not think that beliefs are necessary for salvation would maintain that he deserved it, for his life was blameless. One day during his last illness he got much better and was supposed to be out of danger, which put Lady Holland in great spirits. " Let us imitate," she said, " Tom Jones "—who, it may be remembered, got drunk upon Squire Allworthy's recovery. But Mr. Allen had a relapse and soon afterwards died.

She was not always respectful to her physician, Sir Stephen Hammick.—" Where do you dine to-day, Sir Stephen ? "—" At my club. "—" What is the name of your club ? "—" The Union. "—" I have never heard of it. Frederick, *is* there such a club ? "

At one time she took to dining out, which she had rarely done before. She went to many of the most fashionable houses, whether Whig or Tory. She often got me invited in order that I might accompany her. We once dined at Chesterfield House, after which she told her old

friends that she had never before understood what constituted good society. I need not add that she only said this to tease them, for never was there known a more delightful society than that which surrounded her.

I have always cherished a grateful recollection of Lady Holland. I was much touched by her leaving me a legacy of two hundred pounds with which to purchase books, a graceful intimation of her affection for me, which never varied. She heard so much of the well-deserved popularity of F. Charteris, when he first went into society in London, that she was curious to see him, and told me to bring him some day to dine with her at Holland House. The invitation gratified him, and we accordingly went, when she received him graciously. Upon our taking our departure we were already on the staircase, when she called me back and whispered, "Never mind, my dear Frederick; good looks are not everything in this world."

I only hope that my remarks about Lady Holland, which are perfectly truthful, may convey a better impression of her than that which has been generally entertained. People have been forgetful of her merits, and paid too much attention to her eccentricities.

I gradually became a great favourite with my uncle, the Duke of Devonshire, who wished to have me constantly with him. To pass my time at Devonshire House, Chatsworth and Chiswick was much more attractive than to study law in

Lincoln's Inn. The Duke, as the owner of everything that rank and fortune can give from the time he came of age, had always the world at his feet. He was clever and amusing, and, had he not been very deaf, might have played a conspicuous part in public life. In consequence of the adulation he received he was socially rather dictatorial, but at the same time very amiable and liking to see the enjoyment of others, particularly if conferred by himself. We were all much attached to him.

The relations which subsisted between the Duke and his gardener, Paxton, were of a delightful character. The Duke was fond of botany, and spent much time in the Horticultural Gardens which adjoined his villa at Chiswick, and which the Society rented from him, when he often conversed with Paxton, who was there in a subordinate position. The Duke was so much impressed by his intelligence that he appointed him to the important post of head gardener at Chatsworth. According to the Duke, Paxton employed his first morning there in the following manner. He inspected the garden and saw all the gardeners, instructing them as to their respective duties, and he fell in love with the housekeeper's niece, whom he subsequently married. There is another version to the effect that at their first interview he proposed to the lady and was accepted; but that was improbable.

He soon proved himself superior to an ordinary gardener, and carried out many improvements

apart from his immediate duties. At Chatsworth he rebuilt nearly the whole of Edensor, the village at the park gates. He constructed the great conservatory, the largest in the world, and the "Emperor," the highest fountain. He laid out the vast rock shrubbery, which, although of doubtful taste in a country of rocks, was well devised and is very pretty. Apart from Chatsworth, he doubled the accommodation of Bolton Abbey, and enlarged and improved Lismore Castle. His principal achievement was, as is well known, the building he designed in imitation of the Chatsworth conservatory for the Exhibition of 1851. The architects had failed to produce any suitable scheme, and I believe it was due to Paxton that it was possible to proceed with the Exhibition.

During my absence in India my uncle most kindly wrote for my benefit a most entertaining daily journal. In it there are several references to the Exhibition. The first mention of it is as follows :

"I don't know who answered the question as to what Prince Albert thought of affairs, but the answer was—'He thinks of nothing but his *palais en verre et contre tout*.'"

He subsequently says :

"The Exhibition becomes too interesting. There is a colossal Amazon in bronze on horseback about to spear a lion that has fastened on her horse's neck, made at Berlin by one Kiss. I was gazing at it when a small woman accosted

me. 'Ma'am?' said I—and *Ecco!* it was the Queen. She walks there most days among the workmen and exhibitors and is very popular. Albert looks stupified."

There is this other passage, written after the Opening :

"I am hardly recovered from May Day I was satisfied for Paxton, and so must he have been when at the mention of his name Victoria turned towards him and made a gesture of approbation. She did her part astonishingly well, with such composure and yet with joy in her face. She was wonderfully well got up, and contrived to be so dignified that it had the effect of beauty. The climate was perfect, there was no crowd, there was not a hitch except that you were not there, with which well-turned compliment I shall conclude my account.

"After the Queen had left I descended from the gallery, where my capital place had been, to parade the architect about. He wore his dress and his cocked hat as if he had been so clad through life. We were incessantly stopped and surrounded with overflowing greetings. It tickled John Ussher's¹ fancy to hear those who did not know him personally before saying 'Look, look, there's Mr. Paxton!' in a very loud voice; and then, more gently, 'There's the Duke of Devonshire.' "

Soon afterwards Coventry sent Paxton as its representative to Parliament, where he did not play a conspicuous part; but as he only spoke on subjects he was well acquainted with, he was always attentively listened to. His cockney pronunciation

¹ A young friend of the Duke's.

and misuse of the letter h were a disadvantage. He once said that his employer had the hey of an 'awk, and when it was proposed to build a church which was much wanted in his neighbourhood he offered to 'eat it. Nothing could exceed Paxton's devotion to the Duke, who was much attached to him, and placed in him unlimited confidence. Of this the following occurrence is an example. He one day asked the Duke to lend him twenty thousand pounds, which he promised to repay in a few days, but said he could not tell him for what object he wanted it. The Duke at once gave him a cheque for that amount on his bankers, Messrs. Paul, and Paxton drew out the money. The next day the bank failed, and on the following day Paxton refunded the money. He had been told, under the most solemn promise not to reveal the fact, that the bank was on the eve of failure. I am not certain that the transaction was quite correct, but I am certain both parties to it were convinced that it was. Paxton became intimate with a group of literary men, including Dickens, Mark Lemon, and Douglas Jerrold, and joined in starting the *Daily News*. The Duke consequently struck up a friendship with them, and at one time saw a good deal of them. This resulted in a play written by Douglas Jerrold being acted by these authors at Devonshire House.

I once missed meeting Dickens at Chatsworth, who left on the day of my arrival. Thackeray came that same afternoon, and was anxious to hear about

Dickens' visit. He wondered whether he had toadied the Duke very much. My impression is that, though professing to be friends, these two great novelists did not care much for one another. I once met Dickens at a large dinner at Mr. Motley's,¹ but did not get introduced to him. Thackeray I often met, both in society and at the Cosmopolitan Club, and it was always with great pleasure, for, besides being an admirable writer, he was a brilliant conversationalist. If I were asked which of these two novelists I preferred I should consider it a difficult question to answer, their merits being so distinct. But if pressed I should perhaps say that Dickens is the most humorous, but that Thackeray gives us a truer representation of life.

The Duke gradually invited not only Paxton but his family to his dinners and parties in town and country, which was not approved of by some of the vulgar fashionables, and was rather resented by the doctor's wife, as she did not like to sit at the same table with a man who had been an under-gardener, and his wife, who was the niece of a house-keeper. It was only by degrees that the Duke's intimacy with Paxton grew. The Duke, writing from Wynyard at an earlier date, said, "Paxton has declined to come here till next week. I thought he would not like to be my *vis-à-vis* at dinner."

Paxton introduced to the Duke the railway king, Mr. George Hudson, which I think was a

¹ The American Minister and historian.

mistake, but I fancy that his purchase of a portion of the Duke's Londesborough estate had something to do with it. Mr. Hudson's popularity was great during the early period of his career. Banquets were held in his honour, which were attended by individuals of high character and station. The chairman on one such occasion referred to him as the chief supporter of railways, although no one could describe him as a "sleeper." He was welcomed in every quarter, and Sunderland sent him to the House of Commons. If he had confined his railway undertakings within reasonable limits, his proceedings would have been legitimate, but he did not do so. He started vast speculations, which more than absorbed the annual savings of the people, the only fund which enables public works to be carried out. He, moreover, distributed a number of shares among influential people, which was not business and was unfair to the public. I was present at a large party at Chatsworth to which he and Mrs. Hudson were invited. I cannot say whether any of the fashionable guests who were there assembled partook of his bounty.

Mrs. Hudson was a homely old lady, to whom were attributed many funny sayings. One of them was that, "People in Turkey should do as the Turkeys did." Another was that when ordering a *gâteau* of a French confectioner she said to him, in answer to his question, "*De quel grandeur le voulez-vous ?*"—" *Aussi grand que mon derrière.*"

At last a crash came, which ruined Mr. Hudson and a great number of people. His last days were spent at Calais, where he every day awaited the arrival of the steamer in the hope of meeting some of his former acquaintances, to whom he might confide his misfortunes and his hope that he would soon retrieve his fallen fortunes by some new speculations.

In 1843 I was present at a memorable gathering. The Queen and Prince Albert did my uncle the honour of paying him a visit at Chatsworth, and he was good enough to include me among his guests. The house was so full that I slept in my brother's dressing-room. The party included Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne and various other distinguished members of his late administration. The Duke of Wellington was also present at it. Lord Melbourne was so much broken in health that he was nearly in a state of second childhood. I believe he had not met Her Majesty since he ceased to be her Minister. Her manner to him was very kind ; still, he bitterly felt the change in the situation, and it was sad to see him with tears frequently in his eyes. It was a splendid entertainment, and everything very well done. One evening there were fireworks, when I placed myself in the embrasure of one of the drawing-room windows in order to get a good sight of them. I was soon joined by an individual who seemed to enjoy the spectacle more than I did, and gave way to exclamations of delight. This was

no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington, who talked to me on a variety of subjects. I wish I could remember what he said. This was the only time I ever had the honour of conversing with the great warrior.

After my father's return to England in 1843 he took up his abode in the first floor of his house, Number 16, Bruton Street, leaving the ground floor to be inhabited by my brother. Each lived as if in a separate house and had a distinct establishment, and they often invited each other to dinner, an arrangement which was frequently, and may still be, carried out in Paris. This house, in which I was born, was formerly occupied by John, Duke of Argyll, and therefore, if Jeannie Deans had been a real person it was there she would have gone when she appealed to him on behalf of her sister. When we lived there a large escutcheon of the Argyll arms was attached to the wall of the staircase, but has since been removed.

My father died in 1846, to the inexpressible sorrow of his family. He was greatly beloved by us all, and was the most indulgent parent—possibly too indulgent. Himself a younger son, although I cannot say that his own case was a hard one, he sympathised with me for being one of that unfortunate class. It may have been this feeling, combined with much affection, that made him leave me well provided for. He did not follow the example of Lord Buchan, who boasted that his brother, Lord Chancellor Erskine, owed his

success in life to him ; and being asked in what way he had contributed to it, said, “ By steadily refusing to increase his allowance when strongly urged to do so.” I much question whether if I had been left to earn my bread by my own exertions as a lawyer I should have succeeded.

LAW

1841-48

IT was my father's wish that I should adopt the law as my profession, which I believe was partly due to the following circumstance. The Prime Minister, Mr. Canning, to whom my father was much attached, came to stay a few weeks at the Paris Embassy during the autumn which preceded his death. I was then quite a child. He took much notice of me, and thought he perceived in me some signs of intelligence. This made him say to my father, "Bring that boy up as a lawyer, and he will one day become Lord Chancellor." I really believe this made my father cherish the idea that this prophecy might turn out to be true.

My first legal instructor was a Mr. Plunkett, an eminent conveyancer and a genial Irishman, who seemed to prefer to listen to my accounts of my proceedings in society to explaining to me the mysteries of Coke upon Littleton. But I observed that he took greater pains with those pupils who were more likely to profit by them. Among these were Sir Stafford Northcote, who ultimately became Lord Iddesleigh, and Mr. Farrer, who was created

Lord Farrer. In later years the latter became my intimate friend and country neighbour. Their industry was most commendable, but I am ashamed to say it excited my admiration more than my emulation. They abandoned the law, the first to become a politician, the second a Civil Servant. They both began life as Tories, but Lord Iddesleigh, who was for a time Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, was inclined to hold Liberal opinions, although he never left his party. Lord Farrer became a thorough Liberal, and was an admirable economist. He did his country great service by destroying in his letters to the *Times* many economic heresies. He arrested that preposterous measure, the Sugar Convention, which, I believe, if his life had been spared, would not since have been carried out.

After studying with Mr. Plunkett I went to Mr. Dodson (Dodson and Fogg, we called him), a leading special pleader, who was deservedly popular. Mr. Cardwell, of whom he thought very highly, had been his pupil just before my time. It was afterwards considered desirable that I should study under some one in active practice in the Courts, and I therefore read with Mr. Whitmore, who had a good position on the Oxford Circuit, which I soon after joined. I always respected him for refusing the hand of a great heiress, which was offered to him by her father, in order to marry the girl he loved. The present Member for Chelsea is his son.

I cannot say that I learnt much law, but I

derived some benefit from my legal training. I was taught the rules of evidence, and made to recognise the great importance of accurate language. This was of use to me, particularly when in the House of Commons I acted as Chairman on many Railway Committees.

Some time after this I went as Judge's Marshal, first with Lord Denman and then with Baron Parke. The former interested me with stories of his earlier life. He once referred to Queen Caroline's trial, in which he was junior counsel to Lord Brougham. He averred that he always had been, and still was, convinced of her innocence. When I told this to someone who had been intimate with her, he expressed his surprise that any eminent lawyer could be so simple-minded. His wife certainly was so. Being invited to meet the Grand Duke Michael of Russia at Chatsworth, she sat next to him at dinner, but never uttered a word or answered his questions. Her husband afterwards asked her the cause of this silence.—“My dear,” she replied, “I do not know Russian.”—It did not occur to her that he might be able to speak some other language.

I went to Cambridge with Lord Denman, where his son George resided. The latter persuaded me to go with him by water to Ely to see its glorious cathedral. He was a capital oar, but I was not; and perhaps on this account, or because of an adverse wind, we found ourselves still on the water when we ought to have been attending the

Judge's public dinner. Now for a Marshal to be absent from one of these dinners was a serious offence. Still, I trusted to my Judge's good-nature, particularly as his son was *particeps criminis*, and I hoped that he would deal with me leniently. Happily, owing to the prolongation of a trial, the time of dinner was postponed, and we were not too late.

I afterwards became Marshal to Baron Parke. He had, as is well known, an acute intellect ; but I do not think it unjust to say of him that he preferred law to equity. He held that a man convicted of a crime he had not committed, had no grievance against society, provided that all concerned in his trial had done their best to arrive at the truth ; he was only unlucky, as any one who, walking along a street, happened to be killed by a tile falling from a neighbouring roof. But what charmed me in the Baron was his enjoyment of the simple pleasures of life without the slightest ingredient of vanity. He delighted in shooting, although he rarely killed a bird, and he was fond of whist, although he never played the right card. He took an active part against the claim of my nephew, Lord Brownlow, to the Bridgwater property, and persuaded nearly all the Judges who were consulted by the Law Lords about it to form an adverse opinion. In spite of this the decision in the House of Lords was given in my nephew's favour in the proportion of five Law Lords out of six. His mother, Lady Marian Alford, some years later

invited the Baron and his wife, who had become Lord and Lady Wensleydale, to Ashridge, where he seemed to enjoy himself greatly. This induced me to say to him, "Baron, you must now rejoice that my nephew gained his cause."—"Not at all. I much regret it, but am very glad to be here."

It is curious how many men of great intellect, such as the Baron, Prince Talleyrand, and Lord Lyndhurst, were bad whist-players although fond of the game. I saw a little of Lord Lyndhurst in his old age, and sometimes went in the evening to make up his rubber. He was a great friend of my brother's, and was always gracious to me. He had a great charm of manner, and shone in conversation. His principles in early life were lax, both with regard to politics and morality, but attaining a great age, he outlived his early reputation, and ultimately got to be generally described as "the venerable Lord Lyndhurst." The first Lady Lyndhurst was beautiful. The second was a daughter of an employé of the Foreign Office in a subordinate capacity in Paris. In spite of certain disadvantages she at once became a favourite in London society. Besides being a devoted wife she was good-natured, clever and amusing. Late in life she expressed to Alfred Montgomery her surprise that she was not mentioned in any of my mother's letters which I published not long ago: "My predecessor is, but not a word about me, who all my youth lived at Paris and was married there."—The only

remark Montgomery made was, "Frederick Leveson is very good-natured."—This of course was a joke, and only ventured upon because her conduct had always been irreproachable.

About this time I frequently met Lord Brougham. Mortally offended by his exclusion from office, although it was due to his own folly, he plunged into fashionable life. His conversation was beyond measure entertaining, but he did not mind what he said, even in the presence of women. But as they could not help laughing, they were obliged to put up with it. He was not supposed to be devoted to his wife, whose first husband was a Mr. Spalding. He was heard one day to address the following words to Mr. Spalding's portrait, which was hung up in the dining-room: "My dear Jack, how much I feel every day what cause I have to regret your sad loss!"

The duties of a Judge's Marshal are slight. He has in the first place to make an abstract of the pleadings in the causes to be tried. On the first occasion that I went as Marshal, Lord Denman and his colleague, Baron Alderson, most good-naturedly undertook to show me the proper way of proceeding. But unfortunately they could not agree about it, and rather a warm dispute ensued. It amused me to see these two great luminaries of the law lose their judicial calmness about so small a matter. Another duty of the Marshal is to swear in the Grand Jury, which I did so impressively as to be bantered about it. The only

other duty that I can remember was to carve at the crowded dinners given at each assize town by the Judges—on one day to the magistrates, on another to the barristers. This was a very serious obligation. Having been brought up abroad, where dishes are always carved at the side-table, I had never become a proficient carver. At most dinners there was venison, sent by some neighbouring magnate. The guests generally chose to eat it. I was therefore sorely pressed, and made a hash of it, not in a culinary, but a figurative sense. The emolument received by the Marshal was derived from the fees paid by the litigants, and therefore the amount depended on the number of causes. Consequently, on the Northern Circuit it was considerable, but I went on the less important ones, which were preferred by my elderly Judges, and on these the Marshal's fees were very light. I understand that they are now paid a fixed sum.

Besides the emolument, the position of a Judge's Marshal has much to recommend it. It gives him an early experience in the proceedings in the Courts ; it makes him acquainted with men and places, and is a pleasant manner of passing the time.

It was, and I believe is still, the custom for big-wigs living in the neighbourhood to invite the Judges and their Marshals to their country houses. On one occasion we were the guests at Stowe of the Duke of Buckingham of that day. Our reception was regal. There was a dinner

of eighty persons, with a dining-table of great length, all covered with splendid plate. A year or two later the Duke was ruined, and all the contents of Stowe were sold. He was a staunch Protectionist, and probably attributed his misfortunes to Free Trade. But this could not have been the case, as landowners during the following years did not suffer from it. Rents rather rose than fell. Just after the repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. George Bentinck, called by his friends "Big Ben," wagered me twenty pounds that within two years those laws would be re-imposed. He said he could not lose by his bet, because if they were not re-imposed he would not have wherewith to pay me. As it turned out, at the end of these two years he was better off than he had ever been, and had to pay me my money.

I was called to the Bar early in 1846, and soon afterwards joined the Oxford Circuit. It was then noted for the number of agreeable barristers who were on it. My two best friends among them were Mr. Venables and Mr. John George Phillimore. Mr. Venables had been one of the Cambridge undergraduates who were known as the Apostles,¹ and who all in after life distinguished themselves. He was extremely well read, and

¹ The "Apostles," so called by others, is the name by which they are known, and is a society of old standing (about a hundred years) still existing, consisting of twelve members. They called themselves originally the Cambridge Conversazione Society. Many, if not most of them, were intellectually superior young men who met once a week to discuss a paper written by one, and many of them became men of eminence in after life.

was the author of many brilliant articles in the *Saturday Review*. He also for twenty-five years wrote the "Summary of events in the past year" which appeared in the *Times* at the end of every December. He had charming manners, a fine sense of humour, and his society was much prized. Later in life he became a successful Parliamentary advocate.

John George Phillimore was a very different man. A vehement hater, abusing all he did not like, he was not popular. On the other hand, he was perfectly honest and straightforward; he loathed everything mean, and was enthusiastic for everything beautiful. His memory was prodigious. One day I asked him whether he had ever read the *Dunciad*.—"Read the *Dunciad*?" he answered. "I do not think you could quote any passage in it without my being able to repeat the lines that follow it."—He was well versed in French, Spanish, and Italian literature. His portmanteau was more full of books than of clothes, and served as a sort of circulating library for his friends on Circuit. He advised me what to read, and was the person who inspired me more than any one else with the love of reading. I made my first tour of the Circuit with these two friends. We posted the whole way, as there were then no railways in that part of the country, and etiquette did not allow barristers to travel in stage-coaches for fear they should come in contact with attorneys and try to curry favour with them. It was very enjoyable to

travel over so much pretty country, and to visit Ludlow, Raglan, and Hereford, with such pleasant companions. Phillimore became Member for Leominster, but he did not remain long in the House of Commons, where he was too independent to please the Whips, and too eccentric to gain the favour of the House. He was afterwards appointed Reader in Constitutional Law and Legal History to the Inns of Court. In 1863 he published the first volume of the *History of England during the Reign of George the Third*, which was interesting and amusing, but considered too abusive.

These two friends were very different in many respects. Venables was of massive frame, with a slow and measured utterance and a judicial turn of mind. Phillimore was slight in figure, rapid in speech, and adopted opinions without much reflection. The contrast between them was rather amusing.

Dr. Kenealy was another member of our Circuit who had remarkable ability. When I joined he was under a cloud on account of his having been lately convicted of cruelly thrashing his son. There were, besides, other delinquencies imputed to him. No barrister on the Circuit would speak to him. Some time afterwards he published a poem entitled *Goethe*, which, though of unequal merit, was a striking work and contained some beautiful lines. It was much admired at the time, but its reputation has not been maintained. Some of the barristers

were so much struck by it that they declared on account of its great merit the author ought to be forgiven his past misdeeds, and his position on Circuit became to a certain extent improved. He was afterwards chiefly known as counsel for the claimant Orton, and became popular when so many people took the part of that rascal ; but I do not remember his ever being referred to at that time as a good poet. On account of his popularity, and from certain accidental circumstances, he some time afterwards was elected for Stoke-upon-Trent. His difficulty was to find any Member willing to introduce him to the House. Mr. Bright told me I ought to do so, not as a favour to the individual, but as a compliment to my former constituents, who had now elected him. I said that it might be a duty, but it was one I would not perform. Bright then consented to do it himself. He told the House he did not know the new Member, but introduced him for the sake of the constituency which had honoured him by their choice.

The following criticism of Kenealy's poem was contained in a letter which Phillimore wrote to me :

“You will be surprised to hear that Kenealy sent me his poem, begging me, though he had not the pleasure of my acquaintance, to accept it. I read it with wonder and delight. In spite of a good deal of ribaldry, some faults of taste and more sins against feeling, it leaves no doubt in my mind that its author is the greatest poet now living in these islands. I could hardly believe my senses

as I read. The versification so varied and harmonious, full of deep thought and impassioned eloquence. A lady found me at the Craven Arms yesterday, and took me to her house. In the evening I read a part of it to the ladies, and they were in raptures. I am overcome, and shall do what I can to get him into the Mess. It would be hard indeed when —— and —— are members of it, if we did not admit the only man of genius among us into our society. It is full of poignant satire and shows that its writer is disgusted and embittered with the world; but genius like everything else on this side the grave is given with alloy, and unless extremely well regulated, hurries its possessor into paroxysms of indignation and even moral obliquity. Great indulgence should be shown to its possessor, for God knows he will have enemies enough. Meanwhile, do get the book and study it, and tell me if you do not agree with me. I have never exchanged a syllable with its author. But sins against genius are for me the sins against the Holy Ghost, and I am always ready to worship before its footstool. To talk of Talfourd's¹ in comparison with this poetry is really ridiculous."

¹ The author of "Ion."

SPANISH JOURNAL

1846

THE following pages are taken from a journal I wrote at the request of my uncle, in the autumn of 1846, when I made a delightful trip to Spain. I had as my companion Mr. George Stewart, who was closely connected with my family and to whom we were all much attached. We made a rapid journey through France, travelling by *malle-poste*, which went at the rate of ten miles an hour. We paid hurried visits to Rennes, Nantes, and Bordeaux. In Spain we travelled more leisurely. The pleasure of our trip was much enhanced by the possession of Ford's handbook, which had been lately published. It is a perfect guide-book, full of the most varied information. Nothing can be better than his descriptions of the places of interest and their past history, or more accurate than his witty remarks about the men and manners of his time. Most guide-books are only of use to those who travel in the countries they describe. Ford's book could be read with profit by those who have never visited Spain and never intend to go there.

I suppose that no country in Europe except

Turkey has changed during the last fifty years so little as Spain. Whatever improvement may have taken place there is mainly due to the construction of railways, and even these are worse managed than elsewhere. A friend of mine told me that he had once travelled there in an omnibus train, which stopped so long at the different stations that he was able to take rather prolonged walks in their neighbourhood in order to botanise, and that the conductor used to beg him not to hurry himself, as they had plenty of time to spare. When we visited Spain there were no railways, nor was there any system of post-horses, so that travellers were obliged to go in the diligences or travel with horses either owned or hired by them. In some respects I prefer this method of travelling to the present one. It brought us in contact with people of all classes, and our proceedings were slightly more adventurous.

Except in a few of the larger towns, the inns were very primitive, and the luxurious hotels which I am told are now to be met with did not exist. The inn at Burgos had no bedroom which contained less than five beds, which guests were expected to sleep in although strangers to each other, and sometimes without any regard to sex. A pretty lady of my acquaintance was in one of these inns much upset when she woke in the middle of the night to see in a bed next to hers a burly Spaniard with a black beard. In the South the inns were clean, and were not much the reverse in the North.

The food was very scanty, and in none of the towns—not even, if I remember rightly, in Madrid—were the streets lighted with gas, which had already been adopted in all the principal towns in the rest of Europe.

I was most favourably impressed by the people, especially the women. I saw nothing of what is called good society, except a glimpse of it in Madrid, but I found all those I came across in our wanderings, to whatever class they belonged, delightful. They were courteous, obliging and natural, and, what surprised me, generally merry.

JOURNAL

We admired the splendid cathedral at Burgo and stately streets and gateways at Valladolid. We went the whole way from that place to Segovia in a *tartana*, which had the appearance of a bathing-machine and was drawn by one mule. It was the only conveyance we could get in that famous old town, once the Capital of Spain. The diligences were all full, there was no service of post-horses, and *voituriers* were unknown. We could not even get horses to ride. We admired Segovia, with its Roman aqueduct and its picturesque castle. We slept one evening at La Granja, an uninteresting spot in spite of its historic associations. The next day we reached the Escorial, which every traveller in Spain should visit, as he will not see the like elsewhere. A huge square building of massive granite, three sides without any ornament, the fourth with a portico and

gigantic statue, a tower at each corner, and the dome of the church on the front side. San Lorenzo, the patron saint, was grilled on a gridiron, which the building represents, the whole interior being partitioned into square courts and a hideous projection representing the handle. Its situation at the foot of a barren mountain is dreary beyond conception, but the view in front of it magnificent. The church is lofty and impressive. In the middle of it was a pall with a crown on it in honour of Charles V., it being the anniversary of his death. Peasants prayed around it, who could not much care for his soul. Under the altar is the burial-place of all the kings and queens of Spain with only two exceptions since Philip II. It is surprising to see the tombs of so many kings with nothing but labels to mark where they lie. In short, the Escorial is a dismal place, which I was glad to see fading from my sight as I sat later in the day on the top of the Madrid diligence, scorched by sun, smothered by dust, and chilled by the icy blasts that came from the Guadarama Mountains.

We reached Madrid at sunset, and found a charming apartment secured for us by my friend Monsieur de Talleyrand, a nephew of his famous namesake. We were served an exquisite little repast and were in raptures with our quarters. But appearances proved deceitful, for George came into my room next morning with a woe-begone countenance, exclaiming, "I have killed thirteen and have not slept a wink!" The waiter, who declared it was impossible, turned pale when he

saw the slaughtered. George consented to make another trial, being confident that he had hunted to death all the tribe.

The next day I called on Sir Henry Bulwer, with whom I was intimate from his having been *Chargé d'Affaires* at Paris under my father. Sir Henry had considerable ability, and a most engaging manner; his conversation was brilliant, much more so than that of his celebrated brother, Sir E. Lytton Bulwer; but his ways of life were most peculiar. In Paris he sometimes asked people to dine and forgot to order dinner. When in London, two years after we had met in Spain, a party was made up at Hampton Court for the special object of his meeting Miss Wellesley, a daughter of Lord Cowley, whom he subsequently married. He was to join me at his brother's house in order that we might drive down together. He kept me so long waiting that we arrived at our destination two hours late. Great was his distress, but, on seeing the labyrinth, he said, "Let us be supposed to have lost ourselves in it." His last diplomatic post was that of Ambassador at Constantinople, where he was said to be too ready to accept favours from the Sultan. On his return to England he was created Lord Dalling. At Madrid his house was uninhabited and all his furniture sold, and he resided with a friend on the opposite side of the street, where I on most days dined with him. He had hired several villas in the neighbourhood, which he rarely made use of. He begged me, if I wished to ride, to go to his stables and choose whatever horse

suitèd me best. But I found he only possessed one, and that one was dead lame.

After taking leave of Sir Henry I walked to the French Embassy, which was at the other end of the town and which was nearer the Palace, both locally and diplomatically, than the English Legation. It was an interesting time to be at Madrid, as the marriages of the Queen and her sister had just been arranged, which caused so much friction between the English and French Governments and nearly brought about a war. I found Baron Talleyrand established in a charming apartment with a fine view of the Guadarama Mountains and the vast plain below, where bridges denote that a river ought to flow. The guide-books say that when it rains you must run and see the river before it is gone. Talleyrand was most kind in his offer of services, and he put boxes at the theatre and horses at my disposal.

My time was fully occupied during my short stay at Madrid. The mornings I spent in taking Spanish lessons and in listening to gossip about the royal marriages, with the French and English versions of every detail. I met journalists at Bulwer's and Prime Ministers at Bresson's. There was a Mr. Sansom, an enterprising dandy, who three years before arrived in Spain without a penny, and had since made a large fortune. He had become the head of a flourishing bank, had hired the finest palace in the town, and was on familiar terms with all the grandees. He gave me a place in a box at the opera which he shared with Glücksburg and Talleyrand, presented me with a box of

cigars, and gave me introductions to every town that lay in our route. I went with him one night to the opera, where I was much amused. Opposite was Salamanca, the greatest speculator in Europe, the "Marquis de Carabas" of Madrid. A few boxes off sat Madame Villagarcia, whom I had known at Paris. She had been a great beauty, but there were few remains of it. Beyond was the Queen's betrothed, a perfect monster, with a square face and turned-up nose.¹ No wonder that her mother had difficulty in persuading her to marry him. It took her, they say, a whole night, during which a French courier was at the door of the Palace, ready to take the news of her consent to Louis Philippe. Next to us was one of the Madrid beauties, to whom Sansom introduced me. It was a shy proceeding, as we disturbed every one in the box—*habitués*, lovers, and Gonzalez Bravo. The latter began life as editor of the *Spanish Satirist*. He afterwards became Prime Minister, and finally Ambassador to Portugal. Spanish statesmen as a rule are not consistent politicians, and abandon their principles and political friends very readily. For this Gonzalez Bravo was conspicuous. When quite a young man he was a furious demagogue, and his newspaper was as scurrilous and sanguinary as was Marat's *L'Ami du Peuple* in the French Revolution. A few years

¹ On October 10th, 1846, the Queen Isabella married this *fiancé*, Don Francis d'Assisi, who was her cousin, being the son of her father Ferdinand VII.'s younger brother. It was thought unlikely that he would have any children, which was the reason why the match was pressed by Louis Philippe, whose son, the Duc de Montpensier married her younger sister, Maria-Luisa.

later, having become a member of the Cortes, he changed his opinions, and energetically defended the cause of order. He became Prime Minister, and ruthlessly suppressed all disturbances. At the death of Narvaez he again became Prime Minister, and in that capacity passed some useful measures, amongst them the liberty of the press.

The owner of the box deserved her reputation. She was a Mexican, with a lovely Creole face and a perfect figure, besides charming manners. Her husband was in the box and shook me by both hands. He was a great friend of the English, and therefore the following account of him, given me by a Frenchman, should be received with caution. He was driven out of Mexico for robbery, and became a spy in London and Paris till they got too hot to hold him. He then took up his abode in Spain, where he ingratiated himself with each successive *puissance* and made a gigantic fortune. He was one of the many instances which prove that Spain is a country where this can easily be achieved.

I was lucky in getting the following day a good view of the Queen as she was driving by in an open carriage. She looked bloated, but less ill-looking than she had been described to me. The Spaniards all talked with the greatest horror of the French alliance, and we were told that if the National Guard existed, or the people had either arms or money, there certainly would have been an insurrection.¹ Frenchmen were hooted in the

¹ The following was the version I heard of the case of the Montpensier marriage, as it stood between Guizot and Lord Palmerston. Guizot promised Lord Aberdeen that it should not take place till the

streets, their Government messengers ill-treated, and *sorbets* thrown in their faces at the cafés. But these were the only signs of opposition to an alliance which they declared threatened the independence of their country.

We went one day to our first bull-fight. The amphitheatre filled slowly till the last few minutes, when there was a rush, and you could not see a vacant place. It was a gay scene, more men than women, but enough of the latter with their fans to enliven it. I confess that I enjoyed myself, and there was much more reality in it than I had expected. I thought it had been mere bull-baiting without any danger except through accident, instead of a regular contest between man and beast, in which the former owed his safety to his own skill and activity. The representation began with a procession of all the performers headed by the Master of the Ceremonies in an old-fashioned black dress with a white feather in his cocked hat. Then came the *picadores*, men on horseback who encountered the bull with lances. They were dressed in yellow and silver, their bodies padded, and their legs encased in iron. Then followed

Queen had issue, on the condition that Lord Aberdeen would not promote the Queen's marriage to any one but a Bourbon prince. Lord Palmerston, when he came into office, declared that he considered the Coburg prince one of the candidates. This Guizot pretended was a breach of the engagement made by Lord Aberdeen, which consequently left him at liberty to bring about the Montpensier marriage without informing England or any other power, and without allowing them time to present their objections. The merits of this question have never been quite cleared up. Lord Stanmore, in his interesting memoirs of his father, Lord Aberdeen, tries to make out a case for Guizot. I fancy Guizot did not break his word, but was not straightforward.

the *chulos*, who appeared to play at blind man's buff with the bull, and had coloured cloaks with which they irritated and dodged him. And lastly the *matadores*, the great heroes of the fight, armed with scarlet cloaks and Toledo swords. Their work was the most dangerous and their skill the most esteemed. They earned fifty pounds a day, and I was told often became the friends of the fast men about town, as our prize-fighters were formerly. The trumpets sounded and the fight began. Parts of it were disgusting, and ought to have made me dislike the whole thing. I sat still and saw horses bleed to death, led blindfold to their fate without any chance of escape, and the stunned men carried out, either to the hospital or the confessor. But then, I saw the bull's entry, the deliberate way he looks round the arena for a foe, his first rush at the *picador*, the dexterity with which the *picador* wards him off with his lance, how the bull gets alternately cowed and infuriated, how he bellows and paws the ground previous to the next charge; the presence of mind with which the *chulos* turn him off from the unhorsed *picador*; the activity with which they avoid his pursuit, his horns seeming to touch them as they vault over the barriers; the intrepidity with which they meet him with *banderillas*, a sort of dart, which, as he lowers his head to toss them, they stick into his neck, and his consequent foaming rage. Then the last act takes place. The *matador* places himself before him, enticing him to rush upon the red cloak and avoiding him as he does so till the

opportunity occurs of piercing him in his back, which, if dexterously done, lays this maddened animal in all his dangerous fury and strength prostrate at his feet. The band immediately strikes up, mules in the gayest trappings carry the dead bull away, and the door is hardly closed upon them when another appears and the same scene is re-enacted. Every instant presents a picture which is engraven on my memory.

The excitement of the people was beyond description. Each little turn in the sport made the whole crowd vibrate. If the *matador* pleased them they shouted, waved their handkerchiefs, and threw their hats and even their jackets into the arena after him; but if he shrank from an encounter they were proportionately indignant. I was told of one man who had hesitated to give the final thrust. A relation, who was a *chulo*, tried to assist him. The people cried out, "Leave him alone—he is a miserable coward!" and hissed and hooted. The *matador* at last, losing all command of himself, threw away the red cloth, waved his handkerchief, and closed with the bull, who killed him on the spot. If the bull is a furious one and causes much havoc he wins their affection, and they call him by endearing expressions, such as *torito*, "the little bull"; but they never wish to have his life spared.¹

I dined one night at the French Embassy. I was late, and was much distressed at their having

¹ I have since felt rather ashamed of the pleasure I found in the bull-fight. I can only say that I believe that what pleased me in early life would later have disgusted me.

waited for me, particularly when I found that the company consisted of all the celebrities of Madrid. First there was Narvaez, who a few months before had been obliged to fly from the Ministry, with which he was then hand in glove. He was all-powerful with the Army, and they were afraid of him. People said that as he was there he would soon be Prime Minister. He was a violent and cruel man, but with exalted views and courage and energy to carry them out. There was sternness and decision in his countenance. Then there was Muñoz, Queen Christine's¹ husband, a fine-looking man, of whom she was jealous, and it was said not without cause. He was a Spanish officer, but not of noble birth. One day he was riding by the side of her carriage as one of her escort. She was so much struck with his appearance that she made his acquaintance, and was soon afterwards secretly married to him. He was not ambitious and kept aloof from politics, and either on that account or because he was amiable became generally popular. The Duc d'Ossuna, the richest man in Spain and the dullest to sit next to, was also there. I was informed that he was a man "*avec du caractère, un excellent officier qui s'est battu en duel plusieurs fois avec le sangfroid que vous voyez.*" He was in love with Lady Clementina Villiers, and corresponded with Lady Jersey. There were besides at this dinner the whole Cabinet, all ordinary looking with the exception of Mon, a very remarkable man, who has since justified what I heard in his favour. He was several times

¹ Mother to Queen Isabella.

Finance Minister, in which post he showed great ability and redeemed as much as it was possible the deplorable condition of the finances. He was an excellent speaker and frequently crushed his opponents in debate.¹

In addition to all these there were some of the chief orators in the Chambers. They did not talk much and I was glad to see them. Talleyrand, who sat next to me, told me all about them. Immediately after dinner the Ambassador offered us cigars, which we smoked in one of the drawing-rooms, a delightful custom which in England, with all our pretensions to a civilisation, we have only lately attained to. He later came and sat by me, and was very civil, talking with great feeling of my father and the kindness he had received from him.²

We started the next morning at six o'clock for Toledo. I was sitting the day before with Mr. Sansom at one end of his magnificent gallery when I mentioned our intention of going there.—“You are quite right, and I know what I will do for you. Don ——,” he called to a man at the farther end of the gallery, “come here. This gentleman, my friend Don Leveson Gower, is going to Toledo.”—“What day?” inquired the Spaniard.—“On Monday.”—“Very well, I will write.”—Sansom then turned to me and said, “This gentleman offers you the use of his house there. He

¹ Pidal y Mon, one of the present leaders of the Ultramontane party, is his descendant.

² In 1847 he was sent as Ambassador to Naples, where soon after his arrival he committed suicide, to the surprise and regret of his numerous friends.

will write to announce you.”—I did not know what to answer, or whether this man was an inn-keeper, lodging-house keeper, or grandee. I stammered out some *gracias*, and when he had gone out inquired of Sansom whether I was to hire my lodging. —“Good heavens, no! This is the owner of a large property about Toledo, and he has got a *pied-à-terre* there in which he will be only too happy to lodge you.”

Toledo must have been a magnificent place in the time of its glory. It rises above a perpendicular rock, which is nearly surrounded at its base by the Tagus. There are glorious sights; the palace from which Roderick first spied La Cava bathing in the river, synagogues turned into churches by perfidious Christians, a Moorish mosque where they value the lovely stucco so little as to offer to knock off bits to give to travellers, the beautiful church and still more beautiful convent cloisters built by the pious Isabella to celebrate the conquest of Granada, with the chains of Christian captives found there hung against the walls; and last, but not least, the Cathedral. Its interior is magnificent. Certainly in decoration the Spanish cathedrals leave all others in the shade. There is a richness and gorgeousness about them which no churches, even in Italy, can equal.

We found there an English artist, and, liking his drawing, got into conversation with him. He begged us to drink tea with them. Who constituted “them” we were curious to find out. George guessed a lovely wife. It turned out to be a matronly mother, who roughed it in Spain in order

to procure her son his accustomed comforts. She bought their food at the market herself. At parting we promised to pay him a visit in London to see the result of his labours.—“ Mr. Lake Price, if you will remember,” were the last words of the old lady. “ At his birth he took my maiden name of Lake—no dishonourable name, either,” which meant that she had a brother who was a Royal Academician.

George kept to a determination he had made of going to the inn, where he fared very ill. He was lodged next to a riotous set of students, and was ill-treated by the women of the house, who were more occupied with flirting with the young men than with attending to his necessities. I, on the contrary, delighted in my quarters, a charming little house with a picturesque courtyard to match, with trellis-work and balustrades, a well, an old-fashioned lantern, and cleanliness that did one's heart good. The food was plentiful and generally delicious. The cook, as well as the rest of the establishment, stood round to look at me enjoying it, and encourage me to persevere. My host was at Madrid, but his bailiff *s'est mis en quatre* to do the honours. It was distressing but at the same time amusing to see him follow George about with proffers of bed and food, and every instant at the meals he exclaimed, “ *Y el compañero!*”—“ *Un poco loco* ” (“ A little mad ”), I assured him.

After losing our way and being shaken like physic, we drove next day to Aranjuez, which is hardly worth stopping to see. In the evening we got into the Valencia diligence. We passed

through a dreary country and suffered at night from intense cold—a wind that pierced us through. We made friends with our travelling companions. Two of them were Valencians, who were never tired of boasting of their native place. Such beautiful women, such amusements, such exquisite food—all to be obtained at the cheapest rate—the climate heavenly, the inhabitants angels. After I had fallen asleep they woke me to propose a walk while the mules were being changed near the Puerta de Almanz, which forms the entrance into the “kingdom” of Valencia. Before reaching it the whole way was dreary and the wind intensely cold. Beyond it, only a hundred yards further, there was the softest, balmiest air and most luxuriant vegetation—vines, maize, aloes, canes, and aromatic herbs in the greatest profusion. What a heavenly night it was! Such a moon, such stillness, such repose after the late boisterous wind.

On the whole we thought our Valencian companions had overrated their town and its attractions. The streets were narrow—I could nearly have jumped over the principal one. I did not remark any of the much-vaunted beauty of the women. On the other hand, the climate was delicious, and there were some most picturesque old Moorish houses with charming courts. We found two young men of the name of Arcos, who had come to Valencia to establish a bank. Talleyrand had given me a letter to them. One of them called on us in the evening. He was very agreeable, had seen everything, had been to learn civil engineering at King’s College, London, had

hunted ostriches over the Pampas, and had been a *flâneur* at Paris. He talked politics, was a Progressist, and thought anarchy must precede any decided improvement in Spain—that the men then in power had not the ability to do good; the people were heavily taxed and got no return for it—no public works, no encouragement to enterprise.¹

I had another letter to the American Consul, whose brother-in-law took me to see the pictures of a man much celebrated in Valencia and its guide-books—by name Pedro Perey, by trade a barber, and by inclination a collector of an immense number of pictures. He had just given up his trade and become a gentleman, was at the head of the Academy of Arts there, and wore a ribbon. He lived in an out-of-the-way house. We mounted a ladder and were admitted into two small rooms, in which the walls, chairs and tables were covered with pictures, one above the other. They all appeared to me trash. My guide explained to him that I had only half an hour to spare.—“In that case he can see nothing. But I will hurry as much as possible. You see there is a Rubens, and by the side of it a Vandyke; up there a Murillo, and below it a Leonardo da Vinci.”—So he went on in these as well as in a dozen other little rooms, giving to every daub the name of the greatest master. If he ever allowed any to be anonymous he added, “You will never again see such a picture.” My guide afterwards assured me

¹ The Empress Eugénie afterwards took an interest in the two Arcos, one of whom married Miss Vaughan, who has for many years been devotedly attached to her.

there were very few originals. But there was a delightful old *gouvernante*, exactly like Mora in *Gil Blas*; she did all the work, brushed and moved every picture, and opened and shut every shutter. The calls for "Pepita" were incessant. She took a great pride in the collection, and so she ought. The old man buys a quantity of pictures wholesale, and when they come home examines them with Pepita and asks her by whom each is painted.—"Oh, by Rubens, to be sure, and that other by Murillo." And so they are noted down.—One day the barber remarked to my guide, "What an extraordinary talent that old woman has; she recognises all the great masters immediately." At parting we had to write our names down in a book, filled chiefly with the most fulsome flattery, to which I added my mite.

We found ourselves next day in a delightful steamer, large, clean, without vibration, and with a cabin apiece. I was delighted with this part of our journey. The sea was like a lake, the days hot but with a fresh breeze, and the nights divine. We always anchored before daybreak, and landed at the various towns on our way—Alicante, Cartagena, Almeria, and Malaga—all attractive places in their different ways. The steamer only proceeded at night, enabling us to spend our days on shore.

My servant, Pedro, a Spaniard I had hired in Madrid, was in the seventh heaven, had made many friendships, believed everything he was told, and was firmly convinced that porpoises ate men. Nevertheless, on my return to the boat from Almeria I found him expatiating to George on the

horrors of the place. No inns, no shops, no theatre. Its African look, terraces, gardens, and wild population had no charm for him, nor the country round, with its palm-trees, fields of cactus, and hedges of aloes.

The coast from Almeria to Malaga is magnificent, perpendicular rocks rising straight from the sea, and in the distance the Sierra Nevada. We spent a charming hour at sunset on the Alameda where, under the trees, all the inhabitants were promenading. We saw for the first time the Andalusian dress, the velvet jacket and breeches, the gay sash and embroidered gaiters open at the side, with small leather straps hanging from them. The women were lovely, much prettier than the much-vaunted women of Valencia; and the gypsies, with their bright-coloured shawls worn like mantillas, formed a charming picture. The evening was heavenly, and the scene enchanting—the town all lit up, and the dark water of the port occasionally gleaming with the silver phosphorus as the boats shot across it.

On nearing Gibraltar I got up early and soon after was on deck. The Rock loomed in the distance, very indistinct, lit up by the pale crescent of the moon. As we approached, the daybreak helped us to distinguish its grand outline.

The first thing we did on arriving was to leave our names on Sir Robert Wilson. A fidgety young aide-de-camp then appeared bringing an invitation from the Governor to dinner. Sir Robert, the son of the portrait painter, Benjamin Wilson, a man who was a miser and left a great

fortune, entered the Army at the age of seventeen and had a most remarkable career, greatly distinguishing himself by his courage and ability in the numerous campaigns of that period. He was present at the battle of Leipzig, where, according to Prince Schwartzenberg, he contributed to its success by his intelligence and able dispositions. After the conclusion of the war he resided at Paris, where, in conjunction with Michael Bruce, surnamed "Lavalette" Bruce, and Captain Hutchinson, he was instrumental in the escape of Count Lavalette from prison, for which he was condemned to three months' imprisonment and reprimanded by our Government. He became a warm partisan of Queen Caroline. At her funeral he commanded the troops and prevented a collision between them and the mob. For this he was turned out of the Army by the Tory Government, and only reinstated on the accession of William IV. Soon after he was appointed Governor of Gibraltar.

In the afternoon we took a walk to Europa Point. The batteries are endless ; most of them have been erected in Sir Robert's time, and some are unfinished. Every day he expected to see Joinville¹ arrive, and said he was prepared to receive him. He fully expected a war with France and talked of it with glee. The view from the Signal Point beggars description—Africa at your feet, Tangiers and Ceuta in sight, and the glorious Mediterranean below, dotted with vessels of every size.

I afterwards paid a farewell visit to the Governor.

¹ Prince de Joinville, third son to Louis Philippe and Admiral of the French fleet.

It was a long one, and he talked a good deal. He was proud of the fortifications he had made, and assured me that when he arrived at Gibraltar it was untenable against battle-ships. He was full of politics, and told me he had heard from Bulwer that Sir Robert Peel as well as Lord Palmerston had written to him to approve of his protest against the Montpensier marriage. He boasted of the discipline of his troops, and read to me some returns to prove how much fewer court-martials had taken place among them since they had been under his command. He was an enemy to flogging, and hardly ever allowed it, so that if his returns were reliable, they proved its inutility. I was told he was much beloved by the soldiers, both for his leniency and his attention to their wants. He rebuked one he met the other day carrying to his chum on guard some coffee in a lidless coffee-pot. —“How would you like when on guard to have your coffee cold?”—Such an anecdote makes a man loved by a whole regiment.

The remainder of our Spanish trip was enjoyable. We hired horses at Gibraltar and rode the whole way thence to Granada, and from Granada to Cordova, where we joined the diligence which took us on to Seville.

Our first halting-place was Gaucin, which is most romantically situated on the summit of a mountain. It looks from below as if in the clouds, and we at first took its white houses for snow. The scenery around is delicious, Alpine in character, with the addition of the most luxuriant and southern vegetation, and towns where eagles' nests might

be. The view from Gaucin is, as Ford in his hand-book on Spain describes it, glorious : " Gibraltar rises like a molar in the distance, and Africa looms beyond." The next night we slept at Ronda, the most picturesque of towns ; the third at Loja, and on the last we reached Granada. After Loja our road lay along the Genil, not a gentle river though with a willowed shore.

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy stream is stained with gore,
Many a brave and Christian warrior
Lies along thy willowed shore.

I will say nothing about Granada, with its Generalife and the Alhambra, so well described by Washington Irving and others. Beautiful as their buildings are, they are inferior to the similar ones at Agra and Delhi. Those in India are in marble, whilst these are only plaster. We had for our guide Mateo, *el hijo del Alhambra* (" the son of the Alhambra "), whom Irving praised so much and who was his authority for his " Tales." He was an Esparterist, and very confidential with his political opinions. He was unhappy because we persevered in going to the Moderado Café, but we continued to do so as we found there the best coffee.

The country, as we afterwards learnt, was not free from robbers, but we thought so little of them that I never took my pistols out of my saddle-bag. They say the safest way to travel is to appear poor and to carry no arms. Some of the country through which we passed was beautiful, some parts mountainous, but chiefly barren tracts with towns

on high hills and Moorish castles on still higher ones, some corn country and rich *vega* (plain). At last we found ourselves on the banks of the Guadalquivir, which we crossed in a ferry, and soon afterwards reached Cordova. It is a curious old town, looking especially mediæval. Our inn was attractive. It had a court with Moorish columns round it, some of marble, others of stone, a fountain in the middle with plants round it and an immense vine-tree, making a complete awning overhead.

One morning we took the helper of the inn, *faute de mieux*, as our guide to the mosque. You first enter an immense court with colonnades at each end and a grove of gigantic orange-trees in the middle. The interior is a square of 400 ft., with 850 columns at equal distance from each other, supporting arches of the horseshoe shape. The effect of this forest of marble is indescribable—marvellous rather than beautiful.

We found all the places in the diligence from Cordova to Seville were taken besides our own. They were occupied by a Frenchman, a Spaniard and his wife. The former turned out to be courier to Lord Foley, who was touring about with my cousin, John Fortescue, and Mr. Vaughan. The Spaniard was a curious specimen of a man, but not an agreeable travelling companion. He seemed in bad health, smoked without ceasing, and kept spitting in every direction. Still he was, like all his countrymen, very civil. He complained of everything and everybody, but chiefly of the want of honesty in his countrymen. He accused equally Ministers, clergy, custom-house

officers and inn-keepers. From the Queen to the poorest beggar they were all a set of robbers. When the conversation turned on Rome and the Pope he said it was a great shame that the Cardinals had ceased to elect a Spaniard, upon which the courier remarked that it was no wonder if they were all such robbers. The Spaniard's wife was what George called "an armful of joy," with a handsome face, fine eyes, fine teeth, and still finer moustache.

We found our English friends, George Vaughan, Lord Foley, and John Fortescue, installed at our hotel at Seville, and we agreed to mess together. We were lucky in meeting with them. Vaughan was very amusing in his dry way, my cousin Fortescue a general favourite, and Foley very amiable. Our first visit next morning was to the Cathedral, which is magnificent with its lofty aisles. It looks more Protestant than Catholic, and has not the gorgeousness of that at Toledo. We then visited the Alcazar, preferred by some to the Alhambra; and lastly to see the Murillos at the Hospital de la Caridad. Nothing can be finer than his two large pictures there: one of Moses striking the rock, which represents the joy of the people at the sight of the water; the other of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The group around our Saviour distributing food to the Apostles is beautiful. We also visited the Museo, where I became still more an admirer of this great artist. In one picture the Virgin is stretching out her hands from above towards her Son. Her attitude, her beauty, and the expression of her countenance are divine. Our guide

was, as usual, full of anecdotes.—“Look at that Virgin and Child at the end of the room. Is that not beautiful? The porter of this convent reminded Murillo one day that he never had made him a present. ‘Lend me your pocket-handkerchief,’ said the painter; and he returned next day with that picture painted on it. It is one of his *chefs d’œuvre*.”—“But,” said George, “it is painted on coarse canvas, which never could have served for a pocket-handkerchief.”—“Oh, but it was, and the picture was named ‘De la Servilleta’ in consequence.”—“I do not care what it is called,” added George, “but do not think you will persuade me that any one ever blew his nose in that canvas.”

Our guide, nothing daunted, continued: “You see that ‘Ascension’ high up there? That, you know, is magnificent. The monks ordered it, having bargained to give a hundred dollars for it; but when it was finished they did not like it, and asked to be off with their bargain. But Murillo said, ‘Very well, but let me put it up in the place for which it was destined before it is sent back.’ When half-way up the monks liked it better, at which he said, ‘I will now ask two hundred dollars’; and when it had reached its proper place he would not let it go for less than four hundred dollars, which they readily paid.”

At the gate of the Museo there was an amusing equipage—a four-seated cabriolet, painted in the gayest colours and of the most fantastic shape, to which were harnessed seven mules, covered with a profusion of red and yellow trappings. Its owner, an ardent Free Trader, dressed in the smartest

Andalusian costume, had brought it out to drive Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, who at that time were travelling in Spain. This civility, as he afterwards told me, was much to his annoyance, for the jolting, dust, and noise were ill-suited to his frame, exhausted by his journey from Madrid. He, indeed, seemed little equal to all the fatigue his foreign admirers entailed upon him. I was delighted to make the acquaintance of a man I hold in such admiration.¹

The Cathedral at Seville is said to be no longer the resort of lovers, but it certainly was still the resort of beggars. They pestered one in every direction. The last day I was there, a well-dressed woman said something to me which I took no notice of but passed on. She shouted out "*Hombre!*" which is a Spanish oath, ran after me, and gave me a smart tap on the shoulder with her fan. I stopped, and the old story began again of sickness and a distressed family. The beggars in Spain, from the picturesque old man with his tattered brown cloak and staff to the broken-down gentlewoman with her fan, all claim charity as a right, and if you give it they receive it as if you were paying them a debt. They were difficult to get rid of except by the use of the words I had often read of, but whose magical effect I had hardly believed. If you said respectfully to one of them, "*Perdone Usted, por Dios, hermano!*" ("Forgive me, brother, for God's sake!"), he would invariably retire.

I got fond of our inn with its little Moorish

¹ I got afterwards to know him well.

court. Vaughan undertook to look after the cooking department, and it was amusing to watch his endless conferences with the inn-keeper, the Welshman making fun of the single-minded Spaniard. One day there were great preparations for a dinner, to which Foley had invited the Capitan-General, a pompous man and a distinguished officer. The whole household was thrown into commotion. Vaughan was at his post the whole morning, worrying the poor innkeeper, whom such an honour and its attendant responsibilities were nearly too much for. We hurried home early to receive the great man ; but alas ! at the very last moment a note arrived with the General's excuses on account of pain from his wounds. I could not help laughing, and had the satisfaction of eating an excellent dinner ; but the waiters were angry, and Pedro re-echoed to me their indignation.—“*Je vous assure, monsieur, qu'on trouve cela très peu poli.*”

Our guide, with his anecdotes and quaint remarks, amused us, but we had reason to find fault with him when, after promising to get gypsies to dance before us, we found he had only engaged some ballet-dancers whom we might have seen every night at the theatre for comparatively nothing. They came with an immense following of fathers, mothers and brothers, some very handsome, particularly La Campanilla, so called from living in the Giralda, the beautiful old Moorish tower at one end of the Cathedral. She had a fine figure, which her dress, consisting of a black velvet corset covered with spangles

and a cherry-coloured petticoat, set off to advantage. She danced with vivacity and grace. It was a regular ball, with refreshments and sugar-plums to be handed round to the performers.

From Seville we went to Cadiz and from Cadiz to Lisbon! How beautiful is the entrance into the Tagus and the first view of Lisbon! Our fleet was anchored opposite to it. It was an exciting time to arrive there, as the town was surrounded by rebels who were expected every minute to take it by storm. We were unable on that account to go to Cintra. There is little to be seen in Lisbon, which is inhabited by the ugliest, filthiest population in the world. I have since been there several times and it always gave me the same impression.

From Lisbon we had a pleasant passage home by sea.

SOCIETY

1846-50

UPON my father's death my brother and his wife were reluctant to leave their apartment on the ground floor in Bruton Street, to which they had become attached. They consequently let the first floor to Mr. Charles Greville, a relation and intimate friend. Mr. Greville was the son of Lady Charlotte Greville, a daughter of the third Duke of Portland, who had married the sister of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. She was therefore my mother's first cousin. In society Mr. Greville was inclined to be silent, and never spoke unless he had something to say—to my mind a merit. But when the topic discussed interested him he became very animated.

It, of course, perfectly suited Mr. Greville to live in a charming and spacious apartment in the centre of the most social part of the town, and where he had on most evenings only to go downstairs to find himself in the midst of the pleasantest company possible. My brother and Lady Granville had on their side the advantage of living in close proximity to so agreeable a person, with whom they were always on the best of terms. Mr. Greville was a

remarkable man. He was intimate with the principal politicians. He had a literary turn of mind. He was a frequent contributor to the *Times* and a friend of its distinguished editor, Mr. Delane. He published some clever books and pamphlets ; but what has chiefly contributed to his fame are his admirable journals, which he left to Mr. Henry Reeve¹ to edit after his death. They have become classical, and I know of no book of my time which has been as much referred to by those who have dealt with the history of the period. He was broad-minded, but not always quite accurate or consistent in his views. I should say that it was on this account that in spite of his ability he never had any political influence. His complaint of my brother was that, although they lived in the same house, he would never divulge to him what took place in the Cabinet, and was less communicative than some of his colleagues. The truth was, my brother did not entirely rely on his discretion. He was a great reader on every subject, and even liked to dabble in theology. He was as well up in the Bible as he was in the Racing Calendar. I cannot say that he was a happy man, for he had no strong family affections, and was, as can be seen from his journal, much dissatisfied with himself.

His best point was his readiness, when any occasion arose for it, to spare no effort to serve a friend. But honesty obliges me to add that he dearly loved to have a finger in every pie, which

¹ For many years editor of *The Edinburgh Review*.

may have been an inducement to him to occupy himself about his friends' affairs. When Miss Raikes published her father's amusing diary he helped her with her publishers, but made them some concessions of which she disapproved. The next time he called, to show her displeasure she seized his hat, ran upstairs, and locked it up in her bedroom ; and then came down and told him he might go home bare-headed, which he was forced to do. I do not know whether he ever forgave her.

He likewise assisted my sister, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, with her novel *Ellen Middleton*. It was her first literary attempt, and it was a great advantage to get the advice of so excellent a writer with regard to style. He took the greatest possible interest in the book and spared no pains about it. The novel had great success, not only in England but throughout the Continent, and was translated into every European language. Lord Brougham also volunteered to help her, and his advice proved very useful. In return he asked her to do him the favour of reading a tale which he said was written by a young friend of his, who wished to publish it but had some doubt whether it was worth it. He said he relied on her giving him an honest opinion, by which he would be guided in his advice to the young man. She, not suspecting the truth, told him, after reading it, that she thought it a poor performance, and that it would be a mistake to publish it. It turned out that he himself was the author, and, undeterred

by her verdict, he sanctioned its publication. No sooner did it make its appearance than it was so generally condemned that he at once stopped its circulation, and bought up all the copies he could lay his hands on. I do not know whether any copy now exists. There is probably one in the British Museum. But the amusing part of the story is that he at once cut my sister dead, and they only renewed acquaintance just before his death. This is an instance of how very little a great man may be.

The following is a letter I received from my friend, Mr. John George Phillimore, respecting my sister's novel. It is very appreciative, but at the same time discriminating, and contains some interesting remarks.

“I send back *Ellen Middleton*. Its perusal has added to the many pleasant hours I already owe to your acquaintance. In return—a most inadequate return it is—I give you my opinion as to the merits of the work. That I read it as I should have read the work of a person indifferent to me or to my friends I do not assert, but I am quite sure that it is not the effect of partiality on my part when I say that the work is one of very unusual merit. It abounds in passages of real eloquence, of touching pathos, of vivid and powerful description. The writer has, it is obvious, taken a far wider view of manners and society than is common among those who attempt their delineation. She has a very quick perception of character, and a keen sense of its vanities. Her conversations are lively and natural, and succeed where lady writers generally fail altogether—I mean in giving an idea

of dialogues among men, whether in ordinary life or when excited by passion ; indeed the men are excellent. The clergyman is perfect. Lovell is most happily described in his two characters. I have known his type. The Middletons are admirable portraits, though *I* think flattering ones, of the firm, well-educated, right-thinking, high-minded, but cold and *borné* and undemonstrative English gentleman of the patrician class. I am in love with Mrs. Middleton ; Alice is a model of saintly virtue ; Rose Moore is charming and draws the line which is so apt to be overstepped and which Walter Scott never clearly saw, between *naïveté* and vulgarity. The description of Miss Varley is very good and so is that of Mrs. Hatton, who sees everything *couleur de rose*, and thinks it very lucky we have any weather at all, doing from mere benevolence of nature what others would do from an unworthy motive. The author's skill in rescuing her from the character of a sycophant is remarkable. To this knowledge of men and manners the author adds the love of nature, that unfailing source of happiness, and it imparts to her pages the buoyant and exhilarating tone of elastic pleasure which makes one long as Milton says—'to go out and see Nature's riches, and partake of her rejoicings with heaven and earth.' The contrast between these passages and those of a darker hue reminded me of a favourite passage in *Macbeth*, where the interval between the meditated crime and its perpetration is relieved by the remarks on the pure air and pleasant site of the castle which was to be its scene. How the lines on the 'temple-haunting martlet' and its habits enhance the effect of those fearful workings of fierce passion and troubled conscience, which precede and follow it. I cannot help thinking that in writing some of the passages to which I allude this wonderful proof of Shakespeare's genius must have been present

to the author's mind. Among many passages of a higher tone that on the sea shows great power of style—as does another where Ellen resolves to shine and glitter, at least, although her heart be broken, and her peace for ever cast away. These then, style and knowledge of character, I think the great merits of the book. The fault is exactly that which you would expect in a young writer, *i.e.* the story. The knowledge of society, which has guarded her against exaggeration in character, has not quite saved her from giving rather an improbable and violent cast to some of the incidents she has introduced. Such, for instance, is the scene between Rose and the Ruffians, that told by Lovell between himself and Esdail when he pays the gambling debt, and the event which is the hinge of the story is, for an act quite unpremeditated and not quite unjustifiable, followed by too tragical a series of calamities. Poor Ellen is visited too hardly; something is wanted as Dryden says 'to absolve the Gods.' Moreover, but this is a subject on which I express myself with all becoming diffidence, I cannot help thinking that the way in which Lovell abuses his advantage would have induced the lady towards whom such unmanly violence was exercised, even were she less high-spirited than Ellen, to everything rather than endure the persecution of a being so detestable. There is also another point on which perhaps you will not think my opinion very important, but on which after all I have said it would be want of candour not to communicate it. I mean the allusions made to the external parts and accidents, so I consider them, of Divine worship. I hope nobody feels more deeply than I do, or appreciates more thoroughly the depth and purity of feeling which almost every line of this work discloses with regard to the most important of all subjects. I recollect with delight the glorious lines in the

Penseroso and the eloquent denunciation of another favourite writer against the *âme revêche*, I think he calls it, on which the fretted aisle, and lofty arches, and pealing organ, and fragrant clouds of our Gothic cathedrals have no effect. But imposing and awful as all this is, and difficult as it is to resist the impressions of the senses at such a moment, is it not going too far to suppose that they can exalt or ennoble the relation between Man and his Creator? Can any work of human art, any rites that it is in the power of man to invent, add sublimity to ideas which are or ought to be solely spiritual? Ought we not to disclaim these ‘rudiments of the senses’? May not religion be as sublime in a cottage as in a cathedral? Would it be religion were it not? And when I recollect that these edifices were raised and adorned in dark and troubled times, by men inured to blood and fraud, who imagined that by raising them they atoned for a long life of oppression and injustice; and when I think how far more easy it is to raise a splendid edifice or to practise any rites than to allay—

The troublous storms that toss
The private state and render life unsweet,

or to keep pure the recesses of the heart, I own that I am angry with myself for yielding to such associations as the author labours so successfully to awaken, and that I submit with patience to all the epithets of domestic vituperation which the mere hint of such opinions never fails to draw down upon me from a great admirer of Ellen Middleton.¹ I cannot help thinking the old Covenanters who worshipped in the wilderness, or an Irish priest in a roofless cabin, an object far more sublime and affecting to the imagination than all the gorgeous ceremonies, baldachins and

¹ He alludes to his wife, who after his death became a Roman Catholic.

stately structures which man ever devoted to the worship of Him who made us.

Entire affection scorneth nicer hands,

says Spenser, and if this be true of an earthly being, it is far more true of Him we worship, and Petrarch has hit the right key when He says (I have not the book here, so the quotation is perhaps inaccurate)—

Qui non Teatro, non Palazzi o loggia,
Fra l'erba verde un pino, un abete, un faggio,
Giove da terra al ciel porta intelletto;

and Dante in one of his most wonderful passages makes Poverty say that she ascended the Cross with the Saviour of the world.

"After this you will not be surprised if I enter my protest against the Christian Year—the writer's admiration for which is however more than atoned for in my eyes by the many proofs of excellent taste her work affords and her thorough knowledge of the best writers in our language—my favourite Spenser whom I rank next Shakespeare among our poets being therein to my great delight included.

"To conclude, I cannot help saying that the writer possesses qualities which entitle her to hold a very conspicuous place among English authors. I will add no professions of sincerity, for I think our acquaintance, short as it is, ought to enable you to form a judgment for yourself on that point."

There was a great difference between Charles Greville and his brother Henry, who also passed much of his time in Bruton Street. The latter had much less ability and was rather frivolous. His diaries, edited after his death by his niece, Lady Enfield, contain much amusing gossip, but are immeasurably inferior to his brother's journal. He

was, however, more amiable and better liked. He sang charmingly and was a favourite of the fine ladies, although less so with men. He was with us at Paris as first attaché at the Embassy, when he always made himself agreeable. He passed the latter part of his life in London in two successive houses, which he furnished with great taste. He gave the most delightful concerts, which the *élite* of society attended. His intimate friends, Signor Mario and Madame Grisi, were the chief performers. The witty Mr. Sneyd used to compare these parties to a little cream in a Sèvres cup. It was a proof of Greville's amiability that he never turned his back on his old friends, and at his very select concerts there was always a sprinkling of guests whom the fashionables probably looked upon as rather dowdy. He had the merit, rare in Englishmen, of being full of zest, and of being very keen about the favourite game of the hour. At Wrest¹ it became dark before the end of a game of croquet, when he had lamps brought into the garden to enable the game to be finished by lamplight.

Another frequent visitor in Bruton Street was Mr. Frederick Byng already referred to, and, as he and his wife had peculiarities, some account of them may be amusing. He was supposed to be successful in his love affairs; he was not good-looking but had a pleasant face, a good figure, and was reputed to be adventurous. He was called the

¹ Lady Cowper's country house, which her son Earl Cowper has inherited.

"Poodle" on account of his curly hair. He told me he was given the name by some charming lady he had courted. He eventually married his mother's maid, which he did on account of a little girl she had borne him, whom he tenderly loved. It was very sad that the child died soon after he had made such a sacrifice on her behalf. Mrs. Byng was a good wife, but not refined. With her help he gave little dinners, which were plain but excellent, and which it was said she cooked herself. My brother was a favourite of hers, and she continued to embrace him after he was grown up. On one such occasion he involuntarily drew back, upon which she observed, having just eaten a peppermint lozenge, "I see you're not fond of peppermint." Though not received in London, some of her husband's French friends were kind to her. My father saw her on her return from a long visit in France to a Madame de Vatry, a charming person. Mrs. Byng expatiated on the cordial hospitality they had met with.—"Only think! They had our linen washed free of charge! It was lucky, as Frederick brought with him a lot of dirty linen."—It may be imagined that such details did not much interest my father.

Mr. Byng's fault was inquisitiveness, which got him the name of Paul Pry, a well-known character acted by Liston in the amusing comedy of that name. At the time of my eldest sister's engagement he inquired of my mother what answer he should give if he was asked whether her daughter was going to marry Lord Rivers.—"Suppose,

Mr. Byng, you say you do not know."—On his visits to his friends in the country he cross-examined the servants about all the details of their masters' establishments, and gave his entertainers unacceptable advice. At Woburn he complained to his cousin the Duke of Bedford of the conduct of a footman.—"What did he do?"—"He did not look pleased when I tipped him."—"I suppose you did not give him enough. At all events, I cannot force him to look pleased when he isn't."

Mr. Byng meddled a good deal with London parochial affairs, and both with regard to them and to the domestic arrangements of his hosts, he was no doubt actuated by the best intentions, and did some good. After his appointment as Commissioner of Sewers Landseer drew a delightful sketch of a poodle poking his nose into a sewer, as illustrating his inquisitive activity.

There never was any one who had so many acquaintances in every class. As I walked along the street with him he was recognised by nearly every person we met. He had had an early introduction into fashionable life. He used to boast of his admission into Devonshire House when he was still in his teens.—"It must have been delightful."—"Not at all. It was a great honour, but I was bored to death. The Duchess was usually stitching in one corner of the room, and Charles Fox snoring in another."

My sister-in-law, Lady Granville, was a perfect hostess. She had charming manners and a French-

woman's gift, when surrounded by a circle of clever men, of addressing each of them by turn and encouraging them to talk. The company in Bruton Street comprised many eminent Englishmen and foreigners, chiefly politicians. There were also many agreeable women, such as Lady Morley, the grandmother of the lately deceased Earl, who in her old age retained all the liveliness of youth, and was extremely entertaining without ever uttering an ill-natured word. Her sayings were often much to the point. She called those who made unjust wills "posthumous villains." I also remember there Lady Cowper, the mother of the present Earl, who knew more good stories and told them better than any one I ever knew except perhaps her son Henry. Lady Harriet Baring¹ was a woman of a different calibre. She was more feared than liked; she had not many friends, but a few who were devoted to her. She was celebrated for her wit and her power of quick repartee. She spared no one, least of all those who were worthy of her steel. She even chaffed her husband, although she would not allow any one else to do so. One day he observed that every one was supposed to have a favourite *ology*, but that he had none.—"Yes, my dear, you have one. You love tautology." (He was given to repeating the same story).—When she reproached Monckton Milnes with the revolutionary tendency of a pamphlet he had just published, he said, "The

¹ Daughter of the sixth Earl of Sandwich. Her husband was afterwards the second Lord Ashburton,

writings of your friend Carlyle are much redder."—"You mean they are much more read."—My mother wrote to her sister that she liked Lady Harriet, but was aware that her preference required some apology.

It was about this period that I first made acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Lady Harriet Baring's devoted friend. Lady Harriet was very good to me, I fancy on account of my mother's reception of her in Paris, and I was frequently a guest not only at Bath House, but at the Grange and at a farm they had at Addiscombe, and once at Alverstoke. I met Carlyle at these different places, and sometimes Mrs. Carlyle. My recollection of the latter is, sitting in a corner busy with her embroidery, with no one speaking to her. One can easily imagine how much so clever a woman must have resented this neglect. I never was converted to Carlyle's views, but I could not help being fascinated by his eloquence, originality, and vehement abuse of everybody and everything, which in most people would be repellent, but in him was amusing. Many years later I again saw something of him. It was just after the death of his wife, when Lady Marian Alford, hearing of his dejection, did her best by every sort of attention to cheer him. I saw him when he was staying with her at Mentone, and afterwards at Belton, besides several times in London. One day Louisa, Lord Ashburton's second wife, who continued to show him the same kindness as her predecessor, asked Lady

Marian Alford and me to meet him at dinner. We were therefore a party of four, and all through the repast the two ladies fervently worshipped the great man, which he did not take amiss. As I am not a hero-worshipper and disliked some of his opinions, I maliciously introduced the subject of slavery. Mr. Carlyle rose to the occasion, defended slavery, and vilified the abolitionists. The two ladies, who had tender hearts and abhorred slavery from the bottom of their souls, were much disturbed.—“Oh, Mr. Carlyle, do not say that! You cannot mean it. Have you ever read Mrs. Stowe?”—“A poor, foolish woman, who wrote a book of wretched trash called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.”—My purpose was achieved, and for a short time the adoration abated. Another day the same party met, when after dinner our hostess said to Mr. Carlyle, “I hope you will not mind our leaving you, as we are going to the theatre to see Fechter act Hamlet.” To her astonishment he told her he would like to accompany us. He had not been inside a theatre for years, and his delight at the performance was great.—“The fellow is not so bad after all. Dear me! That is capital!”—All this was said in so loud a voice that every moment I expected the audience to call the philosopher to order.

Mr. Baring, Lady Harriet's husband, was also very kind to me, and invited me to bachelor dinners which he liked to give. I have stumbled on a

letter I wrote to my mother in which there occurs a description of one of those dinners :

“Yesterday I had a curious dinner at Mr. Bingham Baring’s—Mr. Macaulay and three other men I had never seen before. I took one of them before dinner in the dark for a boy, he was so small, till he talked and I saw his features. All dinner I puzzled over whom he might be. Disagreeable sharp manner, very acute, knowing a good deal, assuming to know everything, maintaining very startling opinions, certainly the most peculiar man I ever saw. My host, when I asked his name, was astonished that I did not know Roebuck by sight.”

According to the following anecdote Mr. Roebuck was made a Privy Councillor without ever having been in office. When Mr. Grote refused the peerage which Mr. Gladstone offered him, Mrs. Grote wrote to a member of the Government that whilst her husband did not wish to become a peer, it would gratify him to become a Privy Councillor. The answer was that no one deserved it more, but that he could not be made one as he had never held office, it being forgotten that the case of Roebuck formed a precedent. Times are changed—there is no such difficulty at present. Tom, Dick, and Harry now become Right Honourables.

Old men often remark that women have become less beautiful than they formerly were. I confess that I have sometimes had the same impression, but it is an idea as groundless as it is easy to be explained. Young men are more impression-

able than old men, who also detect faults less apparent to the eyes of the less experienced. For instance, I always thought that there were a greater number of good-looking women to be met with at the parties in Bruton Street than I have seen anywhere collected in later years. They were too numerous for me to attempt now to name them. I will only mention two sisters of conspicuous merit, Lady Canning and Lady Waterford. Both were very handsome, although their parents, Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay, were the ugliest couple in Europe. Lady Canning was the heroic wife of the Governor-General of India, whom she so nobly sustained during the fearful days of the Indian Mutiny. Lady Waterford was the best amateur artist living, whose only fault was excessive modesty, and to whom might well be applied Waller's lines :

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be admired,
Nor blush so much to be desired.

It is remarkable that with scarcely an exception all the pretty women of this society bore spotless reputations. There is no doubt that an improvement in morals had taken place at that time, which may to a great degree be ascribed to Queen Victoria's silent influence.

In other respects various changes in society occurred. The lady patronesses of Almack's ceased

to exercise their despotic power. Lady Jersey,¹ who had long been looked upon as the leader of the fashionable world, had to give way to the Duchess of Sutherland.² This did not arise from any wish of the Duchess to supplant her, but merely from the force of circumstances. The Duchess had great wealth and rank. She was known to be a favourite of the Queen, and was generally esteemed and admired. She had a sound understanding, and in social matters, as well as in politics, always took the generous side. Lady Jersey was very jealous of her. Lady Tankerville told me at a garden party at Chiswick that she had spent most of the afternoon in trying to console Lady Jersey, who was in floods of tears at not having been asked to a party at Windsor the following week, to which the Duchess had been invited. "That woman," she said, "is cutting me out in everything!" Persons in humble positions often imagine that those above them who appear to possess everything they can possibly desire must, in the absence of real sorrow, be content with their good fortune. But this is not the case. Royal personages have been known to fret because they are not assigned the place at public functions to which they think themselves entitled. For similar reasons the wife of a younger son of a peer is angry when a rich parvenue is sent in to dinner

¹ Julia, daughter of Sir Robert Peel, wife of the sixth Earl of Jersey.

² Harriet, daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, wife of the second Duke of Sutherland.

before her, and a lady's-maid is unhappy if in the housekeeper's room precedence is not given to her in accordance with the rank of her mistress. Who could imagine that the beautiful, the wealthy, the much-envied Lady Jersey could be distressed at not being invited to a party at Windsor? She had, it must be admitted, two defects—she was silly and worldly.

The Lady Tankerville above mentioned was the daughter of the Duc de Gramont, and she and her mother emigrated into Germany at the time of the Revolution. She there met—like her famous ancestress, Corisande de Gramont, whose Christian name she bore—with a Royal admirer. The Comte d'Artois, the future Charles X., fell desperately in love with her, and to avoid his advances the Duchess hurried her off to England. They were there warmly welcomed by the Duchess of Devonshire, and for several years Devonshire House became their home. It was from there that she married Lord Tankerville. There was some delay about it, because his father objected to have a daughter-in-law who was both a Catholic and a foreigner.

The Chesterfield House set was always paramount in racing circles, but became about this time less conspicuous in other respects. I often went there in the evening to join in a rubber of whist. It was generally supposed that much gambling went on there. This was not the case in my time, nor do I think it ever was so. If I remember right,

our stakes were half-a-crown points and five shillings the rubber. Once when travelling by train with Lady Chesterfield and some of her friends we passed the time in playing whist, when she ruled that our stakes should only be a shilling because it was so easy to cheat in a railway carriage.

I used to wonder that Lady Chesterfield admitted into her house that good-for-nothing fellow, Count d'Orsay. He was handsome, clever, and amusing, and I am aware that in the eyes of some people such qualities cover a multitude of sins. But his record was a bad one. No Frenchman would speak to him because he left the French Army at the breaking out of the war between his own country and Spain, in order to go to Italy with Lord and Lady Blessington, and his conduct with regard to his marriage was infamous. Lord Blessington's daughter was brought up in Ireland by two pious old aunts in the principles of religion and morality. When she had reached the age of sixteen her step-mother, Lady Blessington, got her husband to order her to join them, and not long afterwards brought about a marriage between her and her own lover, Count d'Orsay, in order that he might get hold of her fortune. After the marriage she induced him entirely to neglect his young wife. She moreover endeavoured to undermine her faith and her morals by getting her to read books calculated to do so, and what was still worse, she promoted the advances of other men, who made up to this inexperienced

and beautiful young woman. Her life at Gore House became at last so intolerable that she fled from it, never to return. In spite of all this Lady Blessington is described by some modern writers as "the gorgeous Lady Blessington." She was handsome, and had some Irish wit; but her literary performances were poor, and only got into notice through being puffed by penny-a-liners whom she entertained at her table.

I was never inside Gore House, but I was told by others who knew it that with some few exceptions the company was inferior, and to compare it with that of Holland House, as has sometimes been done, is simply ridiculous. Louis Napoleon was a frequent guest, but he at that time was of small repute. When he first arrived in London his uncle Jérôme asked the Duke of Devonshire to invite his *mauvais sujet* of a nephew to one of his large parties at Devonshire House, "so that he might for once be seen in decent society." Their relations were, I fancy, limited to such invitations; nevertheless, before the Boulogne expedition the Prince asked the Duke to lend him five thousand pounds. I cannot say whether he told him for what object he wanted the money, but I know that the request was not complied with. I believe that that foolish expedition was concocted at Gore House.

Lady Chesterfield came several times to Paris with her sister, Mrs. Anson, where they were both much admired. Her knowledge of French was

imperfect. When playing at whist she called the queen of hearts "*la reine des cœurs*," and the knave of diamonds "*le coquin de diamants*." When discussing the relative stoutness of French and English women she observed, "*Moi, je ne suis pas grosse maintenant, mais je l'étais avant mon mariage*." And she told them that "*Monsieur de Rambuteau avait eu l'obligeance de lui envoyer sa boîte à l'Opéra*." Monsieur de Rambuteau, the *Préfet de la Seine*, was popular with all classes. His chief delight was to devote himself to the English beauties who came to Paris. He sent them his boxes at the theatres, and in return they allowed him to arm them about at receptions. On each occasion Madame de Rambuteau was heard to say in a low voice, to the amusement of those who heard her, "*Encore une victime*."

Monsieur de Rambuteau behaved well at the time of the Revolution of '48. He remained at his post till the last moment. The mob would not destroy the picture of "*Le bon papa*," but laid it on Madame de Rambuteau's bed.

The following account of the state of Paris at that time, written to me by my friend Lady Harriet d'Orsay,¹ may be found interesting.

"I thought that in the midst of all the excitement caused by the wonderful events which have just taken place, you would bear me in mind and feel some anxiety about my fate. I admit with you that this Revolution has been a fine thing, bravely

¹ Only daughter of Lord Blessington already referred to.

and nobly done, though seen *de près* it would not seem quite as perfect as when you had the glowing descriptions given in the French papers, never backward in singing their own praises. I confess that for my part, though I have heard of some admirable *traits* of courage and disinterestedness, yet I have not felt a gleam of enthusiasm or pleasure. I had no love for Louis Philippe, and the insolence and tyranny of Guizot and his acolytes had become insufferable. But still, to see an old man robbed of everything and turned out with his family upon the pavement, the Tuileries *saccagés*, Neuilly burnt, and the Duc d'Orléans' statues taken down, his wife and child turned adrift, and now disgusting calumnies heaped upon the whole family, was pain and grief to my spirit. The Republic may be a very fine thing, and I admit that Lamartine is a very fine character, and I believe quite sincere. But I fear that he is too much of a poet, of a *rêve creux* and sentimentalist, for this age and this country. I think he has in his head an ideal Republic, all patriotism, self-sacrifice and noble disinterestedness. But will he be able to establish things on this footing? Will his colleagues have the same lofty aim and generous views? Will not the spirit of intrigue, the love of filthy lucre, all the mean, petty rivalships and desire of personal aggrandisement and gain soon rise up again to deface the fair structure of Republicanism? And then, if he is thrown down, who is to take his place? Who will stem the torrent of Communism and brutal violence? I think with this fickle people his very excess of popularity at this moment is alarming, though one cannot wonder at it, for his courage, energy, and self-immolation are beyond praise.

"I was rushing about in all directions from first to last, and just missed the unfortunate *fusillade* at the Capucines by five minutes. You have no

idea of anything so wretched as Paris looks. All one's friends either ruined or scattered in every direction. There is wonderfully little enthusiasm even among those who have done all. The shopkeepers would gladly have everything as it was a fortnight ago. Their loss of course is immense, as there is no society, and most people are reducing their establishments by half. Rothschild's losses have been tremendous. The poor Manuels have also suffered severely, she being confined in the middle of it all. The danger on Thursday night before the new Government was organised, with thousands of drunken men all armed about the streets and among whom were all the *forçats* and ruffians in Paris was frightful to contemplate. Now everything is perfectly quiet, but *triste* and desolate to a degree.

"I am disgusted with the Princes for having shown so little energy. Poor Joinville had prophesied all this and was packed off to Algeria for having tried to enlighten the King.

"The Princess Lieven ran off before the catastrophe, as did also Dow. Sandwich. Lady Cowley was furious because the Princess had left word she was at her house. The Princesse Clémentine spent Thursday night at Madame de Lasteyric's.¹ Montpensier ran so fast that he forgot his wife. She was much preoccupied about her diamonds. It is said they have given Louis Philippe 300,000 francs, that is £12,000, *pour tout potage*, and that he has no money in the foreign funds. They burnt Rothschild's Boulogne and Suresnes."

The Duchesse de Montpensier, who had lately married, had all the liveliness of youth, as is proved

¹ Madame de Lasteyric was the daughter of Lady Isabella Chabot, the sister of the third Duke of Leinster.

by the following incident. When the Royal Family had to fly from Paris, she was confided to a gentleman of the Court to take charge of her to England. When approaching Abbeville they learnt that there was great excitement in the town and they thought it prudent to send the carriage to the posthouse and to await its return by the side of the road, which they did in pouring rain. The gentleman expressed to the Princess his great concern that she should undergo so much discomfort. She however assured him that she did not much mind it—indeed, that she preferred it to the round table at the Tuileries. It seems that the Queen Marie Amélie used after dinner to preside at a table round which the Princesses and the ladies of the Court sat, all engaged in fancy work, and scarcely any one uttering a word.

Lord Normanby was then Ambassador at Paris, and having been in heated conflict with Monsieur Guizot on the subject of the Spanish marriages, he welcomed his fall and the Revolution which followed. He in consequence went about talking of "*les zéros de Février*," meaning of course "*les héros*."

I saw but little of Lady Chesterfield in later life. She occasionally asked me to dinner, and one day I found a small party, composed entirely of Lord Beaconsfield and some of his staunchest adherents. They naturally looked upon me as a black sheep, but he, to put me at my ease, addressed himself to me during the whole of

dinner, taking little notice of his own friends. He was always courteous, but his courtesy was a little overdone one day. I asked his leave to go to Hughenden to look at the verandah there, which I thought of copying at my own home. He immediately said that he was much distressed to be unable to be there to receive me, but begged me to go there, and to remain as many days as suited me. He could hardly imagine my taking up my quarters at his house during his absence. I was much opposed to him in politics, but I considered that England owed him a debt of gratitude for his having at the time of the American Civil War refused to countenance the mad proposals of many of his supporters to take the part of the South, which, had he encouraged it, might possibly have happened. The most discreditable incident in his career was his running the risk of a war with Russia in order to uphold one of the worst governments that ever existed, and which had just before been engaged in the indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children in Bulgaria. This war might have taken place if it had not been averted by Mr. Gladstone in his splendid Mid-Lothian campaign. Lord Beaconsfield's chief merits were audacity and unrivalled power of sarcasm ; his chief defects, unreality and want of principle. "You must admit," a conspicuous member of the Conservative party said to me just before Lord Beaconsfield left for the Berlin Congress, "that he is a consummate actor." I

occasionally met him in country houses and also at Grillions Club. He did not strike me as very agreeable. He was often silent, and when he spoke he was stilted and his remarks were apt to be forced. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a good rule to observe just after the death of a conspicuous person, but the truth should later be told.

My life during the four years after my disappointment in being unseated for Derby on petition was uneventful. I gradually gave up my profession of the law and passed my time in amusing myself. I frequently went abroad, which a young man writing home described as "that horrid place," and I paid several visits to Paris, where I did not go out much into society, but chiefly passed my time at the theatres and the Cercle de l'Union. Our Ambassador, Lord Cowley, presented me at the Elysée to Louis Napoleon when he was President of the Republic. His appearance was not prepossessing, with a stumpy figure, fishy eyes, and an inexpressive countenance. This was the only time I ever approached him. After the *coup d'état* I persistently refused the Ambassador's kind offers to obtain for me invitations to the Tuileries, because I had no wish to shake hands again with one who, since our first interview, had been guilty of that criminal act. I was not however actuated by the same motives which made Mrs. Huskisson, the wife of the statesman, wish to go to Paris during the Peace of Amiens, in order that, by not asking to

be presented to the great Napoleon, she might show him her disapproval of his conduct.

One of the worst consequences of the *coup d'état* was the attempt to suppress public opinion, not only in the press but in private life. Previously, animated discussions were carried on every afternoon at my club by a number of members sitting in a circle. Afterwards the police interfered, and over every chimney-piece was affixed, "*Ici on ne parle pas politique*"—an injunction so far obeyed that the general discussions ceased, although members talked politics to one another.

Many years later I again saw Louis Napoleon at a distance at a magnificent ball given by him at the Tuileries in honour of the various sovereigns who came to Paris at the time of the Exhibition of 1867, which I attended at the request of my young nephew, the present Earl Brownlow, who was anxious to go. I then caught the only glimpse I ever had of Bismarck, who was following in the suite of his master, and I was struck by his commanding appearance.

During one of my visits to Paris I made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rachel. I afterwards met her in London. I thought her charming, but only saw her when she assumed the manners of *une grande dame*, which she did to perfection. But I fancy that in all her phases she must have been very attractive. Not long after I got to know another much less gifted individual, but who, having captivated a king, upset two Ministries, and

brought about a revolution in Bavaria, was entitled to be looked upon as celebrated. This was Lola Montez. After her flight from Munich she came to London, and lived in a small lodging-house in Half-Moon Street, to which she invited a few men, including myself, to go in the evening. She had lost much of her good looks, but her animated conversation was entertaining. Soon afterwards she left London and resumed her career of adventure, which only ended with her life. I was an enthusiastic admirer of Madame Grisi, and I was delighted at being invited after a concert given in Paris to remain for supper, at which she was present. But I was rather disenchanted when I saw with what dexterity the divine Norma contrived to eat her food with her knife instead of her fork.¹

In the autumn of 1849 I paid a visit of six weeks to my uncle, the Duke of Devonshire, at Lismore Castle. His chief motive for going there was, I fancy, to alleviate by his expenditure the poverty resulting from the previous calamities of famine and disease, and to cheer the people by his presence. But it was also the sort of life he particularly enjoyed. To make people happy and to be surrounded by a grateful crowd of adorers gave him supreme delight. There was a perpetual round of amusement—dinners, concerts and balls. People came from very long distances to attend them. They are, or at least

¹ Norma was one of her favourite parts.

they were, different from what similar country entertainments would be in England. Country neighbours in England usually come to such parties to show that they have been invited and not to enjoy themselves; they enter the room arm in arm, and, being self-conscious, cast frightened looks around them. In short, they are only happy when the moment of departure arrives. But how different it is in Ireland! There the guests come in order to enjoy themselves. They at once fall into groups, and enter into lively conversations with their friends; and shyness, that offspring of vanity, is unknown to them. Moreover, the women were mostly pretty and the men full of fun.

I own it surprised me that the Irish, so soon after the dire calamities which had afflicted their country, could be in such good spirits; in that respect they somewhat resembled the French, who, in the midst of their fearful Revolution, contrived to be merry.

During the famine and the dreadful mortality that followed it every effort was made on my uncle's estates to help them. It seems curious that Arthur Young in his book about Ireland, whilst discussing the question of the cultivation of the potato, says that, whatever its drawbacks, it had the great merit of being a crop that never failed. The total failure in the 'forties proved how much he was mistaken, and it is remarkable that ever since potatoes have been liable to disease.

The Irish are generally supposed to be exceptionally superstitious, and I am inclined to believe that this is the case. Not long ago I sat at a dinner party by the side of a distinguished Irishman with whom I was not previously acquainted. In the course of conversation I observed that it was strange that so able a man as Mr. Parnell should be influenced by silly superstitions—that he would not sleep in a room with the number thirteen affixed to it, and that he had a Bill re-drafted because it had thirteen clauses. Upon which my neighbour said it was not strange, as Mr. Parnell was an Irishman, and all Irishmen believed in such things.—“But do you?”—“Certainly. Nothing would persuade me to be one of thirteen at a dinner-party.”—I looked round the room and saw that we were thirteen. I called his attention to the fact and advised him to go away.—“Alas,” he said, “it is too late. If you have once sat down, you cannot by leaving avert the impending calamity.” Then he looked at the bill of fare and added: “Besides, I see that an excellent dinner is in store for us, so I think I shall stay.”—I do not know whether any serious consequences followed that dinner. Every one ate heartily, so possibly some of the guests suffered in consequence.

It is marvellous how credulous some people are ; for instance, how many Protectionists are led to believe that valuable commodities introduced into a country impoverish it. It is still more so that so many are convinced that a card-player can

improve his luck by turning round his chair, or by sitting opposite the hinges of the table, or by calling for a fresh pack of cards, and that if a marriage takes place in May it will prove a failure. This last superstition is very general, as may be seen in the list of weddings that appear in the columns of the *Times* in that month—an average of about two a day, whereas in other months the average is about twenty. The only reason I have ever heard for this superstition is that June follows May—that is, Sir Francis Jeune.¹ I do not know whether this superstition prevails among the masses. If it does not it shows that in this respect they are wiser than those who consider themselves their superiors.

The following is a quotation from a journal my uncle wrote for me at Lismore during my absence in India, which takes the same view as I do of Irish society :

“I arrived here on November 1st, 1851. A week at Lismore goes like an hour anywhere else. My neighbours throng to see me, and all are admitted. They have got a natural *bonhomie* and a want of pretension that makes them very captivating, never wanting to appear what they are not. I think their affairs and prospects are less gloomy, and they are always gay.”

I will extract from the same journal an account of a singular instance of the vicissitudes of fortune :

“Mrs. Connor, the widow of an Agent employed here, had three nieces born and brought up in

¹ Late Lord St. Helier.

the lowest sphere of Irish life. They lived in a rude cabin on the rocky coast between Ardmore and Grange, where they used to serve food and whisky to the smugglers and frequenters of the paternal roof. The beauty of the two eldest was remarkable, and one became Countess of Barrymore the other Duchesse de Castries. The Duke was an old *émigré*, whose poverty she shared in London. She was rather gay, but always devoted to him, and when the Bourbons returned to Paris she found herself *grande dame* in the Hôtel de Castries. Her son appeared to me afterwards to be one of the most distinguished of the young Frenchmen of the day. But the third sister's history is still more strange—a small, half-witted cripple about three feet high, supported, I believe, by family contributions and living in a small abode here at Lismore. She is apparently cared for and attended by a Mrs. Gurley, who looks like a retired housekeeper or lady's maid, and who watches over the baby of seventy, relates her sayings, is enchanted with her eccentricities and contrives a happy existence for her. The little blar-eyed creature is grateful. She is proud of a miniature over the chimney-piece of a lady in pink feathers, representing one of her sisters. She says that if Aunt Connor was alive she would be a good deal at the Castle. With a few coloured child's-books of prints I caused her as much joy as chests of jewels might have given to her titled relations."

Here is another extract from the Duke's journal concerning the visit of his niece to Lismore :

"*November 17th.*—The Duchess of Sutherland and her beautiful daughter Constance¹ are to arrive here to-day. They will come in the dark between

¹ Engaged to be married to Lord Grosvenor (the late Duke of Westminster).

seven and eight o'clock. If the illuminations of this old Castle should be as fine a sight as I expect there can never be anything more imposing than their arrival by the Glen of the Onnashad."

The Duke of Devonshire also inserts a copy of the following letter which the Duchess on this occasion wrote to her mother, Lady Carlisle :

"It was dark soon after Cahir ; it is wild and anxious driving. The post-boy was off once, twice the traces broke. At some distance from this place an outrider met us and a running footman, who with a lantern displayed the worst part of the road, where he said a man and horse from Tipperary had rolled down. There was little life left in me except that which made me conscious there was some danger. When, emerging from darkness, there was suddenly a vision so bright and beautiful. It was gone and appeared again. How shall I tell you of it : an outline which looked like Heidelberg, every window bathed in light. The effect of the light among the ivy and the grey old walls was beautiful, and at the door that dearest, greatest Duke, that most puissant Prince, your own, kindest brother. I cannot say how touched I was at his giving us this beautiful thing to see, I am only grieved that more did not see it. The whole population was out, and we crossed the bridge amidst great cheering and then entered the Castle of Lismore."

The Duke also quotes the following note, which his niece wrote to him after her departure :

"I must not leave Ireland without telling you again and again how much my heart swells when I think of you. It is not only in the County of Waterford (where people told me they could not stop short of loving you), but here in this neighbourhood

your more than kindness, your great hospitality, your warming coolnesses and healing feuds are known and felt as they should be."

"This was written from Carton,"¹ adds the Duke, "where she said Lord Otho² ought not to have looked surprised when she told him of her having danced. And so he ought not, for though this lovely grandmother of twelve children is growing rather large, she moves with such dignity that nothing can have better appearance than her dancing. She saw a pretty ball here of 125 of my best neighbours, who one and all were in raptures with both mother and daughter. The former retains a freshness and a bloom of youth which are quite remarkable."

When my brother in 1851 succeeded Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office he appointed me his précis-writer. I was glad to serve under him, and should have been still more so if I could have been of any use to him, but I found my duties decidedly irksome, as they consisted in copying a number of dry despatches, chiefly concerning the Schleswig-Holstein question, which neither I nor indeed many Englishmen could unravel. I shudder to think that the two principal Liberal statesmen of the day, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, should have strongly advocated our engaging on behalf of Denmark in a war with Germany. We were saved from this calamity by the good sense of the rest of the Cabinet, backed up by Queen Victoria and her husband.

¹ The residence of the Duke of Leinster.

² Lord Otho Fitzgerald, the second son of the Duke of Leinster, who afterwards married Lady Londesborough.

INDIA

1850-51

“Il y a des périodes du passé qui me semblent des songes. Je ne puis croire quelquefois que je sois celui qui ait fait ceci, ait été là.”—JACQUEMONT, *Correspondance pendant son voyage dans l'Inde*.

I CANNOT undertake to recapitulate the momentous changes which have taken place in India since I visited it. The record of all the improvements, as described by the late Sir William Hunter, is one of which Englishmen may well be proud. The blessings we have conferred on the inhabitants of that vast dominion entitle us to their gratitude, and I hope are more and more recognised by them.

The facilities of travel in India are now infinitely greater than they were fifty years ago. There were then no roads except in the neighbourhood of large towns. During the greater part of our journey we were carried by men in palanquins, which were called “palkees,” or we rode on horses, or sometimes on camels or elephants. There were no inns, only rest-houses, which afforded nothing but shelter. On the other hand, we were hospitably received in the houses of Europeans, even

when we had no letters of introduction, and some of our hosts were men who had distinguished themselves in various capacities. There were then few tourists in India, and strangers fresh from England, who interrupted the monotony of Anglo-Indian life, were welcome guests. We were also treated with much civility by some of the native grandees, who were perhaps stimulated thereto by hearing of the rank and wealth of one of our party.

On my return to England I had some talk with Lord Canning, who was not then aware that he would be ever called upon to govern India, but already took a great interest in that country. Among other questions he asked me whether I was in favour of the annexation of Oude. I replied that I did not know enough of Indian politics to form an opinion, but from what I had seen of the condition of the inhabitants of Oude, as compared with that of the people in our own territories, and having witnessed something of the disreputable Court at Lucknow, I could not help wishing that its annexation might be decided on.

The impression I derived during our rapid journey through a great portion of India was that the people did not suffer from such abject poverty as in many places in Europe. This, of course, chiefly arises from their easier conditions of life, no fuel being needed except for cooking, food being inexpensive, the need of clothing slight, and very little required in the way of a house. "Man

wants but little here below " applies much more to them than to the inhabitants of colder regions.

There is a theory of much importance with regard to the future prospects of India put forward by the late Duke of Argyll, the late Sir William Hunter and other men of ability, which I cannot accept. They held that such calamities as war, epidemics and famine acted as checks to population, and that the mitigation or cessation of those evils under our rule has brought about its undue increase and thereby impoverished the people.

I cannot conceive a more dreadful notion than the one that the better you govern a country the more wretched it will be, and that such terrible scourges as those I have mentioned are blessings in disguise. This would lead us, as a logical inference, to relax all efforts to overcome them.

Luckily this theory is erroneous and founded on a mistaken view of the laws which regulate the growth of population. This growth follows the increase of the means of subsistence, and does not precede it. As the population of India has of late years greatly increased, there must have been great increase of production, and such has been the case. The main causes of this increase have been improved cultivation, extensive systems of irrigation, conversion of jungle into arable land, and, in a less degree, the destruction of wild beasts throughout most parts of the country, not to mention the construction of railways and the great increase of trade and manufactures. The

consequence has been that the condition of the cultivators, bad as it is, has to a certain extent been improved.

Sir James Caird, who in 1879 was sent to India to inquire into the matter, reported that he could see no improvement in the condition of the people, but did not assert the contrary. The Indian Government, however, were not satisfied with his report, and appointed a Commission to consider it, who came to the conclusion that on the whole the people were slightly better off. Every one connected with India whom I have consulted on the subject has without exception confirmed this opinion. The late Sir William Hunter, however, doubted it. He held, in common with our earlier economists, that the most fertile land is always that which is first cultivated, whereas, as the American economist Carey long ago proved, it is as a rule the least fertile. This disposes of the idea that as population increases production must proportionately diminish. Sir William also believed that population increases spontaneously, independently of any increased production. It was these two views, which I hold to be erroneous, that gave him misgivings about the future welfare of India.

I believe with Malthus that any undue encouragement of population, whether by bad customs or bad laws, is mischievous, and my further conviction is that in India, as elsewhere, an increase of population, unless unduly promoted,

is in most cases a proof of increased prosperity and not a cause of greater misery.

I must apologise for this economic digression, which is hardly suited to this little book that has no pretension to be of a serious character. But ever since I travelled in India I have taken so great an interest in its wonderful development that I am tempted to try to attract public attention to a question which is intimately connected with its future destinies. It is certainly a question which ought to be well threshed out, and well considered by all who have any responsibility with regard to that country. I am confident that those who will fully inquire into the matter will come to the conclusion that peace, health, and abundance—the results of good government—are unmitigated blessings.

I will only add that I believe there is much to be regretted in the past and the present government of the country, and that many further reforms are needed. I therefore give great credit to those who are endeavouring to bring them about. But I would urge them not to injure their cause by exaggeration, or fail to recognise sufficiently the wonderful achievements of the past.

The following account of my trip is an abridged copy of the journal I wrote in India, and which was addressed to my uncle, the Duke of Devonshire.

My mother accompanied me to Waterloo Station on October 19, 1850.

I got into an empty carriage, in which I left so depressed, that I soon joined Mrs. and Miss Gore, who were in the same train, on their way to a villa on Southampton Water. Their society succeeded in cheering me. Miss Gore was very agreeable and gay. She had been told I was going to India without clothes or companions. I assured her I was well provided with both. She warned me against falling in love with an Indian widow. This was a danger about which I felt foolhardy. I dined with them that evening at the Dolphin Inn.¹

I found at Southampton my two companions, Grosvenor² and Frank Egerton,³ as well as F. Fitz-Roy,⁴ who had been appointed aide-de-camp to Sir William Gomm,⁵ and Euston,⁶ who had come to see us off. The leave-takings on board were a painful sight. Mothers crying and in hysterics at parting with the sons they would not see again for years, and fathers struggling with their tears.

¹ Mrs. Gore was a popular authoress, who produced more than fifty novels. The public got rather tired of them, when she published some anonymously and the interest in them then revived. Her daughter had great success both in Paris and London, and had most of the young men at her feet, to the discomfiture of other young ladies, or rather of their mothers. She was not decidedly pretty, but had a beautiful figure with a slim waist. Her mother was plump, and they were nicknamed Plenty and Waste. Miss Gore soon after married Lord Edward Thynne, who had a great charm of manner but did not turn out an ideal husband. When above sixty he ran away with another man's wife.

² Earl Grosvenor, the late Duke of Westminster.

³ The late Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, brother of the second Earl of Ellesmere.

⁴ Lord Frederick Fitz-Roy, son of the fifth Duke of Grafton.

⁵ A Peninsular and Waterloo veteran; made Field Marshal in 1868, and Governor of the Tower from 1872 to 1875.

⁶ The Earl of Euston, afterwards sixth Duke of Grafton.

We started at half-past eleven. I looked out with the telescope for Miss Gore, and saw her in her garden waving her pocket-handkerchief.

Later we passed close by a small yacht. I afterwards learnt that it was Godolphin's, and that he was in it. There were several officers on board our ship, with whom we soon made friends. I was glad to get F. Fitzroy to share my cabin.

We reached Gibraltar on the morning of the 26th. Not feeling very well, I did not hurry on shore. When I got there I found all the passengers dressed in their smartest, scattered about the place. Some were employing their three precious hours in buying, in true sailor fashion, everything they could lay their hands on ; others in seeing something of that most curious and beautiful Rock : all enjoying themselves as if it were a holiday.

The Mediterranean was delightfully smooth and the weather was divine.

On the Sunday following there were two services. In the morning a Wesleyan minister officiated, and scandalised the orthodox by omitting the prayer for the bishops, and preaching heretically about Baptism. In the evening a minister of the Scotch Free Church delivered a noisy, ranting sermon. He was returning to Madras, where they say he has done wonders amongst the Hindus. There was with him a Hindu whom he had bought as a child for a shilling, and educated for the ministry. They had been preaching together in Scotland, and had collected a considerable sum of money. The Scotchman was very offensive, told

Captain Peel,¹ a son of Sir Robert, who was on board, that he had measured his calibre and found it wanting, and forced an old colonel to recommend him to be more humble.

The passengers by this time began to be acquainted with one another; there were several pretty girls on board, and dancing took place every evening. Dinner was a dreadful scramble. We always sat in the same places, and I had on one side of me an agreeable companion in Mr. Cameron, a husband of one of Lady Eastnor's² numerous sisters. He formerly filled a high post in Calcutta, and was then on his way to his coffee estates in Ceylon.

We came in sight of Gozo, the island adjacent to Malta, on the morning of the 29th. When all the passengers had made their preparations for landing, intent on all the pleasures that awaited them, they met with a great disappointment. At half-past twelve the pilot came out to meet us. Every one watched him with a little anxiety, and you may imagine the general dismay when he shouted out, "Quarantine harbour." There was no announcement of the quarantine having been taken off in Egypt, though there had been no cases of cholera at Malta for more than a month. So, for fear we might be refused admittance into

¹ Captain Peel was a most gallant sailor, who afterwards distinguished himself greatly at Sebastopol and in the Indian Mutiny. He was, when we met him, on his way to some out-of-the-way place in order to convert the natives, and was excitable on religious questions.

² Virginia, daughter of the late James Pattle, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, married to Viscount Eastnor afterwards third Earl Somers.

Alexandria, we had to spend our time in the dull quarantine harbour, with a melancholy yellow flag floating from our mast.

In spite of our misfortunes, the day I spent in the quarantine harbour was the happiest of any since England, for I received there my first post, with letters full of affection and regret at my departure from those I love best in the world, and my day was well filled in reading and answering them. We were allowed to go to the lazaretto, where we purchased some trinkets of coral and silver filigree, handed to us with the tongs.

We lay off Alexandria during the night of November 3rd. I got up at daybreak to see the sun rise. It was magnificent, and gave an Eastern glow to Alexandria, which later did not keep its promise, but presented a most uninteresting appearance. A low, sandy coast, with nothing that looked oriental to redeem it.

The entry into the town was an amusing but difficult operation, owing to the enormous crowd of donkeys and donkey-boys. Whenever a traveller appeared at the hotel door a battle royal commenced, a porter pitching into the donkey-boys, and the master of the inn beating the porter for his ill success in not dispersing them. The thrashed sometimes cry, and beg for money on account of a blow, which they never think of returning. After visiting some baths charmingly situated in a grove of date trees, of which we ate the fruit, we drove about the place. First to the palace, situated on the harbour. It is nothing remarkable, being furnished in not the

best French style. The floors of inlaid wood are pretty. The attendants—a miserable set—quarrelled over the end of my cigar, which I had thrown away. Then of course to Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, of which you know as much as if you had seen them. We drank a cup of thick, nasty coffee at the bazaar, where everything was amusing and thoroughly Eastern. The most curious sight is a lady of quality taking her ride on her donkey; all you see of her are her two eyes peeping from a large domino blown out like a balloon. I was also much struck with the sight of a line of camels crossing the great square. Their noiseless progress at night is very ghostlike.

The next morning we embarked on the canal which leads from Alexandria to the Nile. We were in a barge towed by a steamer. The canal for the first few miles was lined with good-looking villas, and acacias grew on the banks; later, nothing but mud banks and mud villages, with a flat, swampy country beyond. Much from its novelty pleased me—a group of palm-trees, a lake in the distance, which turned out to be a mirage, and a man on horseback chasing a wild boar.

We soon took to whist on the companion, but our rubber was interrupted by a sudden squall. We saw it coming by the clouds of sand it raised, but the sail was not got in soon enough. This caused a great hullabaloo. The crew began to jabber as niggers only can; several climbed up the slight mast, endeavouring in vain with their feet and hands to draw in the sail; the barge dipped

considerably on one side, the women screamed, and I believe we should have stuck in the bank or been upset had not F. Fitzroy seized hold of the rudder. As it was, the only result was the loss of my umbrella and somebody's cloak. The squall was over in five minutes, and we resumed our rubber, having had the presence of mind to pocket hands and tricks, and remember the lead and trumps.

The canal joins the Nile at a place called Atfeh. In spite of its flat banks and muddy waters, I was pleased with the Nile, so full of life and so gay, with the numberless small boats with sails of the shape of a bird's wing—some with one sail, others with two pointing in different directions. The first view of Cairo was striking, with its numberless minarets and the rising ground beyond.

We were given eight hours there. The first thing I did was to bathe in the Turkish fashion. I was amused and cleaned, and enjoyed a pipe and a good cup of coffee. We then rode on donkeys up to the Citadel, from which there is a magnificent view over the immense city, the Nile, and the Pyramids. Near this is the palace and the new mosque, begun by Mohammed Ali and not then finished. It is entirely of alabaster, and is very lofty and beautiful. There is before it a large court, likewise of alabaster. The labour was compulsory, the best workmen being seized upon, a system which makes it undesirable to excel.

The Pasha is very indolent, and takes not the

slightest interest in the improvement of his people. He dislikes information, being unlike Mohammed Ali, who was always anxious to know what was going on. The canal we came by from Alexandria was made entirely by forced labour, and many lives were lost in its construction. This shocks us more than wars, which are mostly undertaken without any useful result. We ended our morning in the bazaars; but I forget you have been in the East, and that I need not describe them or the solemn Turks at their stalls. Do they at Constantinople insist on your taking a puff at their pipes, and make you sit down on their counter, as they display their goods?

The journey across the desert was as agreeable as a sleepless night allowed. Six passengers were closely packed in small vans on two wheels, which are wonderfully constructed as they rarely upset, though severely tried. Any attempt to sleep in them was vain, as it was invariably followed by a strong jolt which knocked my head against the wooden sides of the carriage, or on the hard forehead of the opposite passenger. The road was in parts good, but there were bits of deep sand where we had to get out to push the wheels. We had four horses, which we changed every six miles. You may well ask in what I thought this part of our trip agreeable. I believe it was owing to the bracing air of the desert, the novelty of everything, and the picturesque scenes at the post-houses, lighted up by immense torches, with the various types of negroes and the Arab horses. There were three stations where we found excel-

lent food. The luggage is sent over on camels, and there is no danger of losing any of it. When first this line was opened, two camels were cut off from the rest and carried away. The Pasha had the whole country scoured by 10,000 men; the camels were found in the possession of thirteen men, who were immediately bowstrung, without trial or proof that they were the robbers. Since that time a writing-desk might be left in the middle of Cairo and no one would touch it.

The inn at Suez, a large sort of barrack, was quite full; no hope of beds unless some of the women would go on board ship, which they alone were allowed to do. Of course most of them declined, while the men were furious at not having the option; we however all contrived to get beds, and I slept thirteen unbroken hours, in spite of the gluttony of a host of bugs. I killed many next morning.

We steamed away from Suez the next afternoon, November the 9th. The views of the two shores are beautiful; the mountains high, with broken shapes, and the colouring of sea and land most vivid. Mount Sinai in spite of the panorama is not visible, but each passenger chooses any two peaks he fancies as Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai.

We soon lost sight of land. The heat on the third day became very oppressive, and there soon was perceptible a sudden lassitude amongst us all; there was nothing worth describing, not even the sight of a single ship. A large fish kept ahead of the vessel, and was shot by a man who looked like Don Quixote, and flourished his pistols

alarmingly. As the fish could not be got, this appeared to me cruel. The heat diminished as we entered the Straits of Babelmandeb. The coast here again is very beautiful and there was a good view of Mocha.

We anchored off Aden on the evening of the 13th. The harbour is protected from the sea. The place itself is a heap of lava, with several hills of grotesque shape rising to a considerable height. It is a peninsula joined to the mainland by a strip of sand. It was taken from the Arabs about ten years ago. They afterwards made some ineffectual attempts to get it back. The hotel is near the landing-place. The town is three miles off in an old crater, the approach to it through a narrow defile. The cantonments are beyond, near the old Turkish wall, which forms the boundary and was being repaired. Except a few low bushes there is no verdure. The provisions come in great abundance from a fertile district about thirty miles off. The water was brackish, but the residents get to like it, and think other water insipid, which they remedy by putting salt into it.

We dawdled all day about the hotel, which is well adapted to the climate. It has large verandahs filled with beds, having a trellis outside, which gives the travellers who are resting the appearance of beasts in a menagerie. There is a billiard-room and a shop containing a great variety of wares, very dear and very bad. There are plenty of ponies to be hired. The boys in charge of them are a wild-looking set, slim but active, very intelligent

and great rogues. They have picked up a good deal of English: "Good pony, sir, make no harm at all!" They rode races for our amusement. One said, "If my horse does not win I forfeit four shillings." They however attacked one of the winners, nearly deprived him of his winnings, and quite deprived him in the struggle of the little clothing he had round his loins.

Here we left twenty passengers, most of them on their way to Bombay—one of them a very pretty girl, the daughter of the Commander of Aden. He had not seen her since she was three weeks old, and could not suppress his pleasure, I was told, at finding he had such a pretty daughter. These separations are very common in India. There was a young fellow on board who was on his way to his father, whom he had never seen.

The third day Grosvenor became very unwell; but the doctor's attention and skill soon brought him round.

The steamer was very crowded and uncomfortable and we signed an energetic remonstrance to the P. and O. Company.

The first view of the green island of Ceylon was beyond anything refreshing. Galle is a pretty little Dutch town, exceedingly clean, with houses that looked like toys, interspersed with trees. We lodged at a comfortable boarding-house exposed to the sea breezes. It was kept by the son of the landlady of the inn. He refused at first to take us in, as he had agreed not to deprive his mother of her unmarried customers; but she waived her claim, which I thought amiable, though others

suggested that her house was as full as it could be. But she was certainly an obliging old lady. She learnt that I had given too much for a comb, sent for the seller, ordered him to refund the money, which he did at once, and got me a better comb for less money. Natives teased us to buy their wares, which consisted of birds, monkeys, fans, precious stones, tortoiseshell ornaments, cocoa-nuts and every sort of fruit.

We remained two nights at Galle, and met with hospitality from Captain and Mrs. Maclean, and Gerard Talbot, a brother of John.¹ The whole country round for miles is covered with cocoa-nut trees.

We paid a visit to the clergyman, who lives a few miles off at a charming bungalow. He gave us a botanical lecture, showing us the plants of the native cinnamon and coffee. We found there a pretty niece, who had been our fellow-passenger and much admired by Egerton. She was suffering from a swelled face and broken tooth. The fame of her good looks had preceded her in the island, where there is said to be a great dearth of beauty. The faded Mrs. Maclean and her entourage, however, declared they were sadly disappointed by her beauty, and preferred Miss Metcalfe, who was on her way to Delhi.

On the 28th we started for Colombo in a comfortable barouche, given us by the mail contractor, at G. Talbot's instigation. The country is exceedingly pretty. You must imagine to yourself

¹ A great friend of my family, and a distinguished Parliamentary barrister. He was the father of the present M.P. for Oxford University.

the Chatsworth conservatory run wild. The road is excellent, and skirts the sea by sand, surf, and rock, occasionally intercepted by broad rivers that looked like lakes, with views of distant mountains. The tropical vegetation in the shape of the trees and the delicacy of the flowers is superior to what I expected, but the colouring is monotonous. There is certainly a charm in seeing in great abundance hedges of pine-apple and groves of banana, which one had regarded as rarities. This part of Ceylon is populous. The whole road is lined with cottages, some very picturesque, covered with mattings made of the leaf of the cocoa-nut tree, with bananas hanging over them.

We reached Colombo in the afternoon. I took an immediate dislike to it. The houses in the fort have pretensions to architecture, with columns, but the whitewash upon them has peeled off, which gives them a mangy appearance. On one side of the fort is the esplanade, where the races were held before Lord Torrington's conduct put an end to them. He is said to have called one of the gentleman riders without the slightest foundation a cheat, and then put him under arrest for saying the accusation was not true. It was then the fashion at Colombo to abuse Lord Torrington, whether deservedly or not I cannot say. On the other side of the fort are some lakes, and beyond a district studded with bungalows, where most of the English reside, the Cinnamon Gardens extending farther on for some miles. The native town stretches some way along the sea shore north of the fort.

During our stay in Ceylon, great excitement was caused by the arrival of Jung Bahadur, the Nepaulese Ambassador, who was on his way back to India ; but there was likewise disappointment when he and his countrymen appeared in plain white instead of the smart dress which was so much admired in London. It seemed they were in Court mourning for a Ranee.

Grosvenor and I were much surprised one morning at the two brothers of Jung Bahadur being announced. They came with a message from him, earnestly entreating Grosvenor to pay a visit to Nepaul, as Jung said he was most anxious to repay the civilities he had received at Grosvenor House. He promised good sport and every facility for the journey.

We returned the visit the next day, but our intercourse was confined to a shake of the hands, as the interpreter was absent.

We dined one night at Sir Anthony Oliphant's, the Chief Justice, and I sat next to the Governor, Sir G. Anderson. I met there my Eton tutor, Mr. Chapman,¹ who had become Bishop of Colombo. He surprised as well as touched me by his cordiality. He seemed to have forgotten the verses which I had copied out of a French *Gradus*, a discovery which at school lost me all

¹ Mr. Chapman was my tutor at Eton, and married the daughter of the famous head master, Doctor Keate. He had the merit of disliking flogging. He never had me flogged, nor, as far as I can remember, any other boy in his house. He was very pompous, and many absurd phrases were attributed to him, such as, instead of "Shut the door," "Let the guardian of our secrets revolve on its axis"; and instead of "Snuff the candle," "Deprive the luminary of its superfluity."

his esteem. After dinner there was a great party, to which the Nepaulese and all the great people of Colombo came. The verandahs were beautifully ornamented with festoons of the leaves of the cocoa-nut and its graceful flower, arranged by the natives with much taste. The heat was intense, which made me rejoice that the serious scruples of Lady Oliphant, a clever, agreeable woman, would not allow us to dance.

We left Colombo on December the 3rd for Kandy. Every bit of the drive is lovely, but the most beautiful part of it was hid by a thick mist and rain. Kandy is a cheerful place, surrounded by luxuriant hills with gay bungalows here and there. We were charmingly lodged in one belonging to the Colonial Secretary on the side of a hill, with an enchanting view over the valley and a foreground of palm-trees and of rose-trees in full bloom.

We dined the first day with Mr. Buller, the Government Agent. Before dinner he took us to see the temple in which the tooth of Buddha is kept. This is a most sacred relic, and very valuable, as the natives consider that its possession confers the government of the country. They are now never shown it, as its sight puts them into a dangerous state of excitement. They have made several attempts to get possession of it. The Siamese, who are likewise Buddhists, offered £50,000 for it. The temple is a small, ugly building with several small courts, and grotesquely ornamented. The tooth is kept in seven cases of gold in the shape of bells, one enclosing the

other, and these again are locked up in an iron cage. This has three padlocks, of which Mr. Buller keeps the keys. We were not shown the tooth, as the unlocking of all these cases is a tedious ceremony; but the outer case is covered with jewels, and there were in the cage some other golden ornaments. Besides the priest several chiefs were present, fat men with head-dresses like the caps of French cooks.

Mr. Buller ordered them about unceremoniously in spite of their rank. They were said to be puffed up by the deference shown to them by the English, but from what I saw on this occasion this cannot be any longer the case. I was not sorry to get back into the open air, on account of the perfume of a sacred flower they have, and the noise of a sort of drum which is called "tom-tom," accompanied by some jingling instruments and a droning chant. This constant charivari makes it a misfortune to live near a temple.

Mr. Buller lives in the palace of the kings of Kandy, a peculiar old building with thick walls, low rooms, and curious figures. The outside, with the verandah leading to the temple, is very picturesque.

Early the next morning we walked round Lady Horton's ¹ walk, so called because she projected it.

¹ Lady Horton was beautiful, and inspired Byron, who was her husband's cousin, to write the well-known lines:

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

Sir William Horton was an agreeable and cultivated man, who was much engaged in politics. He was much connected with the Canningite party, and therefore intimate with my father. He was during seven years Governor of Ceylon.

It extends three miles round one of the hills which enclose the valley. The different views from it are quite beautiful. A broad river runs past an extensive track of wild wood, with gigantic trees reminding one of a picture of *Salvator Rosa*.

The next evening we went to the Botanical Gardens, large, but ill-kept, with a beautiful group of palms at the entrance. The superintendent said he was disappointed in the flowers and insects of Ceylon, both as to size and colour, but was pleased with the shape and variety of the trees. He thought tea might be profitably cultivated here, which I believe is an error, as cheap labour would be essential.¹

Having purchased three good ponies with saddles and bridles for the moderate sum of £12 each, we left Kandy for Nuera-ellia on the 8th.

We reached our first resting-place, Papilara, early the same morning. Here is the most perfect climate in the island, perpetual summer, with bracing air and no heat. Soon after our arrival we received a visit from Mr. Worms, the owner of a small estate near at hand, whose brother's acquaintance Grosvenor had made at Colombo. They were related to the Rothschilds, to whom some say the estate belongs.

Mr. Worms seemed very shrewd, and talked a good deal and energetically, whilst he balanced himself on a stick he held before him. His favourite word was "frightful," which he applied to a variety of objects, but it was accompanied with a shudder

¹ We now know that he was right.

² Also, I fancy, to the late Lord Pirbright.

when he spoke of the heat of the sun, or the fury of the buffaloes, cheetahs and other wild animals. He has no pretensions, and when told he was no gentleman by some neighbours, whom he stopped when they were hunting an elk over his land, he said, "I know I am no gentleman, but only a poor coffee-planter, and it is for that reason I wish you not to destroy my coffee." We walked over to his estate in the afternoon, examined the buildings where the coffee was dried, and found him paying his labourers. They get sevenpence a day for picking two bushels of coffee, which is good pay, as they want but little food, no fuel, and only a rag for clothes. I do not wonder that so many of our friends, as well as half Calcutta, were ruined by coffee, as it seems a most uncertain speculation. It only answers in the high districts—the higher the better, so long as it does not meet with frost; it requires constant manure, which cannot easily be got, and it thrives best on the side of a hill, but where it is liable to be washed away.

Mr. Worms gave us an excellent dinner at his bungalow. It is inhabited, besides himself, his nephew, and his excellent friend and manager, Mr. Jones, by twenty-four dogs, and, I believe, as many cats. The former, he said, were to keep off the robbers, and the latter the rats. Dogs and cats live harmoniously together, and some of the latter sat with us at dinner, one of them wandering over the table, which scandalised the nephew, who is a dandy.

The road from Papilara to Nuera-ellia is through

the most beautiful scenery. The mountains here rise to a great height, are covered with forest, and many waterfalls fall from their summits.

Nuera-ellia is 6,000 ft. above the sea, and we were delighted with its bracing air and the wood fire we lighted.

The next morning Egerton and I mounted to the top of Pedrotallagalla, a mountain hard by, which is 8,000 ft. high and the highest point in the island. The ascent was not steep, but slippery, and through thick jungle. It was pleasant, however, to have to make one's way through a mass of purple flower with a delicious perfume. The view from the top was not good, as the country round was hid in clouds, but Adam's Peak, which was long reckoned the highest mountain in Ceylon, rose clear above them. In the afternoon we rode some miles to see another view over a wild district of down and jungle. We were accompanied by three brothers of the name of Baker.¹ Two of them are settled here and have a farm, where they try every sort of experiment with unvarying ill-success. They are now establishing a brewery, which ought to succeed if all their beer be equal to what they gave us at luncheon.

¹ The life of the eldest brother, who became Sir Samuel Baker, is too well known to need any description. His greatest achievement as an explorer was the discovery of the Albert Nyanza. I knew his second wife, who was a Hungarian. It often puzzled me how so refined a woman could have gone through all the hardships and perils she encountered during their expeditions. She always reappeared in London as if she had never left her drawing-room. I never quite forgave her husband for exposing her to such risks, although he did so at her urgent request.

In the evening we received a note from Mr. Palliser, a brother of our Lismore friends, the two Miss Pallisers, inviting us to join in a search after some elephants that had been heard of in the neighbourhood. A subsequent note informed us that the elephants were on the move, which would entail a good walk, so that Grosvenor and I, who were neither of us quite well, left Egerton to undertake it alone. I asked the landlord if we should be able to see the elephants. His answer was, "You may possibly keep up with Mr. Palliser, but few can. He is the most active man, as well as the best shot, in the country." I was sorry not to make his acquaintance, but glad not to follow him through the jungle.

Grosvenor and I returned to Kandy the way we came, with increasing admiration for the scenery. The only incident was finding a snake in the road, which my companion immediately attacked, first with the driver's whip and then with a bill-hook. The snake was about four feet long. As he got angry his head swelled out, or rather flattened out, to twice its original size, which proved it to be a cobra-de-capello, one of the only two venomous snakes in Ceylon.

Egerton joined us some hours after we reached Kandy. He had had a fatiguing walk of fourteen hours to no purpose.

The next day he and I took leave of Grosvenor, who settled to remain in the cooler parts of the island, whilst we went on an expedition after elephants. We were accompanied by Valentine Baker,¹

¹ A cheery young fellow and a pleasant companion, besides being

the youngest of the brothers, an officer in the Ceylon Rifles. We set out in a "bandy," which is a sort of one-horse fly. Our destination for the night was Matalé, distant about sixteen miles, and renowned as the chief scene of the rebellion in Lord Torrington's time. We had a broad river to ferry over, a mountain pass to descend, and a stream to ford, the bridge being under repair. It was rather deep, and the horse stopped in the middle of it; the bottom of the carriage got filled with water, and some of our powder and shot got wet. With the help of some natives we reached the opposite bank, and with the loss of one of the doors of the carriage we arrived at our night's quarters, the residence of Mr. Temple, the assistant-agent for the district. With mistaken hospitality he ordered a regular dinner to be cooked for us. We did not sit down to it till near ten, and during the previous hour, what with hunger, fatigue and mosquitoes, I suffered dreadfully from fidget, and before the end of dinner was fast asleep.

The next day we arrived, after a tedious journey, at the rest-house of Dambool, and early on the following morning we walked up to the temple, which is formed by a deep recess in a rock walled in, and is not a cave. It is a very famous temple, and in it the Pretender in the late rebellion was alleged to have been crowned. The whole of the interior is covered with rough

a very keen sportsman. I was grieved when, later in life, his promising career in England was cut short by an inexcusable act of folly. He afterwards did well in Turkey, but I cannot be enthusiastic about any laurels gained in the service of such a potentate as the Sultan.

paintings, representing events in the history of Ceylon, or else likenesses of Buddha. There are numberless images of him placed round the temple. Two are cut out of the solid rock, representing him asleep, one being forty feet long. All these images are hid by a dirty curtain hung before them. It is a hideous place of worship, but the view from it is fine.

The following day, with some sun, occasional clouds, a shady road and a cool breeze, was most enjoyable. The jungle I think beautiful—continual forest, with fine trees, and now and then low coppices and grassy glades; hills with rocky summits are to be seen on every side, jutting out in all directions, and all kinds of birds, insects, and flowers enliven the scenery.

The next rest-house, Habbourene, was a very pretty one, in a small space cleared in the forest, with three gigantic trees close to it. The landlord, a Portuguese, presented a melancholy spectacle of the effects of fever, and told us that there was much of it, as well as of measles, at Minery. Here we left the Trincomalee road, and after winding along a rugged path, emerged into the plains of Minery.

The first view of the lake was unfavourable, as it was at that end surrounded by swampy ground, which looked as though it breathed malaria. A number of Moormen, of Mussulman race, settled in Ceylon from time immemorial and now its most industrious and enterprising inhabitants, lived in the neighbourhood. They build small temporary huts, and bring their cattle a great distance to

graze on the rich pasture. They informed us that a herd of elephants came down to the lake every evening, which made us pitch our tents hard by on a very pretty bank, from which we disturbed a good many monkeys.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we set out with our guns, two apiece. We spied a herd of wild buffaloes at the end of a slip of land projecting into the lake, and we stalked them through some long grass. They perceived us when we got within two hundred yards of them, and immediately rushed into the lake, bellowing loudly and making a good deal of noise in splashing through the water. About thirty yards farther they stopped, turned and looked at us. We waded after them through some shallow water, which made them go further into the lake, so that it was useless to follow them. I was rather glad, as when wounded they rush at those who attack them and are very dangerous. The ground where we were would have made it impossible to get out of their way, and our guns, I have been assured, were not heavy enough to kill them.

We then took a long walk through lovely glades in search of elephants, but we saw no fresh trace of any.

The next morning we left, having ascertained that the Moormen had kept off the elephants. We had a pretty ride, skirting the lake, and pitched our tents at the other end of it. Here we were in the midst of beautiful park-like scenery, enhanced by perfect solitude. Beyond were seen hills covered with forest, and on the horizon to

the south mountains of pale blue and varied outline. The weather was divine—an occasional cloud and a constant breeze.

Before sunrise the next day we were on our ponies, and after a ride of a few miles struck upon a fresh track of elephants, which we followed up on foot for several miles. It is curious how accurately the natives can tell from their footmarks the number and size of the elephants, as well as the time that has elapsed since they made them. This herd unluckily got into some thick jungle just before we reached them, and it was useless to proceed. We, however, pushed on and got close to them. Egerton had a glimpse of one. We heard them all about us, crashing through the trees only a few yards off, and twice we were pretty certain they were coming up to us. But something alarmed them, and off they went right away, which was a great disappointment. To be so near and not have a shot! Still it was something to see how cleverly they are tracked, and to hear the curious noise they make pushing their way through the trees. They say it is easy to shoot them, but it requires coolness. There are three places—the forehead, the temple, and behind the ear—and if you hit them in the ear they drop down like nine-pins. Those in herds are never savage, unless you kill a young one before its mother. The single ones, which are termed rogue elephants and are supposed to have been turned out of a herd, readily rush on any one. The sportsmen deny that there is much danger, though they like to relate the narrow escapes they have met with. One of

the Bakers assured me there was no danger, but added: "My brother had a narrow escape the other day. An elephant rushed at him; he jumped out of its way, but it just caught him with its leg and sent him spinning into some grass, which was luckily very long. The elephant stopped, stamped on the ground, and remained looking about and, as it were, sniffing the air, and then went away. If it had seen him he would certainly have been killed." Another man said that it was absurd to think it dangerous. Elephants, to be sure, had often rushed at him, but he had always shot them. "And if you had missed them?" I inquired. "Oh, then I could not have escaped."

The following morning, lured on by tales of elephants, we removed to a fresh camping-ground, some miles from the lake.

On our way we saw a herd of buffaloes in a large plain studded with small trees. As we ran after them they made a circuit round us. Egerton wounded one, which I knocked over. Baker shot another, which when he approached made a rush at him, but he stopped him by a second shot, which was lucky, for the man with his second gun, in his fright, fired both barrels into the air. After luncheon we had another fruitless walk after elephants, and the next day we took leave of our tents. As we were dressing an elk ran through the middle of our encampment.

Tent life in fine weather is very enjoyable. Thirty coolies carried the luggage, pitched the tent, and built a little hut by fixing poles into

the ground and covering them with large talipot leaves. Considering the short notice everything was well organised. The greatest omissions were sheets, towels, coffee, and blankets; but then, I had my flannel dressing-gown, and we had good tea, with buffalo milk, which is like cream, excellent curries, soda-water and Moselle, and a daily dose of quinine to ward off fever. The coolies lighted fires all round us, in order to keep off any stray elephant. Near these fires they sleep on talipot leaves, and under little tents made with a couple of sticks and their turbans.

On our way from Kandy we decided to go on to Trincomalee, and there hire a native boat to take us to Galle. Baker, who had been quartered at Trincomalee, assured us that this was constantly done, and during the monsoon, which had set in, did not take more than two days. Egerton, as a sailor, declared that nothing was easier, and therefore, though not without misgivings, I consented to the plan.

Our first station was Kandelai, near a lake of that name, and a famous place for snipe. We carried our guns, and mine caught in a tree and landed me on the ground. In short, misfortunes succeeded each other quickly. About half-way we met Mr. Whiting, the Chief Magistrate of Trincomalee and the father of the newly arrived beauty. He was on his way to Galle in order to fetch her, and went there by land as he had failed in getting a boat. But my companions were bent on their plan, and Egerton, as we rode away from the station, declared he was as confident as

before of reaching Galle by sea in time for the steamer. I was on the point of riding back to Kandy alone, but there were difficulties, such as want of small change of money and ignorance of the language, which, coupled to irresolution, deterred me.

On arriving at Kandelai we hurried to the snipe ground. It was completely dried up, and only one snipe to be seen.

I was called up in the dead of night by our native servant, who came to tell us that our best horse, the one that did not stumble much, was taken ill, and we found the next morning that the remedies Baker had prescribed had done him no good, and that we should have to take it by turns to walk for the remainder of the road. It began to rain as we started. On approaching Trincomalee my hopes were a little revived by seeing several boats in the harbour, and we heard from a native friend of Baker's that the wind and current were in our favour. After an hour's repose at the rest-house we were invited to the Fort, where the officers received us most kindly, and we were billeted among them. But here we soon learnt the true state of the case—that our plan of going to Galle by sea was out of the question. One native offered to take us in eight days for fifty pounds, another for twenty pounds in four provided we could achieve an impossibility, which was to get beyond a promontory south of this place, properly called Foul Point. We then determined to ride back the way we came, but were dismayed by being told that

there were no horses to be hired or bought. So all our Indian expedition would be baulked, and we had in prospect a sort of imprisonment in the hottest and dullest hole in Ceylon, not to mention a delay in getting English letters. We however found one horse and two ponies to be hired, and an officer lent us another. Baker provided us with his, and we had one of our own remaining. These we sent along the road, and stayed ourselves two nights at Trincomalee.

It is a place well worth seeing. The Fort projects into the sea, from which a rock rises perpendicularly two hundred feet.

From the flagstaff at this point there is a beautiful view, the country as at Galle being covered with cocoa-nut trees. Near the flagstaff is a rock on which is fixed a cross, erected to mark the spot whence a Dutch girl jumped down into a ship below which was carrying off her lover.

In the afternoon we drove to Fort Osnaburgh, which is at the extremity of a tongue of land three miles long which separates the harbour from the sea. At the root of this tongue are the few scattered houses which form the town. The harbour is extensive and is embellished by some wooded and hilly islands. North of this harbour is a very large bay. It is a striking but melancholy place, the colouring of the jungle being of a dark, monotonous green.

The following morning we got up at half-past three, but only secured our ponies at five, when moonlight was struggling with the rising sun. Our ponies were execrable. Mine, smaller and

slower than a donkey, could only be induced to go three miles an hour by the fatiguing use of whip and spur, and refused to be led. The first stage was twenty-five miles, to Kandelai. We here swallowed some breakfast and proceeded on our way, Egerton on a slow pony, I on a tall, lanky horse which I had been assured would break my neck. He would only follow the pony, and for the first few miles did nothing but kick, jump and shy, going the most uneasy paces, which, along a bad, rocky road and under a burning sun, was not agreeable. A smart shower then came on, and we arrived wet through at Galior, a rest-house of which the walls had been lately washed away by a flood. Here we found our servant with the coolies and our own two ponies, but we walked the remaining ten miles by torchlight. How well I slept that night on one of the ricketty bedsteads!

The next day we rode thirty-two miles on our own ponies, and the remaining sixteen on some sent by Mr. Temple of Matalé. His wife, a cheery little woman, had arrived, and they were kindness itself. At Kandy we put up at the same bungalow, and dined with the Bullers without any company. After dinner, however, they received a visit from the wife of a Kandian chief. She was the prettiest coloured woman I had yet seen, with small features and graceful figure, which was set off by her dress. She had a white muslin shawl folded round her and then over one shoulder, covering her breast, the other shoulder and arm being left bare. She had a quantity of bracelets and necklaces, and her hair was becomingly

arranged. She knew no English and was difficult to entertain. Mr. Buller produced our *Illustrated London News*, with which she was pleased, and Mrs. Buller some religious tracts, which appeared less acceptable. The rest of our journey by mail from Kandy to Colombo and thence to Galle was without incident. All whom we met expressed their doubts of our getting in time for the steamer, reminding us how fast she was.

We drove into Galle on Christmas Day, and soon learnt that all was right. Grosvenor seemed much the better for his stay in the mountains.

The evening of the 27th we shouted for joy when we heard the gun which announced the arrival of the steamer, and the next afternoon we took leave of that vapour bath with anything but regret. At the same time, I must say I enjoyed my month's stay in Ceylon exceedingly.

In the lower districts by the sea the climate is muggy, but in the mountains and the jungle of the interior it is delicious. We had travelled over four hundred miles, and had not seen one inch of ugly country.

The inhabitants of the seaboard are an effeminate race; they wear their hair long and twisted up, and fasten it with large combs, so that at first I took them all for women. Nothing could be funnier than the dress of the chiefs going to the Levée at Colombo. They wore their hair done in this manner, cotton petticoats with a gaudy pattern, and the uniform of the old Dutch officers. The inhabitants of the interior are more hardy, but are rapidly decreasing, owing, I believe, to the

murder of female infants, and the practice of several men sharing one wife between them. Brothers have rarely more than one wife, and the children talk of their eldest or their youngest father.

There is a variety of races in Ceylon. The Moormen, whom I have already mentioned; the Veddahs, or wild men of the woods, who are perfectly uncivilised, have no habitations, and fly from the sight of men; and the outcasts, who are so because they eat beef, which, although it has physically improved them, has so polluted them that any intercourse with them is considered contamination. There are also the coolies, the labourers from India, who are beginning to settle in the island; and the Malays, a manly race of whom the army is chiefly composed.

Henry Loch,¹ a son of the M.P. for Sutherland and a cavalry officer in the Company's service, was among the passengers in the *Hindustan*, and I shared his excellent cabin.

We had fine weather to Madras, which we reached on the evening of the 31st. We three went there in the purser's boat, and were the only passengers that did so. There is a great deal of surf on this coast, which makes it often difficult

¹ Henry Loch, who eventually was created Lord Loch, was a great friend of mine and a charming person. He had a noteworthy career. His first advancement was, I fancy, partly due to the great interest excited by the terrible incident of his captivity in China, when he was confined in a cage and exposed to the most terrible suffering. In all the important posts which he successively occupied, he did himself great credit. His difficulties in South Africa we know were very great. He told me he always mistrusted Rhodes, but he managed to keep on friendly terms with him. He was fortunate in his private life, as he enjoyed the blessings of a very happy home.

to land. This time there was little surf, and as the boats are well adapted to it, and rise with the waves, we were rolled sideways on to the beach, and carried in an armchair to dry land. At the landing-place we found an Eton friend of Grosvenor's, and Mr. Dalrymple, another brother-in-law of Lady Eastnor's,¹ to whom Mr. Cameron had written about us. You must know that wherever you go in India you meet with some member of this family. Every other man has married, and every other woman has been, a Miss Pattle. Our friends took us to the club, a large building most comfortably fitted up, where we slept the New Year in soundly.

We had a smooth and rapid passage to Calcutta, which we reached at midday on January 4th. The steamer stops at Garden Reach, about three miles from the town. We found here a carriage waiting for us, and offered a place in it to a distressed lady who had left a drunken husband at Colombo, and was in search of an uncle in Calcutta. Grosvenor looked ill at ease when carrying her baby ashore, and the uncle appeared dismayed when he heard of the unexpected arrival of his niece. I pitied her ; she was handsome, and had an expression full of gentleness and melancholy.

The first person I saw after our arrival was Sir James Colville, one of the Judges. He is Lord Auckland's nephew, whom I often met at old Lady Holland's. He was very cordial, and I dined with him frequently. His sister was pleasing, and his house is thought the most agreeable in Calcutta.

¹ Virginia, widow of the third Earl Somers.

We found here Sir William and Lady Gomm, with all the aides-de-camp. He is in every respect the reverse of his predecessor, Sir Charles Napier. Four years ago he landed in Calcutta, fully persuaded he was Commander-in-Chief, with his appointment in his pocket. He found Sir Charles Napier already installed in his place, but he bore this severe mortification with the greatest good humour and dignity.

Our sight-seeing in Calcutta is soon described. One day we went with the Colvilles to the Botanical Gardens. Dr. Falkner, the man at the head of them, showed them to us. I immediately asked to see John Scott.¹ He at once recognised me. He is pleased with his situation, and the climate agrees with him.

The Gardens are well kept; there is in them a beautiful banyan-tree, which for its age is the finest in India, though its branches are trained with too much regularity. The *Amherstia* flourishes, and Scott assured me he had given Paxton a receipt which would make it flower at Chatsworth. The broad walks along the river are beautiful. The Gardens are a favourite resort of the Europeans, and they do much damage, as they pay no attention to the remonstrances of the native gardeners.

We also went to the Mint, which is supposed to be superior to that in London, though the machinery seemed to me much the same. The natives are very handy at this sort of work.

Henry Loch settled to go with us to Nepaul, and as there was some difficulty in securing a

¹ He had been a gardener at Chatsworth.

sufficient number of "dak" bearers for so many, it was arranged that Grosvenor and I should start first, accompanied by a native servant to interpret for us, and that Egerton and Loch should follow a day after.

At the last moment a Madrassee whom we had engaged, and who was highly recommended, sent word that he had to move his family into a new house, and that he himself had a fever, which meant that he had repented of his engagement. After we left he had the impudence to go to Colville to complain that we had thrown him over, and had been persuaded at the club to engage some one else. As it was, we were forced to take a man we knew nothing about, and who turned out such a fool and rogue that we parted with him a few days later. He stole all my loose money. At first he denied the theft, and then pleaded that he had not taken so much as I supposed. My servant, Holden, who had hitherto been invaluable, I was obliged to leave behind to go round by sea and meet us at Bombay. As all the servants are natives, he would have been in the way at the houses in which we stopped. The Calcutta tradesmen were very hospitable to him. He received for one day eight invitations to dinner.

Sir John and Lady Littler invited us to make our first halt at Barrackpore, which he occupies as Deputy-Governor in the absence of the Governor-General. He distinguished himself in the Sikh campaign, but is now in his dotage and unfit for his post, which is rendered so important

by the continual absence of Lord Dalhousie. Lady Littler is a good-natured woman, loquacious and shrewd, and wears her hair in little curls like a doll. She overwhelmed Grosvenor with presents, packed up our palanquins, and ransacked her larder and kitchen for us.

Barrackpore is a fine house, built by Lord Wellesley with that disregard of expense which endeared him to the residents in India, though not to the Court of Directors. It has enormous rooms and verandahs and is beautifully situated in a park on the banks of the river. It has a pretty garden and an interesting menagerie, with a fine tiger and a jet black monkey.

On the following afternoon we steamed up the river to Hooghly. A little later, at dusk, the river was covered with small lights placed in little boats, each made of a leaf—the first thing I had ever read about relating to India.

Soon after we reached a beautiful flight of steps at Hooghly, where we found our palanquins, or, as they are called, “palkees.”

From Hooghly we slowly journeyed to the kingdom of Nepaul, stopping at some interesting towns on our way. At Gya Mr. Sanders, the Resident Judge, took us to see a temple of great fame situated in the middle of the town. It marks the spot on which the god Vishnu rested one of his feet when he first visited the earth. He had a good stride, as he placed the other foot in Ceylon. This Hindu temple, the first I had seen, consisted of several courts with one pretty building with black marble pillars. It was filled with priests and

pilgrims. The former were dressed like tumblers, with tunics and a ribbon round their hair, and are said to be a dissolute set ; the latter appeared to be very devotional, one of them prostrating himself before a sacred bull, several of which were wandering about with garlands of flowers twisted round their horns. We were not allowed to enter the sanctuary, which encloses the god's footmark, though Grosvenor very nearly did so in ignorance, but was hastily pushed back. Near it was one of those holy tanks of which we have since seen so many. It was most picturesque, surrounded by high houses, the residences of the priests, with a broad flight of steps leading down to the water, over which hung a large tamarind tree.

At Patna we were lodged by the Resident, Mr. Gough, a nephew of Lord Gough. He lives like a prince in a luxurious house, keeps a large stable full of beautiful Arabs, has two sons in expensive regiments, and yet wonders, in true Irish fashion, why he has never been able to put by money in India.

We saw what is called the "Gola," a building like an enormous mole-hill, built by Warren Hastings for the storage of grain as a provision against famine. Outside a narrow and steep flight of steps leads to the top. Up these steps Jung Bahadur, the Nepaulese, rode on a pony when on his way to England.

Close to the Gola lived some Thugs, who had been convicted, but reprieved on condition of their turning informers. This has been the only means of putting an end to the system, and has been most

effectual. Their sentence still hangs over them, and would immediately be put into execution on the slightest symptom of any return to their former way of life. Six of them were called out for our inspection. They had diabolical countenances. They are proud of their crimes, and like to describe them. One of these six said he had been present at four hundred and fifty murders. They consider murder for the sake of plunder their legitimate means of livelihood, and not, as I previously supposed, a religious duty ; but they make offerings to their gods in return for a successful enterprise. They adopted every sort of stratagem, and were to be found in various positions of life. Mr. Gough told us that, some years ago, one of these informers had repeated to him the names of the principal Thugs in the district, and that he had written their names on a slip of paper. Three years later a murder was committed, and several persons were charged with it by the head policeman. The evidence was not strong, and when Mr. Gough heard the accuser's name, it struck him as the same as one on his list. Sure enough, he found it there, and the policeman, on being suddenly denounced by him as a Thug, confessed that he was one, that he had committed the murder, and had accused the others to screen himself. Lord William Bentinck¹ once told one of these informers to show him the way they strangled their victims. He obeyed to the letter, by seizing hold of a poor man near him and putting him instantaneously to death.

¹ Born 1774, died 1839. Son of the third Duke of Portland. First Governor-General of India, 1833-35.

Egerton and Loch joined us at Patna and the following evening we crossed the Ganges at dusk. It looked most dreary, with its vast extent and its banks of light brown mud.

At Muzaffarpur we met with more than usual hospitality from Mr. St. Quentin, an agreeable man, who told me much about India. He said that at this station there was an excellent school kept by a German missionary, at which three hundred Hindu boys were educated by him and a good many girls by his wife. There were only fifteen boys at the Government school, which the Hindus mistrust, although religion is forbidden to be taught there. They imagine the Company must have some sinister object in establishing these schools. It seems the Mussulmans in this part of India are very disaffected because of the land tax, which was some years ago imposed upon them. This is the richest part of India. The land bears three crops during the year; nothing impoverishes it, and it is never left fallow.

The road to Segoulay lies through a succession of indigo estates, and we were told to stop at any one of the large houses of the planters to ask for whatever we might want. We stopped at one, where we were kindly but not luxuriously entertained. Mr. Macleod, whom we had seen in Ceylon, was staying there. He is Jung Bahadur's agent, and had accompanied him to England. He did the honours and was entertaining, telling us much about Nepaul.

We had with us Dr. Oldfield,¹ the Medical

¹ His brother, Mr. Edmund Oldfield, subsequently married my niece, the Hon. Susan Pitt.

Resident at Khatmandu, whom Mr. Erskine had sent to meet us. He was a most obliging man, with a delightful enthusiasm for the beauty of the scenery.

We dak'd all night, and at daybreak found ourselves in a large marshy plain, in the kingdom of Nepaul. At the first village we found a brother of Jung's with some troops and a number of elephants; some way farther on we entered the "Terai" or belt of forest which extends along the foot of these mountains for some hundred miles, and is here twenty miles broad. I did not think it as fine or as luxuriant as the Ceylon forests, though there were magnificent Saul-trees rising very high like masts, with spurs jutting out at the base, and the cotton-trees, with equally fine trunks and covered with a large red flower. All this district is so unhealthy that for eight months in the year it is fatal for any Englishman to cross it, which must, till the jungle is cleared, in a great measure isolate Nepaul.

Having crossed the forest we reached the mountains, and leaving our palkees, took to ponies; the road consisted of a broad, dry bed of a river lying between wooded and rocky hills. It was dark before we reached our first resting-place, a village in a pretty little valley. Some Nepaulese Sepoys were sent to escort us, and an officer in a white dress with a red feather in his cap, which inspired me with respect, though he turned out to be only a sergeant. He was, nevertheless, a gentleman, with excellent manners. His chief pleasure was firing off his gun, which he did to little purpose.

The villagers here, as elsewhere, brought us presents of kids, chickens, eggs, oranges, bananas, and milk. Our next day's journey was along a beautiful valley. The third day we made our first ascent up a very steep road. At the top was a small fort with a couple of guns. The guard, an awkward-looking squad, turned out to do us honour, and we were taken into a long room by the Commander, who was dressed in a silk robe lined with white fur, and had a large emerald set in a gold heart stuck in his cap. We sat for a short time devouring oranges.

The next day, having crossed a bleak but fine tract of country, with patches of cultivation and well-built villages in every possible nook, we began the ascent of this second mountain, and pitched our tents 4,000 ft. above the level of the sea. During the day we met a regiment on their way to meet Jung. They added much to the scenery, particularly when resting in groups, with their guns placed cross-ways before them. They wore their undress, which is remarkably picturesque—light blue trousers, a loose blue jacket, and a white scarf tied over one shoulder. The whole road is detestable, being a pathway taken straight up the mountains. The Nepaulese will not improve it, as they are anxious to make the approach to their country as difficult as possible—so much so that they have condemned an easier route which avoids some of the unhealthy district. I do not wonder at this after our policy in India.

An ascent of 4,000 ft. more brought us to

the top of this second mountain, where one of the finest sights in the world burst upon us, which, like Niagara, cannot be described or compared with anything else. At our feet lay the valley of Khatmandu, and beyond rose the snowy range, stretching out to the extent of three hundred miles and appearing quite near, though ninety miles off, comprising the three highest mountains in the world. The atmosphere was so clear that every crevice could be distinguished.

The descent was steep and slippery. At the bottom we found some horses sent for our use by the "Durbar" or Court of Nepaul, and here we got a good view of the capital. The road, along which we trotted briskly, was a raised causeway, between fields laid out in terraces for irrigation and well cultivated; the inhabitants were well dressed, and everything wore the aspect of industry and comparative civilisation.

The entrance into Khatmandu is by a long, well-built bridge and through a grotesque arch. The houses inside the town are high and of first-rate brick-work, with projecting roofs supported by pillars, with slanting eaves, and casements all of the most intricately carved wood. There are innumerable temples, most of which are like Chinese pagodas, with a succession of roofs and gilt cupolas. The buildings in the principal square are painted in bright colours and ornamented with griffins and grotesque images. Fountains abound; crowds of soldiers in scarlet uniforms are waiting for parade, and the market is well supplied with vegetables. On the other side of the town is

a picturesque tank, with an old temple in the middle and pagodas grouped round it.

Farther on we passed a large grove of orange-trees heavily laden with fruit, and then reached the house of Mr. Erskine, the Resident. Near it are the abodes of the Assistant and the doctor, and opposite the gate the barracks of the sixty Sepoys he has at his disposal. Mr. Erskine's house is an ugly building, comfortless and dilapidated, but he gave us a cordial reception. In the afternoon we took a stroll in the neighbourhood, accompanied by two Nepaulese soldiers, who always follow the Residents on the pretence of protection, though in reality as spies.

Our first object the next day was Pushputty, the most sacred place in the valley. On our road there we passed a window where was sitting the late Ranee of Lahore, on purpose, I believe, to get a glimpse of us. She is the widow of Runjeet Singh, and is the woman who raised the disturbances previous to the last campaign. She was made prisoner, but escaped from Benares, and is now a pensioner of the Nepaulese Government. She was beautiful and profligate. It is said her husband was not the parent of her son,¹ whom he adopted and whose father was a handsome water-carrier. This youth was placed on the throne of Lahore by the English after the battle of Sobraon, being then a prisoner in India. He is good-looking and intelligent, has a romantic attachment to our Queen, whose miniature, given to him by Lord Hardinge, he always wears round his neck

¹ The late Dhuleep Singh, who afterwards resided in England.

He is anxious to go to England and to become a Christian, and has lately created the most profound sensation throughout the whole of Hindustan by eating a piece of beefsteak.

Pushputty is situated on a narrow stream, and is extremely picturesque. There are two bridges close to each other, and numberless temples line its banks, with large groves overhanging them.

We next proceeded to Patan, which was formerly the Capital of the country, and was the last place taken by the Ghoorkas, the conquerors and present rulers of Nepaul. None live there now but the Newars, the former inhabitants, who now have become the artisans and labourers of the country. It is therefore neglected, and is rapidly falling into decay. The principal square is filled, as at Khatmandu, with temples ; but at Khatmandu these are freshly painted, so as to give to the town the appearance of a scene on the stage, whilst at Patan they are of dark brick or of black stone, with infinitely richer carvings, and of more beautiful and varied architecture. They are in different states of preservation—some very perfect, others tumbling down, with shrubs growing out of the walls, and gilt cupolas ready to fall. What a spot for an artist ! What a subject for Prout would be a group of these temples in the foreground, with a peep of the Himalayas between the picturesque old houses ; but nothing but a daguerrotype could render the richness and grotesqueness of the carving. I was very unwilling to leave a spot so full of charm, and which I never shall see again,

unless, as an old man, I rail up to Khatmandu and stop at the Patan Station.

Our third day was devoted to a state visit to the Durbar. We were handed out of the carriage by Jung's next brother, who, in his absence, is Commander-in-Chief, and several of the great officers of the State. They embraced us all round in theatrical fashion, leaning their heads over our shoulders, and then each took one of us by the hand, and so conducted us up a low, narrow staircase, such as would lead to a hayloft in England, into a long, narrow gallery, on each side of which sat a row of grandees, beautifully dressed and ornamented, and at the end of which was the Rajah himself, seated cross-legged on an ottoman. Over him large feathers were waved, and behind were the ladies of his seraglio, whose features I could not distinguish, though I heard them giggling. We took our places on each side of the Rajah. He wore a dress embroidered with gold tissue, and was dazzling with jewels; so were his courtiers, the insecurity of property making every one anxious to possess it in its most removable form.

The Rajah is about twenty years old, is said to be a very poor creature, hardly ever leaves his palace or his wives, and places everything in the hands of his Ministers. Still, he is not without power, as the Ghoorkas are a loyal race and would obey him if he asserted himself. After all I had heard of his imbecility, I was agreeably surprised by his appearance; he was smiling and gracious, with a pleasing manner—very like a little Italian prince. I was next to a younger brother of Jung's,

who seemed remarkably intelligent. Captain Nicholl, being asked what I was, wished to know how he should describe me, and hesitated when I begged him to say I was a lawyer. He afterwards told me that it would never have done to say so, as they have the greatest contempt for their "vakeels" or advocates, but that he said I was the Lord Sahib's (that is, Grosvenor's) cousin, and would one day be a Judge. Conversation did not flag, what with the likeness of F. Egerton in the print of Landseer's hawking picture, which by a strange coincidence was hanging just above him; my eyeglass, which my neighbour could not stick into his eye, and Grosvenor's "Gibus" hat, which he managed to knock out. There was not, as usual, any Nautch dancing, in consequence of the Court mourning, and I was glad when the presents were brought in on a tray and handed to us by the Rajah.

Some elephants, with very splendid trappings and uncomfortable howdahs, were sent the next morning to take us to a review. The parade-ground was in a pretty situation just outside the town. In the middle were placed chairs for us and the colonels of the different regiments which lined the ground and made up about five thousand men. They wore scarlet jackets, and, except their naked feet, were dressed like European soldiers. But the officers presented the most grotesque appearance. Old English uniforms of different dates, cocked hats put on the wrong way and made top-heavy with enormous feathers, trousers of every colour and stuff with some of the buttons missing,

and slippers of the most slovenly description. The Commander-in-Chief had on a common frockcoat with enormous epaulettes a diamond bracelet outside the coat sleeve, and a red cotton neckcloth. He gave his orders sitting down, and the word of command was shouted out by an old adjutant, who stood upon a chair and looked more like a monkey than a man. There was a good deal of firing and marching about, all of which they performed respectably.

We then remounted our elephants and proceeded to Jung's house, a large, conspicuous building. All his relations were there to receive us. We first walked hand in hand about the garden, which has been lately planted out with orange-trees. It was filled with different sorts of deer, and there were otters in a pond who dived after fish for our amusement. We were then led into a gallery much larger and finer than that at the Palace. In it was a strange collection of European curiosities, a pianoforte, some organs, rifles, and saddles, a billiard-table, a book-case full of English books, and some women's bonnets. Here we sat for some time, and were peeped at by the women, whom we heard laughing and whispering behind a door. A luncheon was laid out for us in an adjoining room. A profusion of sweetmeats and some curries, all perfectly nauseous, in little plates made of leaves sewn together, to be thrown away after such pollution. Our hosts in the meantime disappeared, and returned in their native dresses, in which alone they seemed at ease. Various amusements then took place. Little boys dressed

in green tunics jumped in time to a polka played by a military band ; a tiger was led about the courtyard, too much frightened to eat what was offered to him ; and buffaloes tied to stakes had their heads cut off at a single blow. The European doctor made an unsuccessful attempt, but two of the brothers succeeded many times, and ferocious was their expression as they took aim.

The members of the Durbar we attended paid Grosvenor the compliment of sending him a feast. They brought about five hundred dishes filled with every sort of food produced in the country—corn, fruit, vegetables and sweetmeats. These were laid out on the lawn before the house, and the contents became the perquisites of Mr. Erskine's servants.

After taking leave of our hospitable host, we departed from Nepaul on the 2nd of February. It was a lovely morning, and our last impression of the valley was most favourable. As far as scenery is concerned we have seen nothing equal to it in our journey, and with regard to the people I doubt whether there is any population that is happier or better off. No beggar was to be seen, and the working people, I am told, are well off. Their laws are very severe, but there is wonderfully little crime of a petty description. The first time a thief is taken his left hand is cut off ; the second time, his right hand ; and the last, his head : and so ingenious are the thieves that they sometimes continue thieving after losing both hands, and so incur the last penalty. A man who makes love to a woman of a higher caste than himself is punished in a most cruel but efficacious

way. I read an account of their code of law. The machinery is very complicated, and there are many guarantees against injustice, although I believe bribery, except in a very obvious case, carries the day. The most barbarous part of their code is the resort to trial by ordeal, which is practised when the validity of a deed or the veracity of a witness is disputed.

On our second day's march we met the "Guru," the Chief Priest of Nepaul. He had joined Jung at Benares. I was much struck with the dignity and benevolence of his manners.

The next morning, as we were just finishing our toilet, Jung rode up unexpectedly to our tents. He was dressed in the most theatrical fashion, a green velvet coat, black satin breeches, and white boots with gold trimmings and spurs, all brand new. He was very cordial, free and easy, entirely emptying my cigar case, sticking its contents in his belt. He talked a good deal to the doctor. He spoke, as he has done on all occasions, with the greatest enthusiasm of England, and said there was nothing to be compared with it to be seen in his own country. He wishes to improve Nepaul, but said it was difficult, as "I am its only eye, while in England you are all eyes." He must not propitiate his fellow countrymen if he holds the same language to them, as they are proud and jealous. He ordered his brothers about in the most authoritative manner. Great were his regrets that we had not joined him sooner, as he had just come from good sport, having killed three tigers and caught four wild elephants. He said he had left at Hettura

a good many tame ones for our use, and two regiments to beat for us, and ordered the captain of our escort to organise a hunting expedition there. He was a remarkable man, and did much good to his country.¹

I was given to read in Nepaul a curious account, written in an oriental style, of the revolution which placed him in his present position. It was confused, and evidently written with the object of placing him in a favourable view. The following is an outline of the facts, though it may not be quite accurate, as a fortnight had elapsed before I made any note of it.

About six years ago² the father of the present Rajah was on the throne, but being fond of quiet and devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, he handed over the government to his wife. Her favourite became Prime Minister, and was one day without any alleged reason, murdered in his own house. The grief of his protectress knew no bounds. She rushed frantically out of the palace with a naked sword in her hand, and went to her Minister's house in order to mourn over his dead body, in company with his wives and children, entreating the former not to become Suttees,³ and promising that she would not touch food till his death was avenged and his murderers executed. She then put into chains a man of some note, who was a General and Minister, and ordered him to be beheaded without trial; but as there

¹ He afterwards showed his wisdom by energetically assisting us during the Mutiny.

² *I.e.* 1845.

³ *I.e.* to be burnt with their husband's corpse on the funeral pyre

was no proof of his guilt, and as she was acting without the concurrence of her husband, no one would carry out her sentence. The Rajah in the meanwhile, distressed at these scenes, which made him think he was living in Lahore, where a man was no sooner Minister than he was murdered, rode to the British Residency.

The Resident was in bed, and refused to leave it. The "Moonshee," the learned man who acted as interpreter, begged off too, suggesting that his pony would take some time to saddle, but promising that if the Rajah would go back to his Capital, he would join him the first thing next morning. The Rajah reluctantly assented, and on his return to Khatmandu found the gutters streaming with blood, which so horrified him that he rode off to the frontier. It seems that in his absence the Ranee had called together an assembly of the great men. They were no sooner collected than some troops surrounded the house they had met in and massacred the chief part of them. Jung Bahadur was not present, but two of his brothers were, and by their exertions were able to save some of the intended victims. It is insinuated that the massacre was by the Ranee's order, though Jung is much suspected to have had a hand in it, as all his friends and partisans escaped.

He was then a General, commanding a regiment, and was much beloved for his bravery. He was the best shot and elephant-rider in Nepaul, and once jumped from a verandah down upon a mad elephant who was doing great injury in the town,

and completely mastered him. After the massacre the Ranee appointed him Prime Minister. The present Rajah, who was the heir-apparent, was not her son, and she begged Jung to make away with him, in order to set one of her own sons on the throne. But Jung, who had been brought up with and was much attached to the heir-apparent, on the contrary proclaimed him Rajah, banished the Ranee, and ordered twelve of her intimate friends to be shot. On his refusal to comply with her request she had tried to deprive him of his power, but he was beforehand with her, and got the army to side with him. I believe she is living at Benares, and that her husband remains as a private individual in Khatmandu. Ever since Jung's power has been undisputed ; he has a good many brothers, all active young fellows, who fill the most important posts.

He had on his return home from England a triumphal entry. The Rajah, as well as his father, the ex-Rajah, came out some miles to meet him, and were treated by him most cavalierly. His first measure was to command that no one should take off his shoes on entering the Durbar, a foolish change, for it shocked the natives and produced no good. They hold to nothing as much as etiquette, of which there are more rules than at the Court of Louis XIV. He then tried to persuade his wives to wear the fashionable dresses he had brought with him from Europe. This they positively refused to do. He forbade the Colonels to sit at the first review, and ordered them to keep with their regiments. In short his conduct was anything but conciliatory.

He soon became aware that his position was insecure ; and, indeed, there was danger brewing. A few days later his eldest brother, Bum Bahadur, who had filled his place during his absence, revealed to him a conspiracy which he had joined with the intention of betraying it. The chief conspirators were a brother of the Rajah, another of Jung's own brothers, the one who was so friendly at the Durbar, and an intriguing cousin. Jung, immediately collecting a few troops, rode to the different houses of the conspirators in the middle of the night and arrested them. They had decided to assassinate him, but he, as a tribute to his late visit to civilisation, refused to put them to death, or even to put their eyes out. They have since remained his prisoners. He applied to Lord Dalhousie, asking him to take charge of them, but this request was refused. Mr. Erskine, delighted at this interruption to the monotony of his existence, was much consulted, and gave Jung his moral support, but thought him a fool for his leniency. Jung likewise discovered that an elderly man who accompanied him to England had written thence accounts prejudicial to his character, saying that he had lost caste in every possible way. The tell-tale was severely punished : an offensive liquor was poured down his throat in the presence of the whole army, a pollution that no money nor penance can wash out. Jung became confirmed in his power, projected various reforms, ordered machinery to be sent out from England, and has had plans made to construct a road into Hindustan. His life ought to be written,

Later the same day we met Colonel Kavanagh and Laurence Oliphant,¹ the son of the Chief Justice in Ceylon. They had been delighted with their journey and their sport. The wild elephant hunt must have been very exciting. He is pursued by men on tame elephants, who catch him by throwing ropes over him and fastening him to the tame ones, thus bringing him to a standstill. It must be a curious sight, but I do not think I should have liked to ride like Oliphant, on the bare back of an elephant in full chase through the forest. He was obliged occasionally to let himself down either on the side of or behind the elephant to avoid branches, or when the wild elephant charged.

¹ We found Laurence Oliphant an agreeable companion, and I struck up a friendship with him which lasted during his life. He moved about so much that we only occasionally met, but whenever we did our relations were most cordial. It is difficult within the limits of a note to give a sufficient account of such an interesting character. He was very well known; still, people might like to be told my impressions about him. His chief object in life was to do good, for which he was prepared to make any sacrifice. His energy and pluck were marvellous; to these qualities he added great simplicity, and was perfectly unmoved by the adulation of society. His gentle manners were in marked contrast to the rough work he often went through. He was not highly educated. During our Indian journey he asked me to lend him a book. Finding to my great surprise that he had never read a word of Shakespeare, I lent him my copy, and it was pleasant to see how thoroughly he enjoyed it. But he was naturally very clever. He wrote well; his accounts of his travels and his satirical novels were excellent. Unfortunately he had not a well-balanced mind. I sometimes think that this was owing to the attack made on him, when he was with Lord Elgin in Japan, on which occasion he was badly wounded in the head. But whatever may be the cause, his good judgment failed him; he became a mystic and put forward very wild religious views. At last he placed himself under the complete control of an American religious impostor, who robbed him of his money and wrecked his life and that of his charming wife.

The road was crowded with Jung's followers, and being extremely rocky it was rather a difficult job to get along. We hurried on at a most unnecessary pace, pushing aside all the people and upsetting some. The doctor, who led the way, so alarmed one of the bearers of a palkee that, to avoid him, he fell with the palkee into the river, and so gave a ducking to an old lady who was inside it. She was the duenna of Jung's new bride, a little girl of eleven, the daughter of the Rajah of Coorg. The old lady was seen afterwards drying herself on the bank and scolding vociferously.

At Ghazipur we saw a large stud of horses, of Arab, New South Wales, English and Indian breeds. This is one of the several studs in the neighbourhood belonging to the Company, and supplying the whole of their Bengal Army. The Inspector told us he had inspected 9,000 horses in the district during the previous month.

We reached Benares on February 10th. We had travelled over vast plains, all under cultivation, with rich crops of wheat, "dol," with a bright yellow flower, and with the white poppy, whence opium is made. Large, isolated trees and beautiful groves abound. Mango-trees line the roads, the young ones being protected from wind and cattle by cactus hedges.

At Benares we again separated, Loch and I starting a day sooner than the others. I was enchanted with Allahabad, our first resting-place. It is charmingly situated at the confluence of the two great rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna.

As both rivers are very sacred, it is a spot to which pilgrims come from great distances at certain periods of the year. Formerly, a tax was imposed on every pilgrim, but it was abolished by Lord Auckland, and, strange to say, the numbers of pilgrims have since considerably diminished, and the reason given is that the pilgrimage is now looked upon as patronised by the Government, and therefore no longer holy.

At Cawnpore I found an old friend, Colonel Ashburnham, who is Brigadier there. He gave us dinner, and afterwards took us to listen to a good native band, the daily occupation of the Europeans. He was the first person I met in India who seemed to take any interest in its antiquities, and was well read in its histories and religion. I regretted that I had refused his offer of a bed when I got into a stinking one, with horsehair sticking into me, at a nasty inn on the bank of the dreary Ganges, the only inn I stopped at in the whole of India.

The next day we made such good use of our time that everything was ready for a start to Lucknow when Grosvenor and Egerton arrived. We had borrowed a little palanquin carriage. Relays of horses were stationed waiting for us along the road, by the orders of Colonel Sleeman¹ and we had an escort of four horsemen, with beautiful oriental dresses and the gayest trappings for their horses. The country was flat and ugly,

¹ Colonel Sleeman was a distinguished Indian administrator. He took a great part in the suppression of the Thugs. As Resident in Lucknow he largely influenced Lord Dalhousie to annex the kingdom of Oude.

and not so well cultivated as before ; the villages all little forts, surrounded with mud walls, with a miserable population. We came in for a storm ; lightning played about the horizon, and we drove into Lucknow in pelting rain.

The Residency¹ is a large house, with immense verandahs. We were received with some state by Colonel Sleeman and several other residents. We begged off dinner, got a comfortless tea, and afterwards had a bad night's rest. We were lodged in enormous rooms, with nothing comfortable about them, and my scanty mosquito-net left me an easy victim to that foe.

One morning we breakfasted with the King, a great favour, as he is very averse to appearing in public. At the door were a number of his equipages,—a *char-à-bancs*, with eight horses ; a carriage in the shape of a dolphin, which forms the royal arms of Oude ; and two very gaudy cars, each drawn by a couple of elephants, which made them look most attractively oriental. The King met us at the entrance, took Grosvenor by one hand and the Resident by the other, and so led them to the breakfast-table, where he sat down between them. We had some difficulty in making our way to some places opposite. The King appears to be fifty—though in reality only twenty-nine ; is bloated, and has a good-humoured countenance. He wore a number of jewels of enormous size and untold value. On one side sat his five sons, including an idiot bridegroom, and one child four years old, a great darling, who seemed oppressed

¹ The scene of the famous siege.

with his large gold head-dress. Beyond sat the King's brother, a handsome man, and several of his sons. No natives sat at table except those related to the Royal Family. Behind, the grandees of the country struggled in the crowd. There stood the Prime Minister, and an interpreter—whose duty it was to taste the King's food and wipe his mouth with a napkin—and several eunuchs, who took care of the children. The eunuchs were easily recognised as Africans from their broad, flat faces and thick lips. They were picturesque in spite of their ugliness, and had by far the handsomest, though most simple, dresses—with cashmere shawls and plain gold turbans. These were the King's chief favourites, and consequently are amassing large fortunes. They are the patrons of the Lucknow races, and one old monster was pointed out to me as the owner of the best racehorse in the country. The other guests were the English officers and their wives. I wonder the latter consent to appear on such occasions, as the Mussulmans look upon it as the grossest impropriety and treat them accordingly with little civility. The food was uneatable, and I could not swallow any of the dish. His Majesty politely helped me to, which consisted of chicken silvered over, and greasy, highly scented rice. During the meal some horrid-looking men called actors spouted verses behind us, making the most dreadful noise and frightful grimaces, trying in vain to attract the King's attention.

After breakfast we had some fights of animals. First of elephants, with their mahouts upon them,

charging and pursuing each other on a plain the other side of the river. Then a fight between tigers and buffaloes, with an uncertain result, and one between two wild horses, who kicked, bit, and reared, but were soon separated. These fights are not so good as they used to be, for it is an amusement which the present King, to his credit, dislikes.

We took leave of him, to meet him again the same evening at a dinner given in the Red Palace in honour of the approaching marriage. It was again a curious sight, but I was provoked at being treated with very little civility, no place being given me, and I was at last put, after standing a long while, where I could see nothing. I, however, found myself among some officers, who treated me hospitably, and shared with me the few knives and forks they had brought with them, which were of little use, as the meat was too tough to eat. I contented myself with some good bread and some very sweet champagne. A noisy band played during dinner, and there were some Nautch girls squatting on the ground close to where I sat, who occasionally stood up to screech most unmercifully. After dinner we had some bad fireworks. I was delighted when an ill-directed rocket came right into our platform and alarmed the courtiers. I never saw a more sickening sight than this Court, and I prefer the more manly, though less brilliant, one of Nepaul, with its weak Rajah and sanguinary nobles. The disgusting scenes which occur in the Palace are daily reported to the Resident, and, he says, beggar description.

The King of Oude, who owes to the English his elevation to the throne, is the most degraded of men, lives entirely with eunuchs, mountebanks, and women, and neglects the affairs of the country, delivering the country-people over to the tender mercies of his rapacious courtiers, and what is more terrible, when his tyranny is resisted, we lend him our Army to enforce it. He promotes the lowest and most disreputable people to the highest posts. He promised better things. He is intelligent, and writes poetry and plays, which he causes to be acted. But Lord Hardinge,¹ in an interview, warned him that if he continued to oppress his country, our Government would be obliged to interfere. He has since been only the more reckless, and hates the English. Colonel Sleeman, who had distinguished himself in organising the suppression of the Thugs, and afterwards by his administration of a large district near the Nerbudda, was chosen for this post in the hope that he might gain some influence over the Rajah, but is said to have failed and to dislike his position. It is whispered that his subordinate thwarts all his plans and is in the pay of the King. On leaving Oude I was pleased to see a striking difference between it and the Company's dominions, where a greater air of security and civilisation was immediately perceptible.

Grosvenor and Loch started the same evening for Agra, leaving Egerton and myself to be present at the review the next morning. We saw four

¹ The first Viscount Hardinge, Commander-in-Chief in India, 1844-48.

thousand men; they made no manœuvres, but merely marched by. It was the first time I had seen European and Sepoy regiments together, and certainly the former are distinguished by their more decided step and bearing. The officers, I afterwards heard, were disgusted at being called out on the occasion, as thinking us unworthy of the honour, particularly since Grosvenor was gone.

On our way to Agra we were stopped by Mr. Raikes, the Resident at Mynporee. He gave us dinner and much useful information. He educated his children in India, contrary to the general practice, sending them every summer into the mountains. They consequently appear thriving in mind and body. He took us to see his gaol, where he taught the prisoners to read, and found them eager scholars.

We reached Agra on the morning of the 22nd, and were lodged in the house of Mr. Thomason, the Governor of the North-west Provinces, who was absent. Mr. Woodcock, the magistrate, took us at once to see his gaol, the model of all other prisons in India. It was kept in beautiful order. It contained no less than two thousand prisoners, some of whom are hard to manage. The most difficult were the Sikhs, who were political offenders. They refuse to labour, and once nearly became masters of the prison. They are remarkably handsome, with long hair and beards. The next most difficult to manage are the women, who are very obstreperous. One we saw who had blinded herself as an excuse for not working, which was a common practice until the blind were, in spite of

their blindness, made to work. A little washer-woman had been for fourteen years too much for the warders, until Mr. Woodcock sent for a barber to cut off her beautiful hair. At this she threw herself on her knees, and promised to do anything so long as her hair was spared. During the last four years she became one of the most diligent. Mr. Woodcock talked of trying this with the Sikhs, if shooting some of them should continue to fail to keep the others in order. Several female Thugs were pointed out to us, one of whom was nursing a child to whom she had become tenderly attached, and who had been deserted by its mother. The prisoners are employed upon the roads and on other public works, and manufacture the prison blankets, paper, tiles, and matting.

Towards evening Dr. Murray took us to see the Fort. It extends for half a mile along the river, and is extremely imposing, with massive walls of red sandstone, and fine gateways and approaches. There is much to see in it. First, a vast hall, now turned into an armoury, at the end of which are placed the much-talked-of Gates of Somnauth, which Lord Ellenborough¹ had transported hither from Cabul; they are not of sandal wood, but of cedar, and are in no wise remarkable. They only got thus far towards their destination, when he became thoroughly ashamed of them, seeing the indifference of the natives concerning them. Beyond this hall is a succession of courts, with colonnades and chambers all of

¹ Governor-General of India.

white marble, and most richly inlaid and sculptured. One little white mosque in which only women prayed is called the Mosque of the Pearl, and a tower overhanging the river, the Jessamine Tower. Lord Ellenborough felt tempted to live here, till he found it was too hot to bear. He delighted to sit on a large marble slab, which is called "Akbar's throne," and thence read and date his proclamations. Still further are the ruins of the old part of the Fort, supposed to have been built before the Mussulman reign ; it is all of red stone, and with quite different and grotesque ornaments, such as are seen in the old Hindu temples. We then crossed the river and went to the tomb of Etwah Doulah, a favourite Vizier, a good-sized building, richly ornamented. Nothing can give you an idea of these buildings so well as an observation of Bishop Heber, who said their architects built like giants but finished like jewellers.

Next morning we had further cause for admiration—Secundra, the tomb of the great Akbar, a magnificent red building, with such a gateway, such terraces and balustrades! Quite at the top is a marble court surrounded with trellised panels, all of white marble except the pavement, which is red and white, and with Akbar's cenotaph in the middle, likewise of white marble and most delicately sculptured.

Still Dr. Murray kept repeating, " Reserve your admiration for the Taj ; till then you have seen nothing." At first I was rather disappointed, but the more I examined it, the more I wandered

about it, the more I admired it—its dream-like or rather fairy-like beauty, its exquisite detail, its accurate proportions and its wonderful finish, not a stone nor an ornament wanting. It was built by one of the Mogul emperors, Shah Jehan, to be the tomb of his favourite wife. It was her dying request to have one superior to any other. His own daughter is said to have drawn the designs. At the back is a large garden, covering, I should guess, twelve acres, with immense trees and a mass of foliage, broad walks, fountains, and peeps of cupolas and minarets in all directions. The entrance is through a magnificent gateway. The walk leading from this to the tomb is lined with cypresses, and the contrast of the white marble and the dark green foliage is beautiful. We dined one night in a lovely but rather airy apartment jutting out into the river from one of the side mosques. At night we lighted some blue lights, as a substitute for moonlight, by which the Taj should be viewed aright, and placed the lights in one of the minarets, thus strongly marking the shadows.

At Agra, Loch, to our great regret, left us to join his regiment.

On the morning of the 26th we drove to Futtehpoore Sikri. This place was formerly a large town, and the old mud wall is six miles in circumference, but very little of the space it includes is at present built upon, the rest being under cultivation. In the middle rises a hill, on which is situated the ancient palace and mosque. At its foot is a modern village ; all around are ruins

and heaps of brick. We took up our quarters in a little pavilion belonging to the palace, two stories high, and beautifully carved inside and out. The palace was built by Akbar, and was his favourite residence. It contains numberless courts, magnificent stables, the houses of his different wives, the hall of audience where he received the petitions of his subjects, and the chamber where he practised his magical arts. The walls are carved with animals of all sorts, which were afterwards mutilated by his religious, and therefore iconoclast, successor. The buildings and ornaments are of a much heavier style than those of a later date at Agra, and are chiefly remarkable for their extreme massiveness. We strolled about this remarkable place for two hours, following an old guide, who was none the less garrulous from our inability to understand a word he uttered.

We went after sunset on the same day to Bhurtpore, which is renowned for its strength. We rode about it on elephants, and saw where Colonel Lake attempted to take it and where Lord Combermere succeeded in doing so.¹ The town is rather pretty, over-shadowed by large tamarind trees, and the Rajah was improving it, and was building stone arcades. He is a model Rajah, has no Prime Minister, but attends himself to all the business, improves his dominions, and is beloved by his subjects. His appearance was not prepossessing, as he was very fat, and his face deeply pitted by smallpox. I liked his dress, which was simple and without jewels,

¹ Created Viscount Combermere, 1827, for the capture of Bhurtpore.

though he possessed magnificent ones. He gave us good food and many amusements. Wrestling is his chief pastime. Himself a Hindu, he treats impartially Hindu and Mohammedan wrestlers, between whom great emulation exists. The best wrestlers, who sat looking on in rich dresses, are great favourites. Some were fine-looking men. Afterwards antelopes and rams fought. I liked the Rajah for his concern when a branch of a tree broke on which some spectators were perched, and his satisfaction when he heard that none were hurt.

Three more days brought us to Delhi, which from its size and its history has been the most famous place in all India; but there is not much to see there. We were not allowed to enter the huge palace, England's relations with the Mogul being then already much strained. We were assured it contained nothing interesting, which I believe is not true. The Jumma Musjid is a magnificent mosque, with its lofty minarets and fine colonnades all in perfect proportions. In the afternoon the streets became very gay, filled with people of all countries in a great variety of costumes — marriage processions, Nautch girls, elephants, and tumblers. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe¹ invited us to his house, where we spent three pleasant days. He had two agreeable daughters, one of whom was married, the other having been with us on board the *Haddington*. They were pretty, musical, and merry. The house contained

¹ Sir Theophilus John Metcalfe, born 1828, died 1883; fifth Baronet and nephew of Lord Metcalfe.

the best library I had seen in India, a large collection of prints, a billiard-table, a backgammon board, and a whist-table.

The last day we spent at the Kutub, one of the wonders of India. We drove there in a carriage drawn by a couple of camels. They went eight miles an hour, and would keep up that pace for a great distance. The Kutub is a tower of great circumference at the base, but diminishing gradually, with storeys marked by different styles of ornament and richly sculptured balustrades. One storey is fluted, another with projecting angles, and a third with alternate angles and flutings. But this can give no idea of its beauty and grandeur, which must be owing to its fine proportions and its exquisite masonry. At its base are scattered ruins of a Hindu temple older than the column, a number of pillars richly sculptured, and fine arches. There is likewise the unfinished base of a second Kutub. We breakfasted, and passed the hot hours of the day in an old tomb hard by, fitted up most comfortably by Sir Theophilus with another billiard-table and a profusion of books. On our way home we saw several tombs—one with a tank into which men and boys jumped from a height of sixty-five feet, another of very beautiful marble, and the immense one of Hummayoun, the father of Akbar, which is large and stately, but without much ornament and in decay. For fourteen miles round were the ruins of the old town of Delhi, the most desolate sight—nothing but mounds of brick, with occasional deserted tombs and temples.

On our return to Agra we found Mr. Thomason established there with his handsome daughter. He had a high reputation for ability, and his administration of the provinces under him was much praised. Socially I found him sententious and formal. His position was in some respects the greatest in India; his period of office was unlimited, and he had nearly the whole patronage of the immense district he governs. The court paid to him is immense, and has, I fancy, from the little I saw of him, turned his head. I paid a last visit to the Taj, and was more enchanted with it than ever.

On March 9th we left Agra. Laurence Oliphant, who came with Jung Bahadur to Nepaul, had agreed to accompany us to Bombay. We made up a large party. One hundred and twenty followers were to go with us all the way to Poonah. One was a cook, some were palkee bearers, and others carried our luggage or torches. They were fine-looking men, extremely civil, and never were guilty of the least offence or offered the slightest difficulty, although we could not speak their language. I think it would be difficult to find such a well-behaved set of attendants in Europe.

At Gwalior we received a cordial welcome from Sir Richmond Shakespeare, which was doubly agreeable after Mr. Thomason's cold reception. Sir Richmond is a distinguished officer who has seen interesting service. He took some Russians, who had been seized at different times on the Caspian Sea and sold to the Khivans, all the way from Khiva to St. Petersburg. The gratitude

of the poor prisoners, particularly one who had been away from his native land sixty years, made it, he said, a pleasing duty. There were more than a hundred. Four only refused to return, having married Khivan women. Sir Richmond, too, was the officer who rescued the prisoners in Cabul, among whom were Lady Sale and Lady Macnaghten. At Gwalior we went to the Durbar. The Rajah, Holkar, is only seventeen, very good-looking, but dull, caring for nothing but shooting. He has a stupid Minister, but a not ill-governed country.

At Gunah we received a visit from Captain Burlton, who commands a body of irregular cavalry belonging to Scindia. He is a famous sportsman, and proposed taking us in search of a tiger, assuring us there was nothing to fear from the sun, owing to our being more than 2,000 ft. above the sea. We accordingly set out soon after breakfast, three on an elephant and one on horse-back. The elephant was a most captivating beast, so gentle in its paces and so intelligent. Those brought up for sport are in these respects very superior. Immediately round Gunah there is a good deal of cultivation, but beyond, a continual open jungle on very undulating country. About two miles off we dismounted, and were stationed at different points, the beaters walking up to us as in English cover-shooting. They had a couple of drums and kept an excellent line. At the first place I squatted under a bush with Captain Burlton; Oliphant was perched close to us on a tree, and Egerton and Grosvenor were a hundred

yards off. I was told to remain motionless, because if I moved or spoke a tiger coming to us would certainly turn. I was not on the whole sorry to hear this. I got tired of watching and was beginning to be absent, when my attention was directed by a pull of my coat by a boy behind me to a hyena who was trotting away about twenty yards off. He was going a good pace. He was a very large one, and at first from his colour I thought he was a tiger, but soon recognised him from the shape of his neck. My companion levelled his gun, which made him turn quickly round. We then both fired, and I hit him—but alas! in the least mortal part of his body; and though it made him flinch he pursued his way. What a pity that I cannot modestly say at dinner-parties, “We had no sport in India; I only killed a hyena!”

In the next beat we saw a large herd of wild boars, but not quite near enough to fire. They were so large that at a distance I thought they were bears. Later Grosvenor shot a deer, and we endeavoured to smoke a panther out of a cave, but he knew better.

The next morning we started earlier. The first few hours produced little amusement. One “nylgharree” was shot by a Sirdar—a fine animal, half deer and half cow, of a blue colour—and Captain Burlton shot a deer. As we were going to our breakfast-place we came upon a river partly dried up, with a number of wild-fowl about. Two barrels were let off at them, which proved a misfortune. On the top of a

woody bank on the side of the river were a quantity of small birds, hovering about and seeming disturbed. Captain Burlton said, "There must be some animal there. I should not wonder if it is a tiger. It must either be one, or a cat or an owl." He had just spoken when news came that a man perched up in a tree had marked one in that spot. Beaters in the greatest silence were sent beyond the place, and we quickly scrambled up the bank. The Captain made us each climb a tree. He placed himself on a ledge of a rock, which might have proved a dangerous position. I had some difficulty in climbing up my tree, but got ten feet from the ground. Above me, on the top branches, was one of the Sirdars. The beaters advanced, but no tiger appeared, and we then had the mortification to discover that he had slipped away, probably frightened by the report of the two guns fired off at the wildfowl. No more game was met with that day. We lamented our bad luck, though for those who go after tigers on foot I think a blank day may not be the worst luck. But I believe the pluck shown by Englishmen out sporting in India inspires the natives with respect, and that their ridding the villagers of such bad enemies earns their gratitude.

I enjoyed my two days' exercise extremely, and at the following stage much regretted the refreshing wind and innocuous sun of Gunah. This was, too, a delightful break in this very monotonous journey, for to be boxed up from morning to night for thirteen successive days in a small building is, in spite of companions, books,

backgammon and piquet, a wearisome business. Our next break was at Indore, the Capital of the dominions of Holkar, one of the great Mahratta chiefs. A carriage sent by Mr. Hamilton, the Resident, met us at a distance of twenty miles from the town. He was particularly civil. We had a bungalow to ourselves, but it smelt of paint, and my bed was full of bugs, which made me regret my comfortable palkee, which only harbours a few fleas. There was nothing much worth seeing at Indore. We remained there two whole days, to allow our bearers to come up and get our linen washed. One morning we took a ride about the town, and visited some of the Royal tombs, which, in comparison with the Mohammedan ones, are very small.

One afternoon we paid a visit to the Rajah. He was a young man of eighteen, who was put on the throne by Mr. Hamilton. The previous Rajah died without any offspring, and Lord Ellenborough was anxious to annex the country, but desisted, having enough on his hands with Scinde and Gwalior. So he made Mr. Hamilton choose among the relatives some promising youth, not an eldest son, so that he should have no idea of hereditary rights, and that he should feel he owed everything to the English Government. The young man chosen fulfilled these conditions, and was educated under the superintendence of Mr. Hamilton, who was all-powerful—in fact, the real king of the country. He lived like a prince, though he had lately reduced his establishment. I never saw such a tribe of servants, who pestered us with their

salaams, and there are thirty horses in his stables. On Sunday evening we walked over to see them, and were followed by six servants. How little notion have we in England of the way in which kingdoms are disposed of in this part of the world.

The Rajah is fond of reading, is very steady, knows all about his affairs, and is a good shot and rider. He lately made an excursion incog. to Agra and Delhi, and his great ambition is to pay a visit to England. He speaks English, but his knowledge of our country is limited. He asked Grosvenor if there were many elephants and tigers there; if the land did not all belong to the same person; if Lord Westminster had an income of twenty lakhs of rupees (£200,000); if he had a good many troops in his service; and how many elephants he owned. When Grosvenor had to confess that his father possessed neither troops nor elephants, he must have fallen in the estimation of his questioner. We were first led upstairs, where we sat cross-legged on the floor. A Nautch girl was singing a favourite Indian song, the only one I have heard at all like a tune, and reminding me of Robin des Bois. We then descended into a hall looking on the courtyard, where a curious scene awaited us. There were several fire-engines, which squirted a yellow and red liquid on successive sets of men who came to pay their respects to the Rajah. The first set of about a hundred squatted contentedly on the ground whilst they were watered like flowers, and then a quantity of red dust was thrown over them. The other set stood up so that no part of their persons escaped. We were offered

red balls to throw at the people, but refrained, as we were warned that if we began they would retaliate, and that we should be in an instant one mass of red. Oliphant was sadly tempted, but I entreated him to keep quiet, as I had only two suits of clothes, and one had to be washed. This ball-throwing ceremony takes place once a year, and half the inhabitants go about with their clothes stained.

The next morning we started at half-past five, having forty miles to go in a carriage. Indore is on high table-land, and about twelve miles from it we reached two very steep descents through a rather romantic country of hill and jungle. The heat was trying between Indore and Asirgarh, and Grosvenor was very unwell. The latter place is perched on the top of a hill rising abruptly 800 ft., with but two very steep roads up to it. We were taken in by Colonel Smee, the Commander of the fort, where we spent three days in order that Grosvenor might recruit his strength by quiet and the cool breezes. We took a pleasant walk round an old fort. I asked our host if there was anything to be seen in it. "Yes," he said; "there is an old gun, and that is all except the place where the English made the breach when they took the fort."—"But are there no views?"—"Oh yes. There are beautiful views on all sides, if you like that sort of thing."—We were made members of the mess, and fared there in a style which might perhaps have awakened the anger of Sir C. Napier. There was a drunken old Colonel, and a German band-master, who has achieved

wonders in making his men, who have no idea of music, play better than the average of European bands.

Some more nights without adventures or incidents brought us to Fardapur, the nearest station to the caves of Ajunta, where we found an empty bungalow, belonging to Captain Gill, an officer of the Madras army, who is employed by the East Indian Company to make sketches of the caves. He was not there, but had left the bungalow at our disposal. It was rather late to go on to the caves and return from them that morning, so we decided on riding to them, a distance of three miles, in the afternoon, taking with us our "resies," a sort of stuffed coverlet and pillows, with materials for making tea, intending to sleep in one of the caves. These, which we only reached shortly before dark, are all cut on one side of a ravine. They extend about half a mile, one half looking east, the others north. They are in a continuous line, offer a strange but ugly appearance when first seen, and certainly are not tempting bedrooms. We fixed upon a very shallow one, which was the most airy, and the least inhabited by birds or bats. It was too dark to examine them that night. Our horses were picketed below in the dry bed of the river, with fires round them to keep off the wild beasts. We had ours lighted near the entrance of the cave to boil our water, got chairs and a rickety table from a cave in which Captain Gill had been working, lighted our candles, and were very cheery. We chose our resting-places, laying our resies on the rocky floor in front of a double row

of massive columns of beautiful and grand proportions. I could not at first sleep in so strange a resting-place.

When there was sufficient light we hurriedly visited the caves. They are of every variety of shape, some with circular roofs in ribs, most with verandahs with large square pillars all round. Their shapes are imposing, and as you look at them they seem to increase in size. The smell from the bats in the largest one was so offensive that I could not remain long in it. There is much beautiful carving, with much, of course, that is grotesque. The fresco paintings are in parts in good preservation, and some of beautiful execution, immeasurably superior to Indian art of the present day. The history of these caves is unknown. The learned differ about them in nearly every respect, except that they belonged to the Buddhist religion. It is supposed that the workmen came from Egypt, as many of the ornaments are precisely similar to those in Egyptian temples. The objection is that in Egypt there are nothing but profiles, whilst at Ajunta there are full faces.¹

We left Ajunta the same evening, after seeing a pretty mosque in which the Duke of Wellington wrote his despatches after the battle of Assaye.

The next morning we reached a tent sent with provisions and servants to meet us by Colonel Twemlow from Aurangabad. The heat in it was the worst we have known, 100° Fahrenheit. I

¹ There are few things in India better worth seeing than these caves, and yet I find few travellers ever visit them—fewer now than formerly, as they are distant from the line of the railway.

always had my thermometer on the table, which is the worst possible place, as the knowledge of the temperature often makes it feel hotter.

On the 5th we reached a village lying just above the caves of Ellora. Colonel Twemlow received us here in an old tomb which has been fitted up by the officers at Aurangabad, and which, from its high dome, is cool. The view from it over a large extent of country is one of the finest I have seen in India. Immediately under a place called Roza are cut the caves of Ellora. They are twenty-three in number, and extend for a mile and a half, being farther from each other than those of Ajunta. We did not visit all. The first we saw were regular caves—one with a dome-shaped roof, another of two storeys, and a third of three storeys, very simple, with wide verandahs and large, square pillars. These are less fine than the similar ones at Ajunta. We then went to the greatest wonder of all, the Kailasa. It appears that the Brahmins objected to having their temples in caves—and therefore cut round the Buddhist caves, making them into temples standing apart from the rock. The Kailasa is a large temple, thus sunk, as it were, into a pit, the facing of the old temple being left as a screen. It is an extraordinary place, and the labour it must have cost to cut the whole of this temple out of the solid rock is appalling to think of. We saw another, not so large but as elaborately carved. It is a vast, square cave, with forty gigantic pillars at equal distances from each other, and all of similar shape. It

is approached through immense crevices and perforations in the rock. I have been on the whole disappointed in these caves. They excite more wonder at the labour they cost than at any beauty they display. The Dherwara is the only one at Ellora that appeared to me grand, and, on the whole, I think these caves, though more wonderful, less attractive than those at Ajunta.

We started at two the next morning for the fortress of Daulatabad. This is one of the most famous of all the Indian forts. It is on a small rock, rising abruptly, and its whole circumference is scarped to the height of 180 ft. The only way up to it is by steps, cut in the tunnels of the rock. At the top of one of them is a sort of iron cover. When we got down we were rewarded by some of the most famous grapes in India, but very inferior to those grown in England. There is a large bit of ground enclosed at the foot of the fort, with three distinct walls. A beautiful tower reminds one of the Kutub, diminishing in girth as it rises and ornamented with rich balconies and with blue tiles ; but is now falling into decay.

The same morning we continued our way to Aurangabad, where we spent a night, the first I had passed for a whole month in what deserves the name of a bed, and greatly did I enjoy it. During the night a native sergeant was murdered in the bazaar. A private cut his head off in a fit of jealousy and was willing to confess his crime, but in imitation of the wisdom of our law,

was not allowed to do so. From Aurangabad to Ahmadnagar we went in bullock-carts, which are very disagreeable. Oliphant and I in one, Egerton in another. Grosvenor prudently kept to his palkee, which subsequent events made me particularly glad of, for on arriving at the small rest-house half-way he was taken very ill—a sore throat which prevented his swallowing, great retching, high pulse, and a sensation of numbness in the limbs. He got worse and worse, and doubted being able to proceed, which was most essential. Oliphant and I started in the middle of the day to find out the best doctor, or at least somewhere to sleep, at Ahmadnagar. We got there in the middle of the night. The Brigadier, to whom we had a letter, was away, but we found a pleasing young doctor, who offered to put up the invalid in his only bed. Egerton and Grosvenor arrived the next morning. You may conceive our relief at finding there was no cause for anxiety—no fever, but a sharp attack of bronchitis. The doctor's house was cool; he was a most kind and attentive nurse, and Grosvenor soon got better. I left that evening with Oliphant, and arrived at Poonah next morning on our way to Bombay.

Poonah is extremely pretty, with a large artificial lake with temples on its banks, a good deal of wood, gardens bounded by walls, a very large temple like a fortress on a commanding hill, and some mountains beyond. I saw Keith, who came out with us from England. His regiment is at a station four miles beyond Poonah. He had a cool little house, with plenty of soda-water. I went on in the middle

of the next day, and reached Panwel, on the edge of the water, or rather mud, in time to be carried on men's shoulders some way to a small boat which took me to the steamer. Its decks were strewn with natives asleep, and so closely packed that it was afterwards necessary to walk upon them to get along. I was shocked when daylight came to perceive that half the natives whom I had trodden upon, and whose noses I must have flattened, were women. We only weighed anchor with the light. The bay forms a most lovely lake surrounded by mountains. A little more than an hour brought us to the island of Elephanta and in sight of Bombay. I got on shore by eight, and had some difficulty in directing my palkee to Sir Erskine Perry's bungalow. Along an esplanade by the seaside were a number of bamboo houses, which are put up at this season and taken down when the weather becomes colder. It is the coolest spot in Bombay. After an hour, when hunger was overtaking me and I was losing my temper, my servant Holden tripped in. A room was prepared for me at Sir Erskine Perry's. He lives in the courthouse, and I was perched very high up, most comfortably, where sea-breezes abound.

The first evening I took a ride through the native town, which is better built than any I have seen, with houses three or four storeys high, gaily painted, and verandahs with carved wooden pillars. The Parsees form a large proportion of the inhabitants. They are an energetic and intelligent race, and have been settled in this part of India twelve hundred years, but have remained

a distinct nation. They are generally fair, and have very peculiar, unmistakable features, long, pointed, and projecting, and they wear high paper caps. In the afternoon I drove to the Botanical Gardens; then to the Government House, once a Portuguese convent, large, and stuck in a hole where sea-breezes cannot possibly come. The Governor was by all accounts the most indolent of men, and made no attempt to encourage improvements, being fonder of billiards than of reform. On Monday we made a delightful expedition to the island of Elephanta. It is about seven miles off across the bay. It is formed of two hills covered with wood and is a lovely spot. The cave is fine, and chiefly remarkable for one colossal three-headed bust of the Hindu Trinity. We had an Irishman with us who was intent on washing the cave, and had brought a fire-engine with that object. The natives were much amused with it, and in ecstasies when he turned it on a fine group of sculpture representing Krishna and his wife and attendants. The figures looked very complacent as they were douched, and the expression of the faces was thereby improved. The sail back by a glorious moonlight was very enjoyable. The following day I accompanied Sir Erskine to a meeting at a native educational college over which he had to preside. It had been established but three years. It was an interesting occasion, as it was the first granting of diplomas. They were allotted to eight scholars, who had passed more severe examinations than are required in London. They were of different races. Two were Portuguese,

two Parsees, and the rest Hindus. There were many old natives, the principal merchants of the place, who are ready to encourage improvement. Evidently the medical profession is one of the more powerful influences for the spread of civilisation. Sir Erskine Perry in a long address alluded to my being present, which, he said, was an unexpected honour. He added that I should take back with me this striking instance of the progress of the Hindus in knowledge; that they were just awaking from a sleep of two thousand years. Another speaker talked of their absurd and cruel rules of caste. Sir Erskine declared that the Bombay native magnates fully concurred in these views. There were many present who watched the proceedings with interest. Sir Jamsetjee Jhejeebhoy, the rich Parsee, was not among them. He was the great benefactor of the place—built hospitals, schools, and made roads, entirely at his own expense, and with considerable ostentation. He was pleased at being made a knight, but his great ambition is that it should be an hereditary title. I saw his son, who would make a respectable baronet. They say the native doctors become fully equal to the Europeans in knowledge, but not in judgment, still less in pluck, particularly if they are in attendance on a European. That afternoon Grosvenor and Egerton arrived, to my inexpressible relief, although the former had entirely lost his voice and was very weak. In the evening I rode along the delightful sands, and afterwards listened to the band, round which were congregated the few remaining fashionables. The following day

we drove out to Malabar Point, which is the opposite point of the bay to the promontory of Bombay. There were here a number of bungalows inhabited by the Governor and his Court, and it is to my mind a delightful spot, catching every breeze. The drive there is extremely pretty, skirting the bay, with rocks to the left, and reminding me of the road from Salerno to Amalfi. We passed near the burying-place of the Parsees, a high tower where they place their dead, leaving them to be devoured by the vultures.

At 6 p.m. on Thursday, the 27th, we went on board the *Sesostris*, a war-steamer belonging to the Company, which carries the mail, and, by favour, a few passengers to meet the *Haddington* at Aden. We had an excellent passage, never extremely hot, very calm, but with a breeze in the daytime. The captain was a delightful man. We had but little room, but slept on deck in very snug places. There was a possibility of our finding the *Haddington* started from Aden, which would have been a fortnight thrown away in our lives. As we approached we watched anxiously, looking out for a steamer, and our spirits fell when no funnel was to be seen. The Calcutta steamer, however, had not arrived, and my joy was great the next morning at this discovery. At five we took a ride as far as the Arabian frontier. Here the body of an Arab who had lately attacked a European was hung up in chains. It was the second outrage within a short time. In the first an officer was killed and another badly wounded, and the murderer escaped. In the second case the

officer, though wounded in several places, was able to knock the Arab down, seize his dagger, and kill him with it, and the corpse is hung up on the frontier as a warning. They look upon it as a most dreadful punishment, as they think it precludes all hope of reaching Paradise. There was, it was said, a conspiracy in a neighbouring village to murder thirty Englishmen in revenge for the death of some Arabs who not long ago attacked the place, and the residents ride about armed.

On our return we met all the donkeys coming from the hotel, a clear proof that the passengers had left it. The wicked little urchins with them screamed out, "Steamer gone off—no more steamer." At the door of the hotel waiters were shaking their heads, declaring that the gun had some time ago been fired; but fortunately, we reached the steamer ten minutes before the anchor was weighed. We found on board several of the acquaintances we had made on different occasions during our trip. The most unexpected was the pretty and clever little woman who was staying with the Colvilles at Calcutta. She had a good deal to say for herself, and I was lucky enough to get next to her at our meals, but I soon learnt a most melancholy bit of news, which quite damped the pleasure of her society and her gaiety. As I was going down to dinner I got a message to take care not to mention the death of Mitchell. Now as I never had heard of his existence, discretion was easy, but judge how shocked I was at learning that he was her father. The news was in the paper by the last mail,

but as she was not expected home she had received no intimation of it. At that very dinner she had expatiated on her love for her father, and her ecstasy at the prospect of seeing him in London.

There were also on board Sir H. Blackwood, a cousin of Lord Dufferin's and rather like him, and Mr. Macleod, who said he was returning to England in order to buy machinery for the Nepaulese.

The rest of our journey was prosperous. The steamer from Alexandria to Trieste was exceedingly clean, comfortable, and rapid—the Mediterranean and Adriatic looking like glass—Corfu and Albania beautiful, the rail across Europe uneventful, and the arrival in London ecstatic.

MY JOURNAL IN RUSSIA

1856

"Youth on the prow and
Pleasure at the helm."

MY brother was sent on a Special Mission to St. Petersburg on the occasion of the Coronation, in 1856, of Alexander II. He was good enough to include me in his staff of attachés, and to invite my wife to accompany me. The following is a curtailed account of our expedition. A fuller description of it will appear in Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's forth-coming life of my brother.

On Sunday evening, towards the end of July we¹ railed to Dover by the last train. We put up at the Lord Warden Hotel, where we were received with bows and smiles, which we paid for.

The next morning our whole party assembled on board the *Princess Alice*, which was waiting alongside the pier to take us off to our big man-of-war, the *St. Jean d'Acre*, which lay at anchor a short distance off. Our party consisted of Sir Robert² and Lady Emily Peel, Lord Dalkeith,³

¹ I was accompanied by my wife, Margaret, the youngest daughter of the second Marquis of Northampton, to whom I was married in 1853 (to which event I subsequently refer).

² The late Sir Robert Peel, son of the Prime Minister; married Lady Emily Hay, daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale.

³ Afterwards sixth Duke of Buccleuch,

Lord Ashley,¹ Lord Seymour, Sir Arthur Hardinge,² Colonel Maude,³ Mr. Gerald Ponsonby,⁴ Mr. Lister, Dr. Sandwith, and ourselves.

The smiling aspect of affairs with which we started did not last long. As soon as we arrived on board we were shown our accommodation. A row of delightful cabins had been put where the guns used to be along each side of the main deck. They were charmingly furnished with a profusion of pretty chintzes, and fitted with every convenience. The Peels and ourselves were only allotted a cabin apiece, and Sir Robert and I were expected to dress in the corner of our mess room, divided off by a curtain. This was certainly an inconvenient arrangement; it was too public, and any gust of wind might have betrayed our naked charms to the world at large. I said nothing, but very different was it when the Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary to our Embassy, and the bearer of so great a name, saw what was destined for us. He rated the Captain roundly. In vain the poor Captain, in whom the dignity of his position struggled with his awe of a Lord of the Admiralty, proposed a wooden partition or offered several vacant cabins. The Baronet would not be appeased. He would not stand such treatment, to be worse off than any single man in the ship. He would not remain there, but would go each night to sleep on board the *Princess Alice*,

¹ Afterwards eighth Earl of Shaftesbury.

² Son of Viscount Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief from 1852 to 1856.

³ Afterwards Crown Equerry.

⁴ Son of the fourth Earl of Bessborough.

the steamer we were taking in tow. This threat hung over our heads all day. I pitied Lady Emily. She either was or pretended to be angry. I only ventured to suggest to her that their sleeping in the *Princess Alice* would annoy my brother, but did not add would be punishing themselves. At dinner the couple avoided the Captain. We all rallied round him, as he had won our golden opinions by not being strait-laced about smoking, and by allowing us to dine in our morning dress.

Kiel, August 3rd.—Nothing worth mentioning occurred during our voyage here. The weather has been beautiful, and good humour generally prevailed. It was a merry party, “Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm.” Even Lady Stafford’s *coiffeur*, Monsieur Plaisir, who was unhappy at first, was pleased. The nights were noisy, a cock incessantly crowing, a dog frequently barking, people chattering, and that dreadful holy-stone, which might well be literally translated into French *cette sacrée pierre*.

The Granvilles reached Hamburg on Saturday, and this place the next evening. I went to meet them at the station. The addition to our party besides the Granvilles were Sir John Acton,¹ Lord Lincoln,² and Captain Robins, a Queen’s Messenger.

The town of Kiel looks prosperous, although it has not yet recovered from the injury done to it by the Schleswig-Holstein War. At its termination two thousand inhabitants emigrated. The people cannot reconcile themselves to Danish

¹ Stepson to Lord Granville, afterwards Lord Acton.

² Afterwards sixth Duke of Newcastle.

rule. They will have no intercourse with any Danish officer; they spit on the ground after a Dane has passed them; and, what is more remarkable, if true, they refuse Danish money. They are fond of the English. We had their best wishes during our campaign in the Crimea, partly because the Danes were favourable to Russia.

I was not very well after we left Kiel; my spirits were depressed and I lost all energy. I suffered from gout, which came out in the knees, and made me hobble about the ship. I seemed to cross in one day the Rubicon which separates youth from old age. I liked Dr. Sandwith, though his theory cannot be popular among patients; as he liked to leave cures to nature and prudence, and had no golden rule.

My brother was in tearing spirits and encouraged and joined in the amusements of the crew. There was singing and acting, sling-the-monkey and hi-cockalorum. All were cheery, and Sir Robert was seen the last day patting the Captain on the back.

On Friday, August the 9th, we cast anchor off Cronstadt. A steam yacht that belonged to the late Emperor Nicholas was placed at my brother's disposal. In it he and most of the party started off at once for St. Petersburg, where we arrived in a thick fog.

On the following Monday we began to sight-see in earnest. Count Nesselrode¹ showed us over the Hermitage and the Winter Palace. In

¹ Son of the celebrated Russian statesman, Comte Charles de Nesselrode. He was afterwards Russian Minister at Athens.

the latter we saw the room in which the late Emperor died—a small *entresol* simply furnished with an iron bedstead without curtains, a table, and a couple of chairs. On his bed lay the dressing-gown and slippers he last wore. At the head of the bed hung a portrait of his daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, dressed as a hussar.

The following day we saw the Isaac Church, which is magnificent. From the leads we got a glorious view over the town. In the afternoon Granville and I made another ascent up the curiously shaped tower of the Admiralty, from which there is a different view, but equally striking. This tower reminded me of some of the Buddhist temples in Nepaul. The Church of Kazan, which we next visited, did not much impress me.

We hear the Russians take the numbers and the rank of the members of our Embassy as a compliment, but in the meanwhile the political sky is overcast. They wish to know why the English do not evacuate Kars, and why our ships return to the Black Sea against the Treaty. The clergyman who remained here during the war tells me it was always unpopular among the people, who suffered much from the conscription. On the other hand, I am assured that the peace surprised and mortified the upper classes.

One day we were taken to the principal palace. My brother first had his audience with the Emperor, which lasted some time. The attachés were then ranged in a row according to their

rank, and the Emperor came down the line, my brother naming us to him. He said a few words to each, most to the military attachés and Dr. Sandwith, alluding to the Crimea and to the siege of Kars. The ladies were then presented to the Empress, who also came down our line, making much the same observations as the Emperor. They both look amiable, and she seems clever, which he does not give one the impression of being. He has none of the commanding look of his father. When Lady Wodehouse¹ told a Russian how she had mistaken him for an aide-de-camp, he observed: "*Cela n'aurait pas pu arriver du temps de son père.*"

The next day, Margaret, Maude, and I returned to the Hermitage to take a quiet view of the pictures. I was much pleased with a Murillo which came from Soult's collection, and with some of the Dutch pictures, particularly some Paul Potters. Morny² said the collection is full of copies.

On Sunday we went to the Leuchtenburg Palace, a delightful residence with some good pictures. We had no leisure to examine them, as the Prince and Princesse de Ligne were there with the whole Belgian Legation, and much time was occupied in introductions and civil speeches. Time has told, but gently, with the Princesse, since I used to dance with her in Paris.

We were all of us glad when the time arrived for going to Moscow. On Monday last the

¹ Lady Wodehouse. Her husband, afterwards the late Earl of Kimberley, was then our Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

² Afterwards Duc de Morny, Special Ambassador from France to the Coronation. The well-known statesman under Napoleon III.

Ambassador and Lady Granville, Maude, Lister and Sandwith started, and I went to the station to see them off. They were comfortably established in what were rather rooms than carriages, with sofas, arm-chairs and tables.

That afternoon I walked to the Citadel Church to see the burying-place of the Czars. The tombs are placed close to one another, with nothing about the place to denote their greatness. This simplicity reminded me of the burying-place of the ancient Kings of Spain at the Escorial.

We left St. Petersburg for Moscow on Tuesday morning amidst great confusion. Two sets of luggage were upset in the middle of the Newski Prospekt, and I caught up my faithful servant, Musson,¹ riding astride upon a heap of luggage piled up on a rickety cart. Inside the station matters were no better—luggage thrown about a large waiting-room densely crowded by the mob from the streets, couriers not knowing which way to turn. On the platform there was greater peace, most of the party being installed in their carriages and mildly asking for their luggage. We were then informed that it could not come in our train, but would be conveyed in a later one, a promise to my astonishment faithfully kept. Three compartments were given to us, one for the ladies, another for those who did not smoke, and a third for the smokers. I need not say that the last was the most filled. Lady Stafford² gained much in

¹ In my service for some thirty-nine years. He taught himself French, German, and Italian, was a good fisherman, and a universal favourite.

² Wife of the Marquis of Stafford, afterwards third Duke of Sutherland.

my opinion during this railway journey, she was so cheerful and obliging. The train stopped at every station, sometimes for an hour, rarely for less than half an hour. At each one the passengers got out, both men and women, to eat and smoke. It was a strange medley of people, Circassians and wild-looking Russians. The journey took twenty-two hours. Without the stoppages it would have taken fifteen.

Moscow is a wonderful town, and were I Emperor of Russia I would transfer my residence to it, now that the railway has brought it nearer to Europe. The Kremlin, from its quaintness, its imposing size, and the splendid view from it, is enchanting. I spent much time in the Tartar bazaar, which reminded me of the East. The second day we rode up to the manœuvring ground, where we found a great number of troops, very fine men, one seven feet high. The officers were very civil. There were reviews every day after the arrival of the Emperor; also trotting races in "droshkies," which were rather amusing.

On August 25th we were presented in the small palace in the Kremlin to the two Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael. We were ushered into a small room, where Alexander II. was born. I was charmed with the two young men, who played their part with greater ease and simplicity than the Emperor and Empress. Nicholas was handsome and with a pleasant countenance—Michael not good-looking and rather rough in his manners, yet natural and talkative when he got over his shyness. They both look thorough soldiers. On

this occasion, as at Peterhof, our military men were the chief objects of attention.

On August 26th the Prince and Princesse de Ligne came to dinner. The Prince has taken a small house and does not intend to give any fêtes. His Government only gave him £1,000 for the expenses of his Mission. They always choose him for such occasions, as he is rich and does not mind being allowed so little. Prussia manages the matter still more economically, as a Royal Prince is always sent, who is received as a guest at Court and therefore spends nothing. This time Prussia is represented by the Crown Prince of Prussia, the *fiancé* of our Princess Royal.

On the 28th we rode with the Ailesburys¹ to the Montagne des Moineaux, whence Napoleon first saw Moscow. It commands a beautiful view.

The 29th was the day fixed for the Emperor's entry. When I got up it was raining hard, but by breakfast-time it had become quite fine. At one o'clock we all set out for the Princesse Kotchoubey's house, to which all the diplomats had been invited to see the procession. In consequence of the stupidity of the *chasseur* we went past the door, and had to move on into a side-alley to allow M. de Morny's equipages to pass. They were splendid—carriages, horses, and liveries. The state coach was perhaps too grand for the occasion, all glass—which to my mind is only suited to a procession—and the Ambassador was a trifle too regal. He sat alone at the back of his carriage

¹ Second Marquis of Ailesbury ; married Lady Mary, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke.

with one attaché sitting opposite and two officers riding on each side.

We found all the diplomats assembled in a long suite of rooms, which looked into the street where the Emperor was to pass, but owing to some projecting columns the view was not very good. There were some balconies to which the ladies and big-wigs got access. I shared a window with Currie¹ and a Neapolitan Rothschild, who said he thought the whole affair "very stylish." There were about thirty coaches, all magnificent with six horses and gold harness, some fine troops, and a curious cavalcade of the representatives of the Eastern tributaries of Russia. The Emperor wore a simple uniform, and was followed by a brilliant staff. The procession took an hour and twenty minutes to go by, and they did not once stop, nor was there any hitch or interval. The worst part of it was the ladies of the Court, who were generally old and ugly. The Empress-Mother² looked well and was extremely gracious to the crowd. She preceded the reigning Empress, who sat stiffly in her carriage with her second son by her side, the eldest riding in his father's staff. What was wanted to my mind in this magnificent display were some representatives of the nation. With the exception of the Eastern tributaries, who were probably placed in it on account of their costumes, the procession consisted entirely of military and of people belonging to the Court. The nobility were not represented, nor were the industrial classes. The

¹ The present Lord Currie.

² Widow of the Emperor Nicholas I.

only exceptions were a dozen men in long shabby coats, who were made to shuffle along on foot between two troops of cavalry, and who seemed to be placed there as it were in derision. These I was told represented the commerce of Moscow. Opposite to our house was drawn up a regiment called Paulovski, formed by the Emperor Paul, all the men having turned-up noses, and therefore resembling him. It seems it was the fashion here to compose regiments of men who have the same sort of features. The late Emperor had recruits sent to him, and told them off according to their looks. What childishness! There is one regiment of men all marked with the smallpox. This Paulovski regiment did one thing which amused me. Just before the *cortège* came up they all blew their noses with their fingers at word of command, and this was in order that none of them might sneeze when the Emperor passed, as their doing so would bring him bad luck!

On the 30th I drove about with Margaret, leaving cards on the wrong persons. It is difficult to find out where people live, as so many have only taken houses for the occasion, and their addresses are not known.

On the 31st there was a great review. Lady Stafford, Margaret, Doctor Sandwith and I went in the barouche with four horses, postilions and an outrider, and our equipage was much admired. We got an excellent place, and two Russian officers told us which were the different regiments. Go where you will, you are sure to meet civil people, delighted to be of service. There were

80,000 troops on the ground, all fine-looking, well-equipped men, and the cavalry and artillery had excellent horses. The Emperor rode full gallop along the line of troops, followed by his staff. Some of our countrymen followed on horse-back. One of them nearly deprived Russia of its ruler through his horse rearing and striking out his forefeet close to him. Another made pirouettes just before the Empress, to every one's amusement. The cavalcade then took their station close to us, and we had a capital view of the troops as they marched by. They were all what we call Household troops, none of which had been in the Crimea. They were kept as a reserve either at Moscow, Warsaw or St. Petersburg. A French general told me that there were great complaints among their officers that none of these Household troops had been sent to the Crimea. On the other hand, it was hard upon those who fought there that they were not represented at these great reviews. I was sorry that General Mouravieff was not there. I am told he is out of favour, in consequence of his having connived at the escape of a spy whom the Government were anxious to get hold of, and that the admiration of him in England has not been of service to him. The finest sight at the review was the final charge of the cavalry, which came full speed towards us in an extended line. That over, we hurried home, covered with dust but pleased with our day.

After dinner we went to the Opera-house, which was opened for the first time, the old one having been burnt down three years ago. It is the largest

theatre in Europe and splendidly decorated. I was sorry to have to come away in the middle of a song of Madame Bosio, in order to get home in time for my sister-in-law's first reception. It was well attended by the diplomatic corps and the most intimate of our Russian acquaintances. Three hundred and fifty people came. There was very little beauty among the women. Comtesse Schouvaloff (a daughter of Princesse Kotchoubey), Mademoiselle Panin (a niece of Count Pahlen), and the Princesse Wittgenstein were most to be admired. I have seen so many handsome Russian women in other countries that this dearth of beauty surprised me. I think those I saw must have been exported for show. It is said, too, that in less exalted circles beauty is more prevalent. My brother had expressed some regret at having no portrait of Her Majesty, and Mr. Ker¹ undertook to paint one full length from memory.² He had never done anything of the sort before, and he finished it in nine days. When seen from a distance it had a plausible effect. The Russians expressed admiration for it as a fine work of art. They are so amiable that they will say anything, whether true or false, if they think it will give pleasure. I will give another instance of this custom. They often abused the French to us, making comparisons unfavourable to them. The Frenchmen assured us they did the same to them about us.

On September the 2nd we were summoned to the Kremlin to be presented to the Empress-Mother.

¹ One of Lord Wodehouse's attachés.

² Which was hung up in Lady Granville's room of reception.

She received us graciously, but appeared very weak. She spoke to us all, but the effort was nearly too much for her. I came away with an impression of sadness. That feeble, sickly body covered with fine clothes and a profusion of diamonds, offered a melancholy contrast. The Coronation must be to her a painful ceremony, but they say she looks upon it as a religious duty.

Afterwards we went without our ladies to the Crown Prince of Prussia. He was most cordial, seemed pleased to find himself among Englishmen, and spoke to every one at some length. Several Prussians were present. I was introduced to Prince Radziwill and his son. The latter is engaged to a daughter of Madame de Castellane, whom I knew at Nice as "Baba."

On September the 20th we were summoned to be presented to the Grand Duchess Marie, whom we had met at Chatsworth. She was very cordial both to Margaret and to me. She shook me warmly by the hand, which, as I was instructed to do, I endeavoured to kiss. I did not succeed, as she kept her hand away with the strength of a lioness. She told me she was so glad to see Margaret again, and urged me to prolong our visit in Russia beyond the stay of the Embassy. She has altered in looks and grown fatter, but is still handsome. She referred to the pleasure her visit to Chatsworth had given her.

Our next and last presentation was to the Grand Duchess Catherine. Her dull husband came up to us first. As old Chatsworth acquaintances,

Cavendish¹ and I were prepared for a shake of the hands ; but he did nothing of the sort, but stood opposite, not saying a word. His plain wife was equally formal, and has certainly none of her mother's charm.

On September the 7th the Coronation took place. A lovely day—an Italian sky without a cloud. The whole diplomatic body met at Morny's at half-past seven in order to go in procession to the Kremlin. The French equipages were very handsome, but my brother had the best horses. Esterhazy's² horses were inferior, but their harness was gorgeous, and he had twelve running footmen, which had a good effect. We reached the church without any difficulty, and found tribunes reserved for us in a good situation.

Soon after our arrival the Emperor entered, preceded by his numerous relatives. First the Empress-Mother, led by her two youngest sons to a seat close to the Empress. The rest were in a line opposite to us. The Grand Duchess Marie was most picturesquely dressed and looked uncommonly well. So did her daughter, who was with her, and whose likeness to her was striking. Constantine remained the whole time at his brother's elbow. The ceremony lasted three hours. It was a touching sight to see the Imperial family, beginning with the Empress-Mother, embrace the Emperor and Empress. They did so with much apparently real affection, and this part of the ceremony was a great contrast to the excessive formality of the

¹ The present Duke of Devonshire.

² The Austrian Ambassador.

rest of it. There was a general murmur of admiration, and I heard several persons exclaim "*Comme c'est beau.*" I shall not attempt to describe the gorgeous church and the beautiful music. Nothing could be worse than the behaviour of the *corps diplomatique*, who laughed and talked most of the time. I saw the Emperor and Constantine glance angrily towards our tribune on several occasions. The English were the best behaved. The Emperor looked unwell and melancholy, and was devoid of dignity. The attitude of the Empress, on the contrary, was most dignified. She had no jewels on her head, except a little diamond crown, which was placed there during the ceremony. It fell off several times, and for some while she gave up trying to replace it. She has lovely hair, which, as some one observed, is an ornament more beautiful than diamonds.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, whilst the Emperor was going the round of the churches in the Kremlin, we made our way to the Gravinataia Palace. The *enceinte* was surrounded with tribunes filled with great people in Court finery, the middle space being occupied by soldiers and people in every variety of costume, which, with bells ringing and bands playing, made a most animated scene. In the Palace in one of those quaintest of old rooms we found a hot luncheon prepared for the diplomats. There was a table in the middle at which the Ambassadors and most of the ladies and persons of importance sat. After luncheon we stood about a large central hall called the Hall of St. Vladimir. The ladies got chairs in a corner, and soon

attracted the notice of a large circle of men. Lister suggested that they were looking at the jewelled coat and hat of Esterhazy, who was sitting with them. We then adjourned to the banqueting hall, and had time to examine some very curious old plate set out on the various tables, some lovely salt-cellar on the table reserved for the Emperor, his carved ivory chair and the two chairs studded with turquoises destined for the two Empresses. The guests, amongst whom were long-bearded priests and very elderly Court ladies, gradually took their places. Soon the Emperor came in and took his seat between his mother and his wife. Wine was then served to him, which was the signal for our departure. We were hurried out by the chamberlains in the most undignified manner. While the Emperor dined, his brothers stood behind his chair. The rest of the Imperial Family watched the proceedings from a window near the roof.

In the evening we drove about to see the illuminations, which made the Kremlin look like a fairy palace. But Moscow generally is less suited for an illumination than towns where the houses are more closely packed. The Embassy was the best lighted house, and a great crowd filled our street all the evening.

On the night of September the 8th there was a great ball in the Gravinataia Palace, if it can be called a ball at which there was no dancing, only polonaises. We assembled in the room where the great banquet took place on the day of the Coronation. From this old-fashioned room the Imperial Family started on incessant promenades

through the rest of the Palace, each time changing partners. It gave us a good opportunity of seeing every one, and was a pretty sight. Both Granville and Marie were paid great attention to by the royalties.

On the 10th of September General Todleben, who conducted the defence of Sebastopol, dined with us. Everybody liked him, and his head has been in no ways turned by the great reputation he has earned. When the war began he was only a lieutenant-colonel unknown and without favour. He had married the daughter of a Consul, who disapproved of the marriage and would not see his son-in-law. When he returned from Sebastopol, a general and loaded with honours, the Consul relented, and received him with open arms. After dinner we went to the *spectacle gala*, which the Imperial Family attended. The theatre was lighted *al giorno*, but not so brilliantly as what I have seen in Italy.

On the 13th I paid a visit to Count Nesselrode. He was separated from his wife, on account of her liaison with Edmond About in Paris. She received a hint not to be in Russia during the Coronation, but she disregarded it. I saw her at the French play perched up in the upper tier of boxes, not being allowed to have a lower one. Her mother, Madame Zahrenski, is likewise in bad odour, and received a similar hint, of which she likewise has taken no notice. Being the wife of the Governor of St. Petersburg, she takes the lead at all the fêtes, which she does not adorn. When she dined at the Embassy my brother

took her in to dinner, and I found it difficult to persuade any one to sit on the other side of her.

Count Nesselrode, who is very amusing, talks with apparent openness on many subjects. He speaks of the late Emperor in a way he would not have ventured to do in his lifetime; and this I find to be the case with several Russians. He says that Nicholas was so bad a judge of men that he never made a good appointment. I expressed my astonishment at his saying so, considering his father's position in the late reign.—“*O, mon père, il l'a trouvé, il ne l'a pas nommé. Aussi c'était un mariage de raison, pas d'inclination. Mon père lui était dévoué, mais il n'y avait pas de sympathie entre eux.*”—He added that in this respect the son is superior to his father, and that every appointment he had made had been excellent. I said the Grand Duke Constantine was supposed to be the cleverest.—“*Il a du brillant, mais l'Empereur a du bon sens.*”—Nesselrode told me that his father's fortune originated in the snuff-boxes which he received as Minister between the years 1812 and 1815, and which he sold for £20,000. This sum he invested in land, which has since increased in value to an incredible degree. One estate that he gave £10,000 for now brings in that sum yearly.

The next evening we went to see the *Camp des Bourgeoises*, which, though ill-acted, made me laugh immensely. Godeonoff, the director of all the theatres, allowed it to be acted with some hesitation. He was vexed at receiving on this

occasion no *cordon*. Mademoiselle Cerito¹ was lately hurt by something going wrong in the machinery, which Godeonoff made light of. Thereupon she said to him : “ *Puisqu'un cordon qui n'arrive pas blesse tant, une corde qui frappe peut bien être pénible.*”

The following *mot* was current at the time. Alluding to the initials of the two monarchs people said : “ *Où Nicholas avait des ennemis, Alexandre a des amis.*”²

On Sunday, the 14th, we were invited to a great State ball at the Kremlin. Our Protestant ladies preferred not to go. Most of the attachés did not share their scruples, looking upon it as an official duty, but three of them peremptorily refused. As these three never go to church and went to the races on Sunday, and as their ways were generally far from puritanical, my brother was provoked by their refusal, and gave them a piece of his mind. It was a splendid fête. The halls of St. George, St. Alexander, and St. Andrew were filled, but not crowded. Seventeen hundred people sat down to supper, and were served as well as if they were only ten.

On the 17th of September we went in a large body to *L'Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés*. We were received by directors in uniform and directresses in silks and laces. The place is said to be admirably managed. A part of the establishment is merely a school for the orphans of Government employés, which is kept apart from

¹ The well-known dancer.

² It was said of Napoleon III., “ *Il a des ennemis partout.*”

the foundling establishment. Any one may take a child to the latter. The only question asked is whether the child has been baptised. The person bringing it then receives a ticket with a number. On presenting this ticket and on paying a sum of money he may claim back the child. How much some mothers must cherish this ticket! What despair if they lose it! It is acknowledged that many of the children are illegitimate, and it seems to me that the institution must produce much moral evil. Its enormous extension of late years is said to have alarmed the late Emperor. Its defenders point to the infanticide prevalent in England, which they declare does not exist in Russia.

A party of about thirty fashionables went to Morny's the evening of the 18th. A professional sang rather well and no one applauded her, but when Madame Adlerberg sang out of tune every one was in ecstasy.

On the 22nd was the *Bal de la Noblesse*, held in a magnificent ball-room with columns and galleries. Here again a tribune was reserved for the royalties, to which Margaret was invited, and where she hatched mischief; that is to say, she accepted Morny's offer of a horse for the next day's hunt. For her, who had not ridden for ages, to mount an unknown horse on so trying an occasion as a crowded hunt alarmed me much. Being, however, assured that the horse was like a lamb, and seeing how much she wished it, what could I say? But I slept very little. All, however, turned out well. Margaret got on famously, riding between Maude and me,

and her seat on horseback was much admired. I was well mounted on a horse of the Emperor's. The sport was not famous. Many hares, a few tame foxes and a still tamer wolf, all eaten up by the hounds without any run or chance of escape. But the Emperor was pleased and the little Czarewitch much excited, so what could we wish for more? Besides, the huntsmen in red, the bright uniforms, and the fine hounds made it a pretty sight.

One day we drove with Marie to the Devezin Convent. The nuns did her the honours, and left the religious service in which they were engaged in order to follow her about. Custine,¹ in his amusing but abusive work on Russia, reflects on the morals of these nuns. They must have been a prettier and younger set than they are now if his account is to be believed, for a more repulsive set of old women I never beheld, and there was nothing in their dress to redeem their ugliness.

On September the 29th the grand fireworks, the end of all things, took place. The Empress after them *tenait cercle*, and we all went to make our bows. I took advantage of the opportunity to take a good look at the Emperor.

Only one day more, which we spent in shopping. My brother and Margaret passed their last evening at the French play. The title of the piece was, "*Faut-il que je te pince?*" Margaret did not like it, particularly as she was in an open box, which is very different from a shut one at the Palais Royal. But she could not leave, as she was to

¹ Astolphe, Marquis de Custine, born 1793. A celebrated French writer and traveller. He wrote *La Russie en 1839*.

accompany Granville to Princesse Kotchoubey, who gave a ball, the last, as she had given the first, in Moscow. The Emperor went there alone and impromptu, to flirt with a maid-of-honour he admired. He told Margaret he had seen her at the theatre, and added, "*Quelle drôle de pièce on nous a donné.*"

Our journey back to St. Petersburg was enjoyable, and we were made as comfortable as possible. An attentive guard was constantly opening our door in the night to ask us in Russian what he could do for us. As we none of us understood him, this was a needless disturbance. The *chasseur*, too, was very zealous. He was sent to fetch Mrs. Page,¹ Margaret's maid. She was in a carriage with no steps and five feet from the ground. The *chasseur*, nothing daunted, took her by the waist and threw her like a bundle into the air, kicking and struggling in vain, whilst Mrs. Malcolm, Marie's maid, kept calling to her not to make the attempt. This was the last thing she wished to do, but the Russian *chasseur* did not think of consulting her wishes.

On the evening of our arrival at St. Petersburg we all supped at a restaurant, where we were given some specimens of Russian cookery, which were not bad. Next day we and the Ailesburys went by rail to Tsarskoe Selo, which is a poor imitation of Versailles. It was a lovely autumn day, the leaves golden and the sky blue, and we were pleased with our drive about the place.

¹ A devoted friend and servant, who was for sixty-two years in my wife's service and my own.

That evening we went with the Granvilles and Acton to dine with the Grand Duchess Hélène. She has a fine palace, furnished with more comfort and taste than is usual in Russia. It was a small, pleasant dinner. The table was narrow enough for people to talk across it. They are reckoned the most agreeable dinners in St. Petersburg. Our hostess conversed with me some time, and I indulged in a little mild Radical talk, which she did not mind. I told her free discussion was everywhere a safety valve. She wished to know what English she would find at Nice this winter, and asked me whether Lady Ashburton was young or old. I answered, "Neither one nor the other."—"Is she fifty?"—"About."—"Then I know what you think of my age."—I said nothing, as she looks older, but my Chatsworth friend stepped forward and rebuked her for so calumniating herself.

A few days later we took leave of Russia. I felt quite at home again on board the *Acre*. At Kiel we parted with many. The Granvilles went thence to Carlsbad, where he was to complete his cure, and which they will have all to themselves. They were both in great spirits, relieved at Moscow being over, and justly pleased with the success of their Embassy. We accompanied them to Hamburg, where we spent three days. I was glad to see it, with its fine modern streets and its picturesque old town. The look of comfort and well-being in the inhabitants struck us much after Russia, where there are comparatively few well-dressed pedestrians to be seen in the street.

Our party continues to dwindle. Maude is hurrying home to his wife, Lincoln to his Oxford examinations. Lister and Ponsonby are on their way to the Hanseatic towns in search, as usual, of the picturesque. Cavendish, Dalkeith, Seymour, Ashley, and Sir Richard King are all that remain to come home with us by sea. Our voyage was without incident. Lovely weather most of the time till we were within sight of England, when we were uncomfortably tossed about. Cavendish had the jaundice, which he bore with resignation. Our most intimate companion was a seal,¹ which became quite tame, the sailors carrying him about in their arms. What good fellows they are! One of them died at Cronstadt, and his things were sold on board for his widow's benefit, his fellow sailors paying extravagant prices for them to give her greater assistance. We reached Spithead on October 17, and so ends my cursory account of this very pleasant episode in my life.

¹ Bought by Sir Robert Peel at Hamburg.

ELECTIONS

1847-80

IN the summer of 1847 Lord Bessborough died, and his son, Lord Duncannon, who was member for Derby, succeeded to the peerage, thereby creating a vacancy in that borough. Up to that time some member of the Cavendish family had always held one of the seats, and my uncle on this occasion gave me his support. He wrote to me with regard to it :

“ I am so very happy that you are pleased, and your letter has gratified me very much. It is quite true that you are the only person to whom I should consent to prolong that sort of interest with Derby.”

All the workmen in the town were Chartists, and one of their body stood against me. The consequence was that at the nomination nearly every hand was held up in favour of my opponent. The Mayor, who was a Tory, but preferred even a Whig to a Chartist, sternly cried out, “ Non-electors, put down your hands ! ” They, taken by surprise, obeyed him, and there remained a sprinkling of hands in my favour. Thereupon he decided that I had got the show of hands. The

Chartists demanded a poll, but being unable to produce the requisite guarantee money, the Mayor declared me elected. I fancy his proceeding was illegal ; at all events, as the Chartists could not be made to obey him, if they had kept their hands up, the show of hands could not have been declared in my favour.¹

I returned to London and did not mind the abuse I met with in some quarters for my advanced opinions. All I know is that every measure I then promised to vote for, with one exception, has since become law.

A General Election occurred the next year, the Tories and Chartists in Derby having in the meantime agreed to exchange their votes. I stood with the old member, Mr. Strutt, and although it was a sharp fight we won. But alas ! our triumph was short-lived. Our agent, following the usual course, had engaged voters as messengers. So little did he imagine that it was illegal that he paid for their services openly, and therefore, the evidence being clear, the House of Commons Committee the following year had no option but to unseat us. It was a hard case, as there was no treating and the election had been a pure one. Our joint expenses did not exceed eight hundred pounds, much less than what was in those days usually spent on elections. It was particularly vexatious for my colleague, whose seat was never in jeopardy ; but

¹ Nominations and shows of hands were soon afterwards done away with at elections, which made them much more peaceful.

he bore it with great good-humour. He soon afterwards represented Nottingham, and in 1856 was created Lord Belper.

At the General Election in 1852 I, in conjunction with Mr. Ricardo, opposed at Stoke-upon-Trent Alderman Copeland, the other sitting member. It was a hard fight. The Alderman had great influence in the Potteries, and was backed up by most of the other leading manufacturers. Mr. Minton, however, who was the principal one, was an exception and gave me his strenuous support. The Duke of Sutherland was also my well-wisher, and frequently during the contest wrote to me to ascertain how I was getting on. But his agent, Mr. Loch, shook his head and assured me, without convincing me, that some return to Protection was essential. The working-men had then no votes. In many streets the publicans were the only electors, but the working-men were enthusiastic for Free Trade, and won the election for us by threatening the publicans and shopkeepers to withdraw their custom unless they promised to vote for us. Their enthusiasm delighted me, whereupon my colleague observed that there was nothing like beer to create it. I had begged, however, that there should be no treating, and was much concerned to see how much drunkenness prevailed on the day of the poll. There was some talk of a petition, but nothing came of it.

My colleague, who was a nephew of his namesake, the celebrated economist, was clever and amusing,

but not ill-described as "Louis Ricardo, so full of bravado." Five years later the Alderman had his revenge. He was returned at the head of the poll, leaving me a bad third. This was owing to the respective votes of Ricardo and myself about the Chinese War. I, unwillingly, voted for it, and Ricardo voted against it, thus causing a split in our party of which I was the victim, although I had given the popular vote. If I had stood independently I should have been returned, but it would have been by the help of the Tories.

The Alderman's first entry into political life had been a curious one. He sat in Parliament as the nominee of O'Connell for an Irish borough, and voted for Repeal. He was, I believe, the only Englishman who ever did so. But when he became member for Stoke he had grown into a full-blown Tory. In justice to him I may say that when I came in contact with him he stuck manfully to his principles, and did not, in order to catch votes, profess any which he did not believe in, a proceeding which appears every day to become more common.

In the course of the following autumn a vacancy for the representation of Paisley occurred. I was persuaded to go there as a candidate. The late Commissioner Kerr, who was then a rising barrister, most kindly offered to accompany me and be my dry-nurse during my canvass. A Scotch gentleman, Mr. Lamont, who afterwards became well known in London, likewise came forward, professing the same

politics as I did. I remained in Paisley three weeks. My prospects appeared fairly good, when Mr. Crum Ewing, a former Member for the borough, where he was very popular, after refusing to stand, was ultimately induced to do so, which obliged Mr. Lamont and myself to withdraw.¹ I did not regret the three weeks I spent there; it was a pleasant time. I learnt much about Scottish politics, and I liked the Paisley bodies, a name given them rather contemptuously in the rest of Scotland. Their intelligence was superior to what I generally met with either in Derby or Stoke. They knew much that was going on in the world, and discussed very well the various questions of the day. They were most cordial to me, and with the kindest intentions pressed me to drink more whiskey than I could well carry. I however resisted their importunity. Their principal objection to me was my nationality. The Scotch were on that point very illiberal, for although several Scotchmen then sat for English constituencies, Mr. Edward Bouverie was the only Englishman who represented one in Scotland. On one occasion I pleaded that my grandmother was Scotch, which made some one in the crowd stand up at the end of my speech and say, "We should like to hear something more about that grandmother." Another objection to me was my connection with the Sutherland family. It was strange that, after the lapse of so many years, what were known as the Sutherland evictions were still

¹ His son has just been elected for Buteshire.

so keenly resented. I urged that those events occurred long before I was born, and that my family was only connected by marriage with the Countess of Sutherland.¹ I however added that I believed those evictions, although possibly carried out rather harshly, were determined on with a view to improve the condition of the people, an improvement which was certainly brought about.

My warmest supporter was Lord Glasgow, who lived within a short distance of the borough. He was eccentric, but popular, particularly in the racing community. He was a Tory, but hated Disraeli, and had a great regard for my brother, for which reasons he was anxious for my success. Every morning he walked into the town to learn how matters stood. I occasionally dined and slept at his house ; excellent food, but dull evenings. He was not on speaking terms with his wife. They sat at opposite ends of a long table, and alternately spoke to me, but never exchanged a word with each other. He was hot-tempered, and once flew into a passion at the railway station, when the booking-clerk asked him to write his name on the back of the bank-note he was presenting, and, observing what he had written, cried out to him, "You fool ! Write your name, and not the town you live in !"

In course of time, after my life of seclusion

¹ The second Marquis of Stafford, who was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833, and was my father's half-brother ; he married in 1785 Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right.

referred to in the next chapter, my brother induced me to try to get back to the House of Commons. Through the intervention of Mr. Hayter, the Whip, Mr. Robartes, the Member for the Eastern Division of Cornwall, offered to get me returned for Bodmin. He had considerable property in that borough, and was besides much esteemed there, which enabled him to secure at least one of the two seats for any one he recommended. There never was a more considerate patron, and nothing could exceed his unvarying kindness. We held the same political views, as he was a convinced Free Trader, an enemy of all monopoly and privilege, and in every respect a thorough-going Liberal. His tastes were very simple, and he spent but little of his great wealth on himself. He rarely saw any company, which made the Tories describe his lovely old place, Lanhydrock, as a house without cheer, a park without deer, and a cellar without beer ; and yet he was one of the most generous of men. His acts of charity were boundless, all carried out without ostentation, with the concurrence of his admirable wife. An old friend of his used to say that his charity was all the more meritorious because he hated to give away money ; and I am inclined to agree with this and to think that in the same way that a coward who on a field of battle behaves well is a hero, so more credit is due to the man who, hating to spend money, gives it freely, than to the spendthrift, who parts with it readily because he loves expenditure.

I was always allowed to put up at Lanhydrock in the absence of the owners, as well as when they were there. There was not much luxury, but its simple comforts were perhaps preferable to the silks and satins of other places. The charm of the place was its picturesque avenue, its beautiful park, its fine old gate-way and splendid gallery.

In 1869 a peerage was conferred on Mr. Robartes, to the great satisfaction of the Cornish Liberals. I do not think he would have cared for a baronetcy. He told me that his uncle, Lord Clifden, once said to him: "Thomas, whatever misfortunes befall you in life, do not add to them by becoming a baronet."

As soon as I had made up my mind on the subject, I went down to Bodmin to offer myself as a candidate. My brother-in-law, Lord William Compton,¹ to whom I was much attached and who was the most delightful companion, agreed to accompany me and help me in my canvass. Soon, with his cheery sailor manners, he became so popular that I said to him one day in jest, "You have come to help me, but you will end by supplanting me." One of our first visits was to Lady Molesworth, who was living at her place, Pencarrow, which was only three miles from the borough. We were at first refused admittance, being probably taken for county neighbours, and were told that Lady Molesworth could not receive us, as she was ill in bed. We had not, however, gone far from

¹ Afterwards fourth Marquis of Northampton.

the house when the footman overtook us by a short cut, and said his mistress would be glad to see us. We found her in the library in perfect health, conversing with a few friends. Ever since that day the doors of that hospitable house were open to me. Each autumn it was filled with much of what is called the best society in London. Wit, beauty and fashion abounded there, and there was Royalty in the persons of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale. Sometimes the house could not hold us all, and once I was made to sleep in a bothy next door to some snoring gardeners, who kept me awake all night. I was not much appeased when at breakfast next day my hostess asked me how I had borne my out-door relief. I must add that she apologised when she saw my displeasure, and that never again was I subjected to such ill-usage. It would have been so easy to let me go back and sleep in my Bodmin lodgings.

Lady Molesworth was always true to my interests in the borough, although surrounded by those who at one time did not wish me well on account of my devotion to Gladstone, and who got up the last opposition to me as related elsewhere.

It would take volumes to describe all the kindness I met with, both in town and country, during my long connection with Cornwall. Politics made no difference. The Tories were well disposed towards me, which might have been different

if any Cornish country gentleman had stood against me; but they had no sympathy with any of my successive opponents, who were not to their liking. One, a local doctor, who was deservedly popular because of his kindness to the poor; another a not very distinguished lawyer; a third a renegade Radical; then a rather unscrupulous demagogue; and lastly a Scotchman, who could not get accepted by any Scotch constituency.

Lord Vivian, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who was good-looking, clever and agreeable, was a favourite in his own immediate circle, but outside it he was not popular on account of his ungovernable temper. He once told me he was aware of this infirmity and much regretted his inability to overcome it, an admission his friends declared he had never before made. Mr. Henry Baring, driving through the town on his way to Pencarrow, heard the church bells ringing and asked the cause. It was to celebrate the Lord-Lieutenant's defeat in a lawsuit. But it is fair to add that it was won by the Corporation.

Lady Vivian, on the contrary, was universally popular. When I first saw her she was, curiously enough, a grand-daughter and also a grandmother. Her grandmother and mother were alive, and her handsome daughter, Mrs. Tremayne, had a child.

Lord Vivian was nominally a Whig, but in opinion a Conservative. However, in my earlier contests he gave me his support, and was always very good to me. On my first going down to stand,

he gave me some letters of introduction to three of his friends. I met them, and imagining them to be Liberals I thought they would be pleased with my political opinions. But they did not seem so, and when I said I was in favour of the Ballot one of them exclaimed, "The devil you are!" The fact was that they were Tories at heart, but they eschewed their own opinions, and we made friends and remained so ever afterwards. They first supported me because they disliked the little doctor who was my opponent, and as I was recommended by Lord Vivian they could not believe me to be a very bad politician.

One day when I was out shooting with Lord Vivian he said to one of his tenants, at whose house we had lunched, that he hoped he voted for me.—"Yes, my lord, of course I do; I am a thorough-going Radical."—"A thorough-going Radical! How dare you say that to me!" Then followed an amount of abuse that made me fear my supporter might receive a notice to quit the next day.

I was always made welcome at Boconnoc, the residence of Mr. Fortescue, who had married my cousin, Lady Louisa Ryder. It was then lent to him by his aunt, Lady Grenville, who subsequently bequeathed it to him. He was a most charming man, and had in his bachelor days been a much-sought-after dandy. Not being well off, he lived very quietly, and went little into general society; but he delighted in talking to me about his early

friends, some of whom I was old enough to remember. He was, as befitted a nephew of Lord Grenville, an ardent Free Trader, and although differing from Mr. Robartes on other points, strenuously supported him when he stood for the Eastern Division of Cornwall.

I had also many valued friends in Bodmin. During my long connection with it I became intimate with the Chief Constable, Colonel Gilbert, and his wife. I much liked them both. They lived in a small country house, adjoining the town, named The Priory, which during those many years they made my home whenever it suited me. It was the place of *rendez-vous* of the county magistrates, and the *élite* of Cornish society frequented it. Many were the pleasant evenings that I spent there. The Colonel was a nephew of General Gilbert, who distinguished himself in the Punjab, and was moreover a descendant of Sir Walter Raleigh. Another friend of mine was Mr. Hicks, who was at the head of the County Asylum. Besides being an excellent man of business, he was accomplished both as a draughtsman and as a musician, and knew a number of amusing Cornish stories, which he told so inimitably that they would bear to be constantly repeated. He was a visitor at most of the country houses, and thus broke down in his own person the absurd barrier which in the provincial world separates what is called "county society" from the inhabitants of the towns. Mr. Hicks always allowed me to canvass

the warders in the asylum. On these occasions the patients surrounded me and seemed to take an interest in the proceedings. When I once said to one of the officials who happened to be a Tory that they seemed friendly, he observed, "Certainly, and I am convinced that if they had votes every one of them would vote for you."

The aged Rector of Bodmin was an antiquarian and much interested in everything relating to Cornwall. I was assured that he would vote for me because I was a descendant of Sir Bevil Granville, the Cornish hero ; but he failed to do so. His successor was an Irish clergyman who wished to carry out some of his High Church views. I told him that if he did not take care he would get into hot water.—"Sure, it is hot water I like to be in."—He boasted of his extreme tolerance. "Mr. Russell, the Wesleyan minister, is a worthy man, and I can assure you that meeting him in Truro the other day I shook hands with him. Of course, I could not do so in my own parish. Moreover, I did not object to the presence of the Independent minister in this room, where he came to a meeting to discuss the temperance question, in which I take a lively interest." I own these two instances of tolerance did not much impress me.

My agent, Mr. Collins, who was always vigilant in my interests, amused me by begging me to sit in Colonel Gilbert's pew instead of the Corporation's, because as it faced the altar I could not

then betray any preference by turning to the east or refraining from doing so during the recital of the Creed, and would thus avoid offending either the High or Low Church party.

I must not overlook in the list of my friends Mr. Stokes, the Clerk of the Peace, a highly cultivated and noble-minded gentleman, for whom I had especial regard. He published a good deal of poetry, which was appreciated in the county, partly owing to its strong local feeling, but which was never much read beyond its borders. I asked my London bookseller whether he had sold many copies.—“A fair number, but all to you.”

The constituency during my connection with it was thoroughly Liberal. Jingoism never prevailed there. But I do not say that every one was enlightened. Soon after my first arrival at Bodmin the railway was opened between it and Plymouth. This caused the gentry in the neighbourhood to make their purchases in Devonport instead of in Bodmin. Thereupon a warm supporter of mine asked me whether this was not a great shame, and whether I could not introduce a Bill to prevent it. I said the idea seemed to me excellent, but was perhaps a little difficult to carry out. Nevertheless, I now commend it to our modern Protectionists. At another time nearly all the shopkeepers came to complain to me of Civil Servants being allowed to establish stores, thereby competing with honest traders. My agent did not mend matters when he said that it was a horrid shame that persons

who considered themselves gentlemen should demean themselves by standing behind counters, an observation which was not much appreciated by the tradesmen he was addressing, who, however, were rather amused by it.

There were many other Bodmin friends whom I should like to mention, but I fear the list has already been too long. I will only say that I entertain a most pleasing impression of my relations with my constituents, who, with scarcely any exception, treated me very well. On the other hand, it saddens me to be reminded, whilst drawing up the list, how very few of them have survived. This is the chief drawback of a very long life.

The Reform Bill of 1867 deprived Bodmin of one of its members, which caused me at the following election to fight single-handed against my former colleague, Mr. Wyld, who, luckily for me, had lately given some Tory votes. Being defeated, he brought in a petition against my return, with what object I cannot say, as he had no case. All I know is that on the eve of the trial he offered to withdraw the petition on my paying him no less a sum than £2,000. This of course I refused to do. The Judge, in deciding in my favour, said that from all the evidence brought forward, he came to the conclusion that Bodmin was one of the purest boroughs in England. That had not been its reputation in former years. It was rather scandalous that although full costs were given to me, the trial cost me no less than

£1,000—so true is it that to obtain justice in our Courts of Law is often a very costly proceeding. As the only weapon which I feared might be used against me was perjury, I engaged Sergeant Ballantyne, who was considered the best cross-examiner at the Bar. My supporters were disappointed by his not making a fiery oration. I told him this, when he said it was better, with a good case, to leave it in the hands of the Judge. But according to Bowen, afterwards Chief Justice, who was the Junior Counsel, the real reason was that the Sergeant had not looked at his brief before he entered the Court. Ballantyne was very clever, but utterly unscrupulous. Bowen was superior to him in every respect, and gradually became appreciated as one of the most delightful men of his day. I have never forgotten his smile of congratulation to me when the Judge in the course of his speech intimated that his decision would be in my favour.

In the General Election of 1874, which was so disastrous to the Liberal party, I succeeded in retaining my seat. Mrs. Grote on this occasion wrote to me as follows :

“ The dissolution came upon us like a bombshell. In my humble opinion it was wisely done, considering the disjointed condition of the party and the wavering opinions of the more general public outside. Remembering, as I do, the active and earnest feeling formerly current thirty years ago respecting politics, I am made more sensible of the transition to a state of comparative indifference

which daily observation brings before me. An old friend, an inhabitant of West Kent and having votes in five counties, was with me yesterday for a couple of hours. 'I shall vote for West Kent,' he said, 'but not for any other place. It seems to me that the smaller Mr. G.'s majority, the less risk we run of farther violent changes,' and so forth. I fancy this is no unfair example of the feeling among old Liberals of an instructed stamp. The issue lies, in fact, between the Gladstone rashness and the Conservative inaction; no wonder the nation feels but slightly interested in deciding it."

In a letter written after my election she said:

"What a tornado we have experienced in the political atmosphere! The working of 'the representative system' has seldom been displayed in a more unsatisfactory shape, I must say. However, Bodmin has done its duty amid the strife, and this is a real comfort to your faithful servant and neighbour."

My last contest, in 1880, was the most severe. A foolish fellow with more money than brains came down to oppose me, professing at first Jingo opinions. But finding that they were unacceptable to the constituency he gradually adopted all my views. The Tories in spite of this paid me the compliment of refusing to support me. They were joined by all the riff-raff in the place, attracted by my opponent's lavish expenditure, which amounted to several thousand pounds. It was highly creditable to this small community, where wealth did not abound and the temptation to take a bribe

was great, that the majority remained true to their principles and placed me again at the head of the poll. During the polling my opponent offered to bet me a thousand pounds that he would be returned, but, although confident of victory, I had not the pluck to accept the bet. I might have said to him what Mr. Sheridan said to an opponent who threatened to knock out his brains, that he would advise him if he did so to pick them up, as he was sadly in want of them.

HOUSE OF COMMONS

1847-85

I AM ashamed to say that during the thirty-three years I sat in the House of Commons I took but a small share in its proceedings. When my brother remonstrated with me I pleaded diffidence, but he ascribed it to indolence. There was some truth in both these views. It might almost be said that I was one of the numerous class of silent Members who, in the opinion of many people, particularly of the Whips, are more desirable legislators than many who are more loquacious. With a few exceptions my speeches referred to questions connected with Political Economy. My first was in favour of the principle of Limited Liability, for which I got reproved by the great capitalist, Lord Overstone. Experience has proved how much mistaken he was and how marvellously the country has benefited by its adoption.

Lord Overstone was however always very good to me. Mrs. Grote wrote to me of him, "I had a long confab with Lord Overstone on Friday. He is one of the wisest talkers I know, and eke an honest citizen." He proposed me as a candidate

for the Political Economy Club. I myself proposed for it Mr. Arthur Balfour, who, apart from politics, has always been a general favourite. Soon after his election he read to the Club, as in duty bound, a paper in which he discussed the question of trade following the flag, which he himself strongly affirmed. His views were generally condemned, and I do not think he was pleased with the reception they met with. Since then I never saw him at any of our meetings. If he had continued to attend them he might have formed more decided views on such subjects than he seems now to entertain.

My next speech was when I seconded the Address on the meeting of Parliament in the autumn of 1854 in the midst of the Crimean War. My duty was to interview previously Lord John Russell, who was then the Leader of the House, in order to receive his instructions. His words were few. "I am glad you are going to second the Address. You will know what to say. Good morning." This was flattering, but a little more guidance would have been acceptable.

I began by regretting that as far as I was aware, it was the first time that a speech from the throne alluded to only one topic, and I still remember the hearty cheer with which Mr. Bright greeted this remark. I then described the terrible sufferings of our soldiers and the resignation with which they bore them, consoling themselves with the reflection that they had fought and suffered

on behalf of their country. I was afterwards gratified to hear that these few words had caused a dear relative of mine to shed tears. But she had a tender heart, and was easily moved when she heard of the sufferings of others.

On another occasion I was most unfortunate. A debate on Italian affairs was coming on, for which I had prepared an elaborate oration, collecting for it many materials. On my way to the House I called at the Privy Council Office to talk the matter over with Frederick Cavendish, who was my brother's private secretary. Unfortunately I left my notes on his table, and when called upon to speak, I felt for them in my pocket and found it empty. My distress was great. I could not sit down again, and was forced to struggle on as I best could without any help from my notes. The result was deplorable, and I was not consoled by the Italian Minister being good-natured enough to bestow upon my speech a few phrases of conventional praise.

Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was murdered in Phoenix Park, was as good as he was able, and his sad death was a loss to his country. I used to say of him that he was one of the few persons I ever knew who might always think aloud, he was so amiable and guileless.

Although they were humble performances, I have had the satisfaction to find, on referring to my speeches, that with one or two exceptions I still agree with the views they contain. I however

think that I made a mistake in opposing the purchase of the telegraph companies by the Government, as I am now convinced that the public in that instance has been better served than had it been left in the hands of private companies. This is an exception to the sound rule that such undertakings are best left to private individuals. But I always was true to the principles of Free Trade. In one debate Mr. Disraeli, following me, tauntingly observed that my speech was the only Free Trade speech that had been made from the benches opposite to him.

Mr. Gladstone twice offered me important posts, one of Chief Whip, the other of Postmaster-General, both of which I refused, because I thought there were others who, from greater attention to their duties, deserved promotion sooner than myself. I am certain that Mr. Gladstone would not have made me these offers if he had not thought me sufficiently competent to perform the work required of me, but I doubted whether such would be the general opinion, and I feared it would be thought a job.

My chief work in Parliament was to act as Chairman of Railway Committees, a post which I occupied for some years. It rather interested and amused me. The Parliamentary Bar were with a few exceptions excellent fellows, clever and entertaining, chaffing each other pleasantly and assuming when needful airs of indignation; all were elated, I fancy, by the thought of the

large fees they were earning. I cannot say much for the tribunal itself. The chairmen often differ with each other about railway policy, some of them being in favour of competition, others thinking most of the interests of landowners and shareholders. This causes an uncertainty as to the decisions which may be arrived at, and thus encourages litigation. And then the terrible expense. I sat six weeks over a bill for a short railway, and was told that it cost the company a hundred thousand pounds to get it through Parliament, as they were opposed by all the largest railway companies in the kingdom. The result of this expense is that the existing companies enjoy a practical monopoly, and, in the absence of competition or of the fear of it, become neglectful of the interests of the community.

The amount of useful legislation carried out during the period in which I was a Member of the House of Commons is very remarkable, and it is to the credit of the Liberal party that although the Tories carried out many reforms, it was with the help of their opponents, who initiated most of them; and it is satisfactory to find that with the exception of the last Education Act, few attempts have been made to reverse these reforms. I once met Sir Robert Inglis at dinner, an amiable man but an uncompromising Tory. Being asked whether it had not been grievous to him to see so many measures carried out which he had strongly denounced, he admitted that it

was so, but that his consolation was that he and his friends had done their best to hang heavy on the wings of time, that they had defeated some ill-advised proposals, and that they had retarded others.

SOCIETY

FROM 1856 ONWARDS

MY married life, which was one of uninterrupted happiness, only lasted five years, coming suddenly to an end in 1858. This is a subject which I am unwilling to dwell upon, and will therefore content myself with this simple reference to it. Of course, as a married man I went much less into society than when I was a bachelor. We made several trips abroad, but chiefly resided in London. We also paid visits to our near relations in their stately houses in the country. We had the pleasure of meeting at Chatsworth the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who was the daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, and the widow of the Duc de Leuchtenberg. She was very agreeable, and I had much conversation with her, as most of the other guests were ill at ease in French, which was the language she preferred. Our chief topic was the conduct of Louis Napoleon, about which we agreed. But one day she said, "We have abused him sufficiently. You must not forget that he was my husband's first cousin." I fancy however that praise of him would have been still more distasteful to her.

In the course of 1858 I took up my abode with my mother at the Chiswick villa, which my uncle with kindly thoughtfulness had left to her for life. It is, as is well known, a beautiful place. The house was built by the first Lord Burlington, who also built Burlington House and was the friend of Pope. His daughter married the fourth Duke of Devonshire. Two Prime Ministers, Fox and Canning, ended their lives there. My little boy and I lived in it with my mother during the remainder of her life. She loved him dearly, and delighted in his babble as he learnt to talk, and declared she had no more agreeable acquaintance. May I add that, in my perhaps too partial opinion, if she had lived until he had reached the age of manhood she would have retained the same favourable view of his conversational powers?

- During my retirement at Chiswick I occupied myself in translating Bastiat's *Harmonies Économiques*, a book which Monsieur Leroy Beaulieu somewhere declares to be one of the best books of the last century, and which is not so much read as it deserves to be. It is the clearest exposition of the doctrine of political economy I know, and is both convincing and amusing. One day I took my translation to a well-known publisher. It was a rainy day, and when I entered his room splashed with mud, I had all the appearance of a poor author. My reception was not encouraging. I was not asked to take a seat, and was curtly told that translations were of no use, as nobody read them.

Rather nettled, I observed that I was encouraged by my brother to publish mine.—“Pray, what is the name of your brother?”—“Lord Granville.”—“Are you a brother of Lord Granville? I beg your pardon; pray take a seat!” And there was no longer any reluctance to discuss my proposal. On the contrary, I believe we should have come to some arrangement if it had not been that two days later a translation of the work by a Mr. Irving was announced in the newspapers. This was a curious coincidence, as ten years had elapsed since the original work had appeared in France.

Chiswick suited my mother perfectly as a residence. She occupied two small rooms in a wing of the house, leaving the rest of it to be enjoyed by her children. She dined apart, but we alternately joined her after dinner. Besides her children, she saw none but her nearest relations. Several daughters of my eldest sister, Lady Rivers, came out about that time, and for their sakes she received a good deal of company. I, too, towards the end of our residence, when I had begun again to go out into the world, gave a successful evening entertainment. It began by a large dinner at which Lady Constance Grosvenor,¹ then in the height of her beauty, and other charming people were present. This was followed by an evening party, to which I had invited all my acquaint-

¹ Daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and wife of the first Duke of Westminster.

ance. My friend, Lord Shelburne,¹ sent me from Bowood one hundred Chinese lamps which were kept there for festivities. I bought and hired about a hundred more. With these we illuminated the beautiful Chiswick gardens. Strings were attached from one tree to another, and lamps suspended from them. There were also a band, Bengal lights and other attractions. It was a gay and pretty sight, so much so that Lady Cowper exclaimed delightedly, "A moral Cremorne!" Cremorne was a public garden which followed Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and at which the society was far from select. My mother was at that time somewhat ill in London, and the next morning I found her in bed, when she threw her arms round my neck and said, "It is rather silly of me, but the success of your party gives me such infinite delight!"

Another large gathering of a different sort took place at the villa. The Friendly Societies in Hammersmith had requested my mother's leave to celebrate their annual holiday in the Chiswick grounds, which she, in spite of the misgivings of the gardener and the disapproval of the conservative part of the household, readily granted. Some five thousand people, men, women and children, arrived, and it enchanted my mother to peep from behind her window curtains and see so many happy faces. She was even not in the least shocked by a distant view of the popular game

¹ Father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne.

of "kiss in the ring." Beyond trampling down the grass this large crowd did no damage.

My mother was much beloved not only by her own relations, but by every one who approached her. To account for this, I may be allowed to quote a description of her from a private journal written by Lord Dover in 1817. He there speaks of her in the following terms: "She is really the most pure, the most angelic person I ever met. Lady G. is really perfection in a human shape. Virtuous, amiable, good, clever, agreeable—in short, everything charming and excellent." Lord Dover was well known for his literary attainments and love of the fine arts. He was not at that time connected with my mother, but some years later he married her niece, the lovely Lady Georgiana Howard.

During our stay at Chiswick a sad loss occurred in our family. My sister-in-law, Lady Granville, died, after a lingering illness, borne with great resignation. Just before her death she begged me to promote a second marriage for her husband, which touched me much.

My beloved mother died at the end of 1862, when I had to leave Chiswick and settle in London. I took the house in South Audley Street, which I have since inhabited.

It was a great pleasure to receive in it my niece, Lady Carmarthen,¹ and her husband, who afterwards became Duke of Leeds, for a month or

¹ Daughter of the fourth Lord Rivers.

two during several seasons. This was an agreeable break in my solitary life. Being hospitably inclined, I took to giving a succession of dinners. Hospitality always appears to me to be praised more than it deserves. At least, there was no merit in my case. Somewhat like Tony Lumpkin, who did not mind disappointing his friends by not meeting them at the tavern, but was unwilling to disappoint himself, I did not give dinners to please my guests but to please myself. Altruism was not my motive. The art of giving pleasant dinners is not easy. Disraeli, who sometimes held his supporters cheap, once remarked of his colleagues on the Treasury Bench that they were a poor lot, not one of them knew how to give a dinner. The chief aim of a host should be to ask people who like to meet one another. On one occasion that most agreeable of men, Sir David Dundas, dined with me, when I told him I had not invited Charles Villiers, as I knew he was not a favourite of his—"Frederick Leveson, I will never dine with you again."—"Why not?"—"Because I cannot consent to keep away from your table some one you wish to ask."—I pleaded that I only invited those who liked to meet one another. He eventually relented, and often dined with me again, and was, moreover, good enough one very hot summer to lend me his charming villa at Richmond.

Hospitality is so prevalent in London that if you wish to secure agreeable guests you must invite them three weeks beforehand. If they

accept, they are fastidious about the society they meet. Once a friend who dined with me informed me that he had refused six other invitations since he had accepted mine. I could only beg him to remember that I had not deprived him of six pleasanter dinners, but only of one. The difficulties of a host are great. It is no easy task to collect together congenial guests, to secure the proper proportion of men and women, to welcome civilly those who come on the wrong day, and to fill up the places of people who at the last moment send excuses. This often caused me, like a sportsman in search of game, to go the round of my clubs in the hope of meeting some one to fill up a vacant seat ; and when I succeeded I felt like a fisherman when he lands a salmon. The Duchess of Marlborough¹ once sent me a printed refusal, intending to send an acceptance. The consequence was that twenty minutes after we had all sat down the door opened, and the Duke and Duchess were announced. They had been a long time knocking at the door, which, as they were not expected, there was no one to open. At last, when they thought the case was hopeless, a housemaid admitted them. Luckily one of my guests had failed, which made it possible, with some squeezing, to make room for the unexpected couple. I was much distressed, but consoled myself with the reflection that it would be all the same fifty years hence—the best thing to be done

¹ Wife of the seventh Duke.

in such circumstances. The Duchess maintained she had sent the right card. Unluckily I had destroyed the one I had received ; but she rather gave herself away when she begged me not to explain the circumstances to her husband, as he constantly accused her of making such mistakes. The Duchess was very good-natured and not easily offended. Her fear of hurting the feelings of any one is exemplified by the following story. At a large dinner at Blenheim the Duke, as was his wont, fell asleep during the repast. After dinner the Duchess, in order to prevent the ladies who sat next to him thinking that they had not been treated by him with respect, told them that she had seen him go to sleep with a Duchess on each side of him.

My first French cook, although unpretentious, did not cook badly, and took his duties very seriously to heart. One morning, previous to a small dinner, he came to me in great distress, as the kitchenmaid was ill and he himself had cut his hand.—“How will you manage?”—“*Ah, monsieur, le bon Dieu viendra à mon aide !*”—I cannot remember whether his reliance was justified.

Monsieur de Flahault¹ procured for me my next

¹ The Comte de Flahault took part in many of the campaigns of Napoleon I., who made him his aide-de-camp and a General of Division. He was twice an Ambassador—first at Vienna in the time of Louis Philippe, secondly in London in the time of Louis Napoleon. He ended his life as Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. He married Miss Mercer, who was an heiress and the daughter of Lord Keith.

cook, the second cook in the kitchen of the Duc de Morny, who greatly praised him, saying he was superior to his chef, whom from length of service he could not part with. My new cook, Monsieur Béguinot, was a great success, and the excellence of my dinners became generally known. The result was that I became very popular ; shoals of invitations poured in upon me, and distinguished persons conveyed indirect hints to me that they would be willing to honour me with their company. In course of time Monsieur Béguinot left my service for my brother's, and since obtained a series of first-rate situations. He has now retired from service, and devotes himself to a small restaurant which he has started in the unfashionable quarter of Soho, at 16, Old Compton Street. You obtain there good and ample food admirably cooked, for which he charges one-and-sixpence for either luncheon or dinner. What pleases Madame Béguinot is that they have as customers "*une société choisie—rien d'équivoque.*" It is difficult to understand how they manage to *éloigner la société équivoque.*

In 1874 Sir Henry Cole, whose fertile brain was continually devising projects to benefit his fellow creatures, proposed to start a National Training School of Cookery, and formed a committee with that object, of which he persuaded me to become the chairman, a position I held until my resignation more than a year ago, although I am still vice-president.

Considering that food is the principal want of man, and that more than half the labour of the world is employed in some form or other of its production, it is remarkable how few efforts are made, as far as its general consumption is concerned, to learn to cook it properly. As a rule the wealthy alone derive any benefit from good cookery, and until our School was inaugurated, no systematic attempt had been made to improve it.

Sir Henry's idea was therefore excellent, and it has, in spite of some ridicule and prejudice, been most extensively carried out. Schools on our model have been started in most of the chief towns in the country, and the work has steadily increased, spreading all over the kingdom, as well as in America and in our Colonies.

I am not writing a history of our School, but, to give some idea of its importance, cite the following facts. The King, with His Majesty's usual interest in all institutions of national utility, has graciously consented to be our patron. Since its opening nearly 100,000 pupils have there received instruction; we have further awarded about 1,700 diplomas to teachers, most of whom are now actively engaged in giving instruction both in cookery and other branches of domestic economy. As well as training teachers in all domestic economy subjects to be taught in elementary and secondary schools, we are teaching sickroom cookery in the London & Guy's Hospitals, to the Queen's Jubilee Nurses, in the Royal Naval Hospitals at Haslar and Plymouth.

We have a class of nine sailors and three naval officers being instructed in the principles of good plain cookery. We teach cookery to prison warders, and inspect the cooking in the prisons from time to time. In 1901 we revised the workhouse diets, and published a *Manual of Workhouse Cookery*, which the Local Government Board has issued to Boards and Guardians of the Poor. When to this is added what the other schools of cookery have done, the benefit to the community must already be incalculable.

With one exception our work has been practically self-supporting. We received five thousand pounds from the trustees of the Berridge trust, which enabled us to pay off a mortgage of that amount which we had raised in order to meet a part of the expense of erecting our present premises, which cost us ten thousand pounds. The other half of this sum we met by the profits we made by selling cheap dinners at the four South Kensington Exhibitions. This was a marvellous achievement, due to the great ability of Mrs. Clarke, the Lady Superintendent of the School.

The good service we have done to the public seems to me to be insufficiently recognised. With the exception of about two hundred pounds, which we obtained in order to pay for some necessary repairs, neither private individuals nor the Government have given the School any pecuniary assistance. The wealthy with the best intentions subscribe large sums to charities, some of which do more

harm than good by lessening the inducements to industry and thrift, whereas they take little interest in our work, which greatly benefits the poor and pauperises no one.

In many ways we are useful to the Government, of which I may mention one instance. We have greatly promoted the knowledge of cookery in our two Services. With regard to our soldiers it can readily be imagined what a blessing it must be to them when campaigning to be able to make eatable the very indifferent food which is often all that they can then procure.

Some years later, when I bought my country house, I gave up giving dinners in London from motives of economy. I cannot say how far in consequence my popularity waned, but doubtless the maxim "cutlet for cutlet," which a well-known lady, of good birth and a peeress, who died some years ago, used to declare she was guided by when making out her invitations, has a certain influence. She amused people by saying things which a few other people think but keep to themselves. For instance, she said it was her rule to be civil to girls, because no one knew whom they might marry.

It is curious to observe what small changes in social habits gradually take place. When first I went out in London the men at a dinner party wore black ties, having white ones only when Royalty was expected, and they received no instructions from their hostess, who merely begged

each lady to go in to dinner, it being the duty of the gentleman next in rank to offer her his arm. I have sometimes seen the lady go some way alone. It afterwards became the custom for each gentleman to be told whom he was to take in, but he was not informed where he was to sit. The next change was the present custom of writing the name of each guest on a card, and placing it opposite the seat which he or she is to occupy, and which they have to find when they enter the dining-room. This was at first objected to, but is now approved of, because the English, who are generally shy, like to be told what they are expected to do in society. A further improvement would be to adopt what I believe is not unusual in America, where every guest on arriving is given a card with a plan of the dining-table, and the names and places to be occupied by each guest. This saves the hostess trouble, and prevents people having to hunt round the table for the places destined for them. It also makes known the names of the other guests. You thereby cannot sit at the same table with a celebrated beauty, an inspired poet, and a thrilling novelist and not be aware of their presence.

An amusing scene once occurred in connection with this subject. The famous historian, Mr. Motley, when American Minister in London, hired a house in Arlington Street, where I was present at the first large dinner he gave. He took much pains about the arrangement of his guests, and consulted

me about it. At that time couples were sent in to dinner in pairs, but nobody's place was fixed. Mr. Motley told each guest by whom he was to sit, and was well satisfied with the arrangement. Unfortunately the Turkish Ambassador was allotted to Lady Waldegrave, who did not care to have him as her neighbour. She consequently told him that his place was on the other side of the table. He, with Oriental politeness, did as she bade him, and sat down opposite to her. This upset the whole arrangement. The couples wandered about the room, not knowing where to go, and were like sheep that are being driven out of a field. Mr. Motley, who had every merit except a good temper, went into a passion, and I nearly died of laughing.

I saw a good deal of him at different times. The fact that during the whole Civil War in the States I had been in favour of the North drew him towards me at the time when the attitude of London society on the subject greatly exasperated him. He was engaged to pay me a visit at Holmbury, my country place, when he was taken seriously ill. Upon his getting a little better I persuaded Mrs. Motley to keep their engagement, a proposal she was glad to carry out, as the doctors wished him to leave London. I can see him now entering my drawing-room, looking more dead than alive, leaning on the arm of his daughter, Mrs. Ives, who afterwards married the late Sir William Harcourt. The pure air of Holmbury did wonders

for him ; he at once recovered his appetite, and he left me about a fortnight later so much better that his life was prolonged for some two years. It has always given me great pleasure to think that I was of use to so eminent a man.

The chief entertainers in London society in the third quarter of the last century were Lady Molesworth and Lady Waldegrave. There was a singular analogy between their two lives. Both were born in a lower position than that to which they subsequently attained. They both married Cabinet Ministers, and both, during the lives of their husbands and afterwards, in town and country, exercised the most boundless hospitality. Neither was what I should call intellectual, but they both possessed considerable cleverness in the performance of their social duties. They ended by attaining a considerable position in society. Most of the women engaged in politics at that time were different from the present leaders of political society. They were formerly chiefly anxious to promote the advancement of their husbands and friends, and to further the interests of their party, and cared less than they do now about the political questions which at present excite in so many of them the liveliest interest.

Lady Waldegrave, for instance, did not much care for politics in the abstract, but was anxious to be of use to the party to which her husband belonged, and thus obtained a certain amount of political influence. Her first husband was a Mr. Waldegrave, and she

afterwards married Lord Waldegrave, his legitimate brother. She next married my cousin, Mr. George Harcourt, to whom I have already referred as the husband of Lady Elizabeth. Her last husband was Mr. Chichester Fortescue, better known as Lord Carlingford. The first time I met her was soon after her fourth marriage. I sat by her at dinner, when she suddenly said, "You do not like me now, but the time will come when you will like me." I of course said something civil; nevertheless, what she said was true. I was not inclined to like her then, but ended by doing so. Her power of attaching people was very remarkable. None of her visitors, however eminent, ever deserted her. The relations of her various husbands always remained tame cats in her house, both men and women. A bevy of Waldegraves, Harcourts and Fortescues was generally to be met there. Her talk was lively and pleasant, though not brilliant. But her *bonhomie*—I know no English word to express it—was irresistible, and she showed much tact in her invitations. Lord Carlingford was devoted to her, and inconsolable at her loss. They did not appear well suited. Besides being agreeable, he was singularly refined, a merit her dearest friends could not claim for her, and she did not share his intellectual tastes. But he loved her dearly, and she made him very happy.

I will not attempt to give anything more than a very slight sketch of my son, as it would ill

become a parent to do so. I will merely say that from the time of his birth, in other respects so sad a one, he has been the chief object of my life, and I have had the satisfaction of witnessing how much beloved and esteemed he has been in the various phases of his existence, at college, in society, and in the House of Commons. Owing to the great kindness of Mr. Gladstone, to whom he was Assistant Private Secretary from 1880 to 1885, he occupied in the Administrations of 1886 and 1892 subordinate positions in the Government, which had their advantages, and for which he was grateful; but which had this drawback, that it precluded him as a Whip from taking any active part in the debates. I was however assured that he performed well whatever duties were entrusted to him. I received the following letter from Sir William Harcourt about him in 1886:

“I must write you a line of congratulation upon George’s Ministerial début. He had by no means an easy task to perform last night, but achieved it extremely well. As you know, there are few bills which are more disputed in the House of Commons than these London Improvement Bills. His speech was very clear and business-like in its matter, and everything that could be wished in manner. The House was pleased and satisfied, and your friends and his will be much gratified by this happy commencement of his Ministerial career.”

He lost his seat in 1895, and has since been engaged in interesting work connected with the

North American Review. At my request he published in 1901 a volume of poems which, perhaps from paternal partiality, I much admired. I was agreeably surprised at the favourable reception they met with, because I feared, as I told him, that no poetry which I could understand would at the present time be acceptable. It seems to me that obscurity is now considered essential in good poetry. But for my own part, so long as I can read and enjoy Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, and Pope, I can bear the reproach of not understanding much that is written by the favourite poets of to-day. I will only add that he is most happy in his married life,¹ and has two charming little children, the greatest blessings any man need aspire to.

After Eton, he went up to Balliol in 1876. By the Master's advice he read for a month with Mr. Bell, an Oxford tutor, previous to the examination which every candidate has to undergo before being admitted into the College. I went down to Oxford for it, and was with Mr. Bell when George rushed in with the papers containing the questions that had been put to him and his replies. Mr. Bell, as he perused them, made such remarks as the following: "Surely you did not make this answer?" "How often did I warn you not to make this mistake?" Whereupon Mrs. Bell, having a kind heart, could not help exclaiming, "My dear, what

¹ He married, in 1898, Cicely, the youngest daughter of the eighth Lord Monson.

is the use of crying over spilt milk?" My relief was therefore great when I learnt that George had passed through his examination with flying colours, being placed first in the list of the candidates.

Dr. Jowett took a lively interest in him, which he proved by asking him to stay with him at Malvern during some part of two vacations in order that he might coach him. On one of these occasions I paid him an enjoyable visit, when I first became really acquainted with the Master. I remember that we had some disputes about politics, but they were so friendly that they rather confirmed than impeded our friendship. He was extremely open-minded and liked to hear both sides of a question. I never could agree with him in his admiration of Mr. Disraeli, or in his unfavourable opinion of Mr. Gladstone. Although talking very little, he was agreeable. His remarks were always pointed, and he could compress an argument into a few words. Mrs. Grote sometimes became impatient with his silence. Inviting him one day to meet at dinner a few of the cleverest men of the day, she said to him, "Master, I insist on your taking a share in the conversation. Nobody is more capable of doing so, and there you remain silent whilst other people talk." Upon which he pleaded in his squeaky little voice that he was "a very good listener." He enjoyed the company of the pretty women whom he invited to Balliol, but I never heard of his being in love. One day a young lady told him it would make her so happy

if he would marry her. Upon which he assured her that he was much touched by her proposal, but that he could not entertain it as he had long given up all thoughts of matrimony. She hastened to explain that she was engaged to some one else, and that she had only ventured to ask him to perform the ceremony.

The Master was in the habit of giving week-end parties, to which he invited a number of distinguished persons, both men and women, and many of the leading dons met at his table, irrespective of differences of opinion, the High Churchman Dr. Liddon and the Broad Churchman Dean Stanley being frequently his guests. I often had the honour of being asked to these parties, but of course more rarely after my son left Oxford.

Among the many remarkable men I met there was Browning. At one party he and I were the only men, which brought us into close contact. He was in high spirits, and at luncheon became rather boisterous. He afterwards said to me, "I know I am too noisy, but I cannot help it." I perhaps somewhat unadvisedly urged him not to control nature, for the absence of all *pose* in so celebrated a poet seemed to me most refreshing. I certainly on one occasion wished he had been more controlled. I had become acquainted at Paris with Monsieur Lanfrey, the author of the *History of Napoleon*, a work I greatly admired. He soon afterwards came to England, when he did me the honour of dining with me. I had consulted my

sister-in-law, Lady Marian Alford, who promised to meet him, as to whom else I should invite. She suggested Browning, who, she said, besides being an author of great repute, spoke French admirably. He came, was very noisy, and spoke the most abominable French. He was very unlike my foreign guest, who was silent and retiring, and in this respect unlike the majority of his countrymen. They too often resemble a young Frenchman who, coming to reside in England, received the following advice from his father : “ *Tu es bête et tu n'es pas beau ; sois insolent, c'est ta seule chance,* ”—a recommendation he dutifully followed.

I also met at Balliol the poet and philosopher Mr. Matthew Arnold. The occasion was some function for which Archbishop Tait had come there on a visit. He then preached a most touching sermon, in which he referred in a very feeling manner to the events of his life since he had left college. The chapel was crammed, and being fatigued, I sat down on the altar steps during the service, when the congregation were standing up. On leaving the chapel Mr. Arnold whispered to me how much he admired my courage in disregarding conventionality, and that he had wished to imitate me, but as he was the son of a clergyman it was impossible. Till then I was not aware that he allowed that circumstance to constrain him. On the contrary, I admired the freedom he allowed himself in all such matters.

The following amusing incident occurred to him once at Paris. My brother, who was President of the Council, had commissioned Mr. Arnold when a school inspector to go to France to report upon its educational system. Mr. Arnold was dissatisfied with the allowance for his travelling expenses, but as the Treasury would sanction no more, he was obliged to be content with it. I happened to be in Paris at that time, when, going to dine with a friend at the most expensive restaurant, I perceived Mr. Arnold dining alone. I went up to shake hands with him, when I was surprised to perceive the fare that was before him. It seems that he referred to this incident in a letter to his wife. He said that, having lived most abstemiously and economically during his journey, he was determined before leaving France to give himself a good blow-out. He consequently went to the most famous restaurant, where he ordered a capital repast. He added that he was rather put out by seeing me, whom he took for my brother, enter the room and look as he thought astonished at seeing what a sumptuous dinner he was eating. He added that Lord Granville must have become then convinced that the sum allowed him was insufficient for his expenses.

HOLMBURY

FROM 1870 ONWARDS

IT had long been my wish to possess a home in the country, and in 1870 I was advised to buy Holmbury, in the Surrey hills, where I at present reside. My ambition had always been to live in some spot which commanded an extensive view, and at Holmbury I found one of surpassing beauty. The house stands on the slope of a high hill, which protects it from the north and east, and nearly the whole of Sussex lies before it. The beautiful outlines of the South Downs form the horizon, and the extensive plain beneath is mostly covered with woods. There was a beautiful Lady Foley who used to say that she had no doubt there were better-looking women than herself, but she had not seen one. So I say that there may be finer views in the South of England than that which I and my near neighbours enjoy in Surrey, but I have not seen one. We are of course rather jealous of each other's views, but I settle the matter by saying that every one of us thinks his own view the best. Some time ago the present Lord Tennyson paid me a visit, and on departing

told Miss Mary Boyle that he was greatly relieved by finding my view so inferior to theirs at Aldworth. On the other hand, his father, when staying here with Sir James Knowles,¹ who had become my tenant, was found by his host pacing up and down my terrace, exclaiming, "This view beats mine hollow." The truth is that the beauty of such an extensive view depends so much on the lights and shadows of the moment.

It was my good fortune during the first twenty years of my life at Holmbury to receive there an infinite number of most distinguished guests. I can claim little credit for it, as it was due to a variety of circumstances. My brother delighted in the place, and often came with his dear wife, the second Lady Granville, to stay with me. His genial manners and agreeable conversation, and, I may add, his political position, made people only too glad to meet him. To please him, who was fond of going to races, I gave Derby parties during some successive years. Epsom was as distant from Holmbury as from London, but the road to it was through charming country, and was not inconveniently crowded. Some of my friends drove and others rode. I rarely attended the races, but often accompanied my guests most of the way on horseback. The Spencers were generally at these parties, and once the Westminsters. I remember riding with the Duke nearly as far as

¹ The founder and present editor and proprietor of *The Nineteenth Century*.

Epsom, and that on parting with him I called at the Rookery, that pretty house near Dorking, which was formerly occupied by the Economist Malthus, but had become the property of Mr. Fuller, with whom I had recently made acquaintance. The men were all gone to the races, but I found a number of ladies at luncheon, who civilly made room for me at their table. A land surveyor called Mr. Simpson was expected that day, and they took me for him. They consequently addressed me by that name.—“Mr. Simpson, may I help you to some potatoes?” or “Here is the mustard, Mr. Simpson.”—Being rather deaf, I did not hear this at the time, and so did not undeceive them; but my hostess, whom I had never seen before, but who had read my card, did so, and told them my name. Upon this one of the party said that a kinsman and namesake of mine was a great friend of hers, and she would be glad if I would give her some news of him. I had to confess that, although I had heard of him, I had never seen him. I fancied that upon this all around became less cordial, until I wondered whether they took me for some swindler who had introduced himself into the house under a false name. Luckily, an old lady asked me after the lapse of some minutes whether we had not met twenty years before at Coolhurst, the residence of my relatives, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Dickins. My reply satisfied her, and I left the house with my character rehabilitated. The thought of this little adventure made me

smile as I rode home through the lovely woods which cover Leith Hill.

Lady Marian Alford was one of my relations whom every one was anxious to meet. She frequently paid me long visits, and was often accompanied by her great friend, Miss Mary Boyle. No party could be dull of which they formed a part. Miss Boyle used to say, "After all, there is no place like home—bury." I do not know whether I am justified in stating what I felt about my sister-in-law. Her unbounded kindness to me from the moment we became connected might well make me take a too favourable view of her, but I do not think this is the case, as she was much esteemed and beloved, not only by her relatives but by every one who knew her. She was most generous. To see suffering in others seemed to give her almost physical pain, and this sometimes led her to befriend people who scarcely deserved it, particularly as she did not discriminate character very well. This and her splendid hospitality entailed upon her embarrassments from which she ought to have been free. She was extravagant as well as generous, which is a rare combination. The spendthrifts are generally selfish. A friend one day warned her against burning the candle at both ends, when she parried him by observing that surely that was the way to make both ends meet.

I will give the following instance of her generosity. When staying with her one winter at Rome I

wished to take Italian lessons, and I asked Dr. Pantaleone, a Liberal politician and a favourite physician among the English, to recommend an instructor. He told me of a young Italian who he said would answer my purpose. He was clever, very well informed, and could speak English. He was in needy circumstances, owing to his advanced political opinions, and had been shipwrecked on his way from Leghorn, when he lost his portmanteau and, among other things, a number of manuscripts. He subsequently attempted to drown himself in the Tiber. His lessons gave me satisfaction, but he appeared sadly depressed, which I attributed to his poverty and other misfortunes. Lady Marian took an interest in him, and desired to help him. She would not offer him money for fear of offending him, but proposed to find him some employment at her expense. It happened at that time that Gibson, the sculptor, was engaged for Lady Marian on a statue of Pandora. The question arose whether she should hold in her hands a casket or a vase. In England we talk of Pandora's box, but in Italy she is represented with a vase. The Italian undertook to write a memorandum on the subject, but said it was an arduous task, which would take some time. Two months after my departure he brought his memorandum, which was worthless except in his own eyes. He charged about two hundred pounds, and pleaded as his excuse for its being so large a sum the time he had employed, the books he had purchased, the journeys he had

undertaken, and his interviews with learned men. Of course, Lady Marian refused to pay him such a considerable amount. He then actually threatened a lawsuit, but the matter ended by her making him a small present, which she did as she thought he was mad.

Punctuality was not one of her merits. As she was one day taking her departure from Holmbury, she proposed to the late Mr. Edward Cheney to accompany her to the station. When they arrived they found they had missed the train, upon which Mr. Cheney, being rather put out, asked her footman whether she was ever in time for the train. He drew himself up and said, "Her ladyship is always in time for the next train."

She was very fond of society, and both in London and—during her eldest son's life and until her second son's (the present Earl Brownlow's) marriage—at Ashridge and Belton, received a good deal, bringing together the best company. She herself was well informed, particularly on subjects of Art, and if she had devoted herself to any one branch of it might have become an excellent artist. Her conversation was brilliant and she was quick at repartee. I have known cleverer women, but hardly any one who united in herself so much to make her society prized. As a hostess she had one failing, which arose from her extreme good-nature. She invited people to her parties in order to give them pleasure without reflecting whether they were well suited to her other guests. She

had another disadvantage, one I have often observed in persons who talk well, which was that no one ever bored her. A silent person has not the same weapons to keep a bore in check.

She took a great interest in her son's estates, and was most kind to the poor people upon them. One of her favourites was the head gamekeeper at Ashridge, who had begun life as a soldier and who often entertained us with his quaint and blunt sayings. When the volunteers were first started, Lady Marian asked him to join the corps. The next morning he came up to her and said, "I understand that if the enemy landed we should have to go and meet them. That, my lady, would be rather awkward, in the egg season." He used to call out to the beaters, "Circulate yourselves, my boys." What he meant by it was not quite clear, but it was probably an order to spread themselves out. An amusing incident happened one day when we were shooting partridges at Ashridge. Count Szechenyi, a pleasing Hungarian, slightly shot one of the beaters. This made him say to Lady Marian at dinner that he was grieved to have shot a peasant. She understood him to say a pheasant, and that he was apologising for having shot one in September. So she said, "Never mind, we'll eat him."

An extract from one of Mrs. Grote's letters will show in what estimation Lady Marian was held :

"I have for some years almost renounced society, except such as I can enjoy within our own

modest circle in this cottage. But, out of this circle, there *was one* person whose acquaintance it was my earnest wish to make, and I had even made some endeavours to that end, though without fruit. You will judge of my satisfaction when I add that the lady in question is Lady Marian Alford. Few among the unknown of my countrywomen have been so often the subject of my thoughts as she, and it is a most singular as well as fortunate chance that her real self should emerge from 'the wilds' I behold from my windows!"

Few visits gave me more pleasure than that paid me in 1874 by the Prince and Princess of Roumania, who are now King and Queen of that country. I fancy he came to England in order to obtain support in the crisis in Eastern politics which was then approaching. He was disappointed at not seeing our Foreign Minister, Lord Derby, who had left London.

The Princess, when staying as a young girl at Mentone with her aunt, the Princess of Waldeck, had made the acquaintance of Lady Marian, who was much charmed with her. They had congenial tastes, and became fast friends. Soon after her arrival in England the Princess came to Holmbury in order to see her. She was already well known as one of the most accomplished women in Europe, and as a graceful writer under the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva in prose and verse. She at once captivated the small party she found in my house. Her enthusiasm, tempered by gaiety, was contagious, and so were her shouts

of laughter when at lawn-tennis she failed to return the ball. She had never before been in England, but spoke English perfectly, and was well acquainted with our literature. I remember the joy she expressed when Lady Marian told her she would invite Carlyle to meet her on her return to London.—“Is it possible that I shall have lived to have the pleasure of seeing that great man?”

We were also much pleased with her sensible and intelligent husband, and formed an opinion of him which has been more than confirmed by his subsequent noble career. He talked much about his adopted country. I ventured to put in a word for the Jews, who were there so much ill-used. He said he lamented it, but that it was hard to cope with it, as the hatred they inspired was much to be accounted for by their own conduct, and that they were very inferior to the Jews in the West of Europe. I thereupon suggested that persecution does not improve character.

During the 'sixties the Gladstones occasionally dined with me, and I often met them in other houses, but my first real intimacy with Mr. Gladstone arose from the following circumstance. Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, was his great friend and admirer, and he and Mrs. Gladstone were her constant visitors both at Cliveden and Chiswick. I was frequently asked to meet them, and thus arose my friendship with him, which lasted as long as he lived. He stayed with me after I settled at my Surrey home at least once a year. My

brother was generally of the party, and some of his other intimate friends. But Mr. Gladstone did not mind whom he met. He was courteous to every one, and listened as attentively to a young curate as to a Cabinet Minister or a distinguished author. He greatly admired the surrounding scenery and the fine specimens of trees which were to be found in the neighbourhood, which I took him long distances to see. He also delighted, as is well known, in cutting down trees, which he did several times at Holmbury. After the first occasion my gardener came to inform me that my neighbours were much displeased with me. They thought it most unkind of me not to have given them the opportunity of witnessing the performance. I cannot say whether my illustrious guest would have objected to their presence. I fancy not.

In the year 1880 I received a small but very distinguished party. Besides my brother and Mr. Lowell, it comprised the three greatest orators in England, Mr. Gladstone, the late Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Bright. I much regret that on many occasions, particularly on this, I did not make notes of the conversation. I remember that on various subjects there was an exhilarating difference of opinion. Mr. Bright disputed with Mr. Lowell as to the correct use of words, and criticised the Americans in this respect. Mr. Lowell, though always gracious, even affectionate, in reference to England, was very touchy about his own country.

When Mr. Gladstone talked to him of his American fellow subjects, he resented it, and observed, "There are no subjects in our country—we are all citizens." He seemed pleased one morning on entering the drawing-room to find Mr. Bright reading to us his beautiful lines on the death of Lincoln, whom I was surprised to hear he had never seen. Mr. Bright said to him, "You need not listen; this will not interest you."

The Duke of Argyll contradicted every one, but in so racy a manner that it was a pleasure to listen to him. I liked him much, and always lamented that his many great qualities should be occasionally marred by what I considered a want of judgment. I did not mind his self-assertion, which was innate and not assumed, and I always felt much admiration for him.

Mr. Gladstone was of course the life and soul of the party. He listened to every one and added something to every topic that was raised. He was always light in hand, and his talk was more concise than his speeches or his writings.

I once showed with pride to a pert young lady the page in my visiting-book on which my illustrious guests had written their names. All she observed was that the initials of their names formed the word *gab*, of which no one could deny them the gift.

Mr. G. was one of the most amiable men I ever knew. He always put the best construction on the actions of others. Indeed, he was inclined to

rate too highly the merits of those whom he liked, which led him to place more confidence in some of them than they deserved. He was, moreover, unaffectedly humble. After his most distinguished career at Oxford he retained the most modest opinion of his social position, and he never put an undue value on himself; indeed, he undervalued himself. My mother, when Ambassador at Paris, mentions in a letter to her sister his having dined at the Embassy. I once asked him whether he remembered having done so. "Of course I do," he replied, "as it was the first large dinner I ever attended, not having up to that time mixed in London society." He offered to show me the passage in his diary which referred to it. He could not find it, although, in spite of my remonstrance, he spent an hour in looking for it. A year afterwards he wrote to me that he had at last found it. I know no one else who would give himself so much trouble to comply with such a slight request. He describes in his diary the awe with which he went to that dinner, which he says was not lessened when he was made to sit between my mother and my eldest sister, a position to which he felt he was not entitled. But he adds that his two neighbours treated him so kindly that he got reconciled to it.

For many years, even after he had obtained high office and had become one of the leading statesmen of the day, I could with difficulty persuade him at any dinner party to leave the dining-

room before me, because he ranked lower in the table of precedence.

He always had both in political and social matters certain Conservative leanings. He was opposed to the proposed repeal of the law of primogeniture in the case of intestacy, about which I ventured to argue with him, and to which I believe he afterwards became a convert. He always allowed me to speak freely to him, of which the following is an amusing instance. Mrs. Gladstone thought he was inclined to eat more fruit than was good for him, which one day, when, after a long walk, he was vigorously attacking my gooseberry bushes, made me say to him that I was expecting a number of guests who were fond of the fruit, and that I was afraid that he would not leave enough for them. I do not know whether he thought me serious, but he at once desisted. Mrs. Gladstone thanked me.

One day he suddenly asked me whether I considered him ambitious. I said I thought him very keen to carry out his own policy, but not ambitious with regard to his personal position—at least, less so than most of those who were similarly situated. He was much pleased, and said I had judged him rightly, but he added, smiling, that he feared some of his friends would not agree with me.

I was at Hawarden just before I made a tour in Sicily. He then lent me a description he had written of his trip there when a young man. He

said that few persons had ever read it—only some members of his family and Mr. Murray, who made extracts from it in his guide-book. I thought it delightful, the style being more simple than his later writings. It was full of the most interesting accounts of the condition of the island in both classical and modern times. He wrote with enthusiasm of the scenery, and gave amusing descriptions of some of his adventures. It certainly ought to be published. His companion was Mr. Arthur Kinnaird, an early friend with whom he seemed to be on the best of terms. Yet there never were two individuals who appeared so different. But perhaps in a *tête-à-tête* journey, as in matrimony, a difference of opinion and character may occasionally relieve monotony.

There are slight indications in that journal that the mind of Mr. Gladstone was already at that early age drifting towards Liberal opinions. He hotly denounced the Neapolitan system of government, of course little foreseeing how much he would in later life contribute to its downfall. On my return he asked me many things about my trip, and was scandalised to hear that I had not attempted the ascent of Mount Etna. Considering that I was then nearer seventy than sixty, and that the time of year was mid-winter, the omission seemed to me excusable.

During one of his visits, when he was unpopular with the Irish, the Home Secretary sent down a detective to look after his safety. This annoyed

him considerably, and he refused to let the man accompany him. I, however, compromised the matter, and got him to allow him to sit on the box of the carriage when it was known where he was going, whether to church or the station, when alone there was any danger to be apprehended.

The following anecdote may amuse my readers. Mrs. Gladstone, coming one day out of church at Ewhurst, went up to an old man in a smock-frock, which is still worn by some old people, and said to him: "I like to see that old smock-frock. It reminds me of old days. Have you been to church?"—"Yes, ma'am."—"Do you know who was in church?"—"No, ma'am."—"Mr. Gladstone was in church."—"Was he, ma'am?"—"You have heard of Mr. Gladstone?"—"Never, ma'am."

This reminds me of another instance of unrecognised greatness. Monsieur Thiers, when travelling in France, paid a visit to an old school-fellow, who was living in some out-of-the-way place, when he asked him whether he remembered a boy of the name of Thiers at the school at Marseilles. At first he did not, but presently said:

"Le petit Adolphe Thiers? N'était-ce pas un petit gamin qui faisait toujours des niches¹?"

"Eh bien, c'était moi."

"Et depuis, qu'est-ce que vous avez fait?"

"Bien de choses. Entre autres, j'ai été Ministre."

¹ *Niches* = tricks.

" *Protestant ?* "

Sur quoi l'homme d'État s'écrie, " Voilà la renommée ! "

It would be an endless undertaking to describe all the agreeable people who visited me. I have already mentioned Mr. Lowell, who came constantly to Holmbury. To have gained the friendship of such a distinguished man, of whom his countrymen were so justly proud and who had become so great a favourite in England, gratified me exceedingly. At the risk of being thought egotistical I am induced to here insert the following graceful lines, which were written when he was unable to pay me a visit, and which show that he reciprocated my feeling of friendship for him :

How gladly would I, if I might,
My Wheaton's dreary tome bury,
And hasten with the lessening light
To the warm arms of Holmbury !

Homebury's the spelling I prefer ;
Oh, could I make a bee-line
Thither, to curl me up and purr
With comfort more than feline !

Alas, it cannot be, for I
Am pinioned here in London,
A male Andromeda, to sigh
That pledges can't be undone !

His view is Leveson's chiefest boast,
Unconscious that the part of it
His guests see gladliest is their host,
The sunshine at the heart of it ;

The friendly voice, the manners bland,
 The culture—not too much of it—
 I must forego, the honest hand,
 With welcome in the touch of it ;

Across the void that hand I press,
 And think, the surest rental man,
 Mocking at Land Leagues, is the cess
 All true hearts pay a gentleman.

Mr. Lowell thus wrote to me afterwards about them : “ You ought to have put my poor verses into your waste-basket. I will write to you some better ones one of these days.” He may have judged them rightly, but at all events, they gave me much pleasure.

Bishop Wilberforce was more than once my guest. He was the most agreeable man I ever knew, combining in himself so many qualities conducive to agreeableness, adequate knowledge, great tact, infinity of fun and a charming manner. In July, 1873, I asked him to come and meet the Gladstones and the Granvilles. He accepted, and arranged to ride with my brother over the downs from Leatherhead, which is fifteen miles off. I did not like the idea of this long ride in the great heat which then prevailed, but he would not listen to me, and declared his unwillingness to give up what he had been looking forward to with so much pleasure. When the dinner hour approached I was wondering why they did not arrive. I went up to dress, and was soon afterwards informed that my brother's groom was downstairs and wished to see me. Much alarmed,

I ran down the stairs to learn what had happened, and the groom told me the terrible news that the Bishop had been thrown from his horse, that he left him unconscious, and did not know whether he was alive or dead. We sat through dinner without any one uttering a word. At dessert-time my brother entered the room with a look of the deepest dejection, and merely said, "It is all over; it was instantaneous death." My brother had gone through the most dreadful ordeal. He had to send away the groom to order some conveyance, and was left alone with the Bishop, hoping against hope that life was not extinct. The body was conveyed to Abinger Hall, Lord Farrer's house, which was not far off. It may be imagined how much shocked was our small party, which included Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop's attached friend, and Canon Sapte, who had been his chaplain and was devoted to him. I was afterwards told that the Bishop had always wished to meet with a sudden death, a feeling I cannot understand, as I myself shall feel anxious before I die to take an affectionate leave of those I love.

I had a curious conversation one day with the Bishop at a dinner when, after the ladies had left the dining-room, I sat next to him. He asked me whether I thought it wrong to wish for any one's death.

"That appears to me a question of which you are a much better judge than myself. It, however, seems to me that if you in *no way* contribute to the

death, the wish for it may not be blamable. But might I ask you why you put the question?"

"The reason is that I do wish for somebody's death, but I have some misgivings whether I ought to do so."

"Might I ask you whose death you desire?"

"Certainly. I wish for the Pope's death."

"Poor old man! Why do you wish him dead?"

"From no feeling of hostility to him, but because I am convinced that if his life be prolonged he will make my brother-in-law Manning a Cardinal, which will be bad for him and bad for other people."

The Pope did live on and made Manning a Cardinal, and people will differ whether the Bishop's anticipations were fulfilled.

Mr. Gladstone was intensely interested in Mr. Purcell's *Life of the Cardinal*, which he, contrary to the general opinion, thought on the whole took a favourable view of his character, although he admitted that it did not do so in some respects.

What struck me in Mr. Gladstone was the intense interest he always took in the book he was reading at the moment, whatever the subject might be, whether fiction or history, philosophy or divinity. If he did not like a book, he left off reading it. If he liked it, it engrossed him.

I formed a friendship with Baron Hübner, whose name I am unwilling to omit from these recollections. He was said to be connected with Prince Metternich; at all events, he advanced rapidly in diplomacy. It was to him, as Austrian

Ambassador, that Louis Napoleon addressed in 1859 his memorable speech which was tantamount to a declaration of war. Since then the Baron held no other diplomatic appointment, but he received the title of Count. He lived much in England, where his society was highly prized. He wrote several delightful books of travel, describing the journeys he took just before and after he became eighty in every quarter of the world. It was gratifying to his English friends that, although an Ultramontane Catholic and a Reactionary, he expressed great admiration of our countrymen and of their achievements in every part of the Empire. It was amusing to hear him and Sir James Lacaita at one of our Breakfast Club gatherings discuss their early experiences. The Baron was appointed Commissioner at Milan just before its evacuation by the Austrians. When they left he was arrested and put under surveillance. The Baron said: "Your friends the Liberals kept me under surveillance for a hundred days." To which Sir James replied: "That is better than two days in a Neapolitan prison, which I owed to your friend Bomba."¹ How much improved were the times, when two men holding such opposite views could thus pleasantly chaff each other.

One day Lady Eastlake² brought Madame Mohl to luncheon, whose salon in Paris was so much

¹ The nickname of the last of the Bourbon kings of Naples.

² An accomplished authoress, and the widow of Sir Charles Eastlake, then President of the Academy.

frequented by English visitors. It was a glorious day—all Nature smiling—when, stepping out on to the terrace, she gazed on the lovely scene before her and exclaimed, “How sorry you will be to die!” My answer was: “My consolation is that my son will in all probability survive me.” Her mind was said to be then failing, but I saw in her enough to make me understand how she became, with the help of her learned husband, so popular a *maîtresse de maison*.

My first introduction to Tennyson was at the Cosmopolitan Club, and I saw him afterwards, but not very frequently. I once lunched with him at Aldworth, and Mr. Knowles¹ invited me to meet him and the Gladstones at dinner in London. Being somewhat indisposed, he shirked the dinner, but in the evening sat in an adjoining room, where we all by turns went to pay our respects to him. If I remember right Cardinal Manning was of the party. The next morning I called upon Mr. Knowles to talk over some matters connected with his becoming my tenant at Holmbury. The eminent poet, who was staying with Mr. Knowles, hearing that I was in the house, expressed a wish to see me. In the course of our conversation he suddenly exclaimed that every time he met Mr. Gladstone confirmed him in the opinion that he was the most delightful person he ever knew. “But I hate his politics and his dealings with the Irish,

¹ Now Sir James Knowles.

all of whom I wish were at the bottom of the sea.”—"Not all," I said; and added, pointing to his charming daughter-in-law, the present Lady Tennyson,¹ who was listening to us, "Surely you would except her."—"Of course I would, as I love her dearly, but I cannot admit that she is an Irishwoman."—Certainly the Boyles are always looked upon as Irish, although the founder of the family, the first Earl of Cork, was an Englishman.

I need hardly say that Tennyson's outbreak against the Irish must not be taken too seriously.

Mr. Grote, the Greek historian, and his wife were my near neighbours in the country. She fully deserved her reputation of being an admirable talker. What she said was interesting, original and amusing. She was thought by some to be too downright. She was amiable and very gracious to me. This made the ill-natured say she won me by flattery—which is possible, because I like flattery if it comes from a clever person and if it can have no unworthy motive. Besides, to be called "my young man over the hill" is not displeasing to some one who has passed his fiftieth year. During their early married life the Grotes were the incarnation of Radicalism, but by the time I knew them they had much modified their views. He went the length of saying that he had come to have some misgiving about the adoption of the Ballot at elections, of which he had been the chief promoter.

¹ She was a Boyle, a descendant of the seventh Earl of Cork.

Mrs. Grote had certainly a respect for rank. I asked her one day whether she saw much of a neighbouring baronet.—“How could I? He is an Irvingite!”—“But so is your great friend the Duke of Northumberland.”—“Oh, that is quite another story.”—So a Duke may hold opinions which a Baronet may not. She was fond of chaff. One day Mr. Reeve complained of the road leading up to her house being so steep that his fly could hardly get up it. Upon which she remarked that he had probably with him the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was the editor. On another day they had a dispute about some international question, which made him sarcastically exclaim, “Another Grotius!” She at once replied, “Another Puffendorf!”—a name well suited to his portly person.

Mrs. Grote paid me several visits at Holmbury. On one of these occasions a touching incident occurred. My neighbour and relative Lady Macdonald was making an afternoon call, when I rather disturbed her by telling her that Mrs. Grote was my guest. At that moment Mrs. Grote stepped in from the garden, when, recognising one another, they at once threw themselves into each other's arms, and then sat together on the sofa, recounting all their youthful recollections. Nearly sixty years before they had been bosom friends. They had never since met, and they never saw each other again.

It was my good fortune to have another near

neighbour, Mr. Farrer, to whom I have already referred as a pupil of Mr. Plunkett. We agreed upon most topics. We both lamented the undue spirit of aggrandisement which has lately been so detrimental to the country, and it would have much grieved him to witness the revival of Protectionist fallacies. He was the permanent Under-Secretary of the Board of Trade when Mr. Chamberlain became its President. He was charmed with him, but was surprised to find how ignorant he was of all economic questions. At the same time, he was struck by his adroitness in assimilating and reproducing arguments which he did not understand. This was said when Mr. Chamberlain still professed to be a Free Trader.

Farrer was much attached to his brother-in-law Lord Iddesleigh. He had the highest opinion of his ability, industry and good sense, as well as of his many amiable qualities. But in one respect he had some misgiving. He feared that when he became the Leader in the House of Commons, he would not have sufficient backbone for such a position, which certainly proved to be the case.

CONCLUSION

MY son started in 1886 with his friend Mr. Shoobridge to make a tour in India and Java. They wished me to accompany them, but I felt too old to undertake so long a journey, and feared I should be a burden to them. They were to be away seven months, which was a long separation from my son, from whom I had never been parted for more than a few weeks. Nevertheless, I was glad that they were going, as I remembered with what pleasure in after life I looked back to my own journey to India. I decided, in order to distract myself in his absence, to visit a number of countries which I regretted never to have seen. In accordance with the rule I have laid down I will not attempt to describe the various places I went to. Such descriptions should be made on the spot, and certainly not after the lapse of many years. But it would be difficult to make any other tour which would comprise more exquisite scenery and more interesting towns. The view which during my journey enchanted me most was perhaps that from the plain which lies above Patras, on the Gulf of Corinth.

My dear nieces, the two Miss Pitts, consented

to accompany me during the first part of my journey. We spent two months in Sicily, one of them at Palermo and the other at different places in the island. We saw all that is worth seeing except the Temple of Segeste and the ruins of Selinonte, which we could not well manage at that time of the year. A friend of mine was nearly drowned on his way to the Temple of Pegeste. The ten days we passed at Taorminia were very enjoyable. Thence we went to Naples, where we divided our time between it and its enchanting environs. We found that the following incident had occurred at our hotel since we had left it on our way out. The waiters had one day all struck work, leaving the manager with his house full of guests with nobody to wait upon them. He said the guests very good-naturedly submitted to great inconvenience, and he did his best, with the help of some friends, to cope with the difficulty. However, this state of things could not last ; and being a man of resource, he saw his way to meet it. He read in the newspapers an account of the dreadful earthquake which had desolated the Riviera and destroyed many hotels there, and at once telegraphed to Mentone to desire that a number of the waiters who had lost their employment should be sent off to Naples by the next steamer. They arrived the next morning to take the place of those who had struck. The new-comers were all Germans, and the manager declared he would never again employ Italians. The latter were not

to be relied upon, and some of them had more than once threatened to stab him. This is a terrible blot on the Italian character. The Armstrong Company, of which I am a director, had great difficulty when they first established their works at Pozzuoli in dealing with their Italian workmen. The first manager, a Swiss, told me that among the workmen assassinations were frequent. I was glad to find subsequently that these were not assassinations, but cases of stabbing, which did not prove fatal, though this was bad enough. By degrees a superior class of men have been obtained, who, being well paid, and therefore contented, give no trouble, their efficiency being so great that eight hundred men now do as much work as twelve hundred did formerly.

My nieces, to my great regret, took leave of me about the middle of April 1887. I was then most hospitably received by the late Mr. George Rendel (brother of Lord Rendel) and his amiable wife at their enchanting Villa Marival, near Naples. This was formerly known by the name of Villa Strachan, having belonged to Lady Strachan, the widow of Sir Richard. She became the *chère amie* of Lord Hertford, Croker's friend, whom Thackeray satirised in *Vanity Fair*. The following squib, upon the disastrous Walcheren expedition, has immortalised Sir Richard :

The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan ;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Mr. George Rendel was an able and charming man, whose friendship I greatly valued.

From Naples I went to Leocaspide, Sir James Lacaita's country residence near Taranto. It is a most captivating abode, situated in a vast plain full of ravines, and carpeted with wild flowers, with a distant view of the Calabrian Mountains and with glimpses of the beautifully blue sea. The house, which is built upon the ruins of an old convent, had an imposing appearance as I approached it, looking like some important public building. When I said this to Sir James he told me that his friends called it "*L'impostura.*" It was pleasant to lounge in the extensive loggia in front of the house when warmed by the mid-day sun, but at night it was bitterly cold, with only feeble contrivances to warm it. The arrangements were primitive and the life of the master patriarchal. Part of his domain was formerly owned by his family, which, to his great satisfaction, he was able to repurchase. He said there was a farm in the neighbourhood which belonged to a man who was directly descended from some one bearing the same name who possessed it in Cicero's time, and is mentioned in that author's *Letters*. We paid some formal visits to some proprietors living on estates which they had also inherited from a long line of ancestors. They rarely left their homes, knew little of the outer world, and only cared for their own domestic concerns. They took no heed of the wars and revolutions which

had so constantly agitated their country, and were chiefly anxious about the price of olives, which varied so much in different seasons. One day a large gathering of purchasers came to Leocaspide in order to fix the price of the year's crop. They argued about it a good deal, and it was only after having been well feasted the whole day that in the evening they made an offer which the proprietor was ready to accept. This is a primitive way of transacting business.

Sir James's career was a remarkable one. Bred up to the law, he in early life became known for his ability and great love of literature. Having, moreover, charming manners, he was a great favourite with the English colony at Naples. Holding Liberal opinions, he became suspected by the Neapolitan Government, who arrested him and charged him with being a member of some secret society. This he said he had never been, although in his opinion, under existing circumstances, it would have been quite justifiable. The only evidence brought forward against him at the trial was a short note written by an English lady which the police had found among his papers. She had formed one of a party who, some time before, had gone with Sir James on a tour in the neighbourhood of Naples. It seems they had agreed to call themselves a republic, as they would have no leader, but every one was to have a voice as to their plans. The expedition was enjoyable, and the lady in the note referred to

merely suggested that they should get up another "republic." His judges considered this conclusive proof of his guilt. In vain he explained to them the true circumstances. They would not believe his story, and sent him to prison, where he would probably have remained some years if his friend, Sir William Temple, then our Minister at Naples, had not induced the Government to commute his sentence of imprisonment into one of banishment. His subsequent life is well known—how he settled in England, and how he became the friend of Mr. Gladstone, who appointed him his secretary on his expedition to the Ionian Islands, and in subsequent years consulted him much on Italian affairs. At the request of his friend, the Duke of Devonshire, he undertook to make a catalogue of the splendid collection of books in the Chatsworth library. Ultimately he was created a Senator of his native land. He paid me several visits at Holmbury, where he was always welcome, and was very happy, playing all sorts of pranks with my son.

The last time I saw him was at Florence, where I found him very ill. He asked me to stay on with him, which I have since regretted that I was unable to do, as I never saw him again. I told him in the course of conversation that my portmanteau had been opened in the train from Rome and some of my things had been stolen, and I asked him whether he knew any of the directors of the railway, from whom I could

obtain redress ; upon which he confessed that he was himself a director, but that he could not help me. He had often urged his colleagues to adopt some simple precautions against such robberies, but they would do nothing. They evidently were unwilling to interfere with what they considered the proper perquisites of their employés.

My next move was to Athens, by way of Brindisi and Corfu. I stayed some days in that enchanting island. To call it fairyland is scarcely adequate praise. Thence I went to Athens, where I found my old friend, Sir Horace Rumbold, and his agreeable wife. I have known him ever since he and his brother, when children, ran about the Paris Embassy. He did his utmost to make my stay at Athens pleasant. He introduced me to Monsieur Tricoupi, who was then Prime Minister, with whom one evening I had an interesting interview. He talked chiefly about English politics, concerning which our views differed, but on all subjects he seemed to me open-minded. The Greeks were at that time sore because Mr. Gladstone had lately refused to take certain strong measures which they desired. Monsieur Tricoupi himself spoke in the most friendly tone about England. He greatly admired Mr. Chamberlain, who had just before been received with nearly regal honours in Greece. He said he much honoured any one who was ready to give up his official position for the sake of his principles. I agreed, but added that possibly personal ambition

might have been Mr. Chamberlain's motive. Many will think his subsequent career has justified this doubt.

Sir Horace helped me in my sight-seeing, and persuaded me to go to Nauplia, an expedition I much enjoyed.

My next halt was Constantinople. To describe it is beyond my ability, and is outside the scope of these pages. All I will say is that no educated person who has it in his power to go there should omit to do so. Here again I met with much hospitality. Our Ambassador, Sir William White, had once come to Holmbury to meet Mr. Gladstone in order to talk over Balkan affairs. It was then the question of the day, with which Sir William was more conversant than anybody. My first impression of him was unfavourable. He arrived when dinner was nearly over, having walked more than four miles from the station in pelting rain, a boy carrying his carpet-bag. He had refused to use the fly which I had ordered to meet him because he thought the charge was too high, and he left me under the impression that my order had not been carried out. I tell this story as a curious instance of the tendency of many to act upon the maxim that if you take care of the pence the pounds will take care of themselves. But I would rather say, "Take care of the pounds, and the pence will take care of themselves." Many men will be generous in large matters, but are very penurious in small

things. I have known well-to-do men who prefer an omnibus to a cab in order to save a few pence. I never heard Sir William blamed for stinginess, but yet he was ready to walk nearly five miles in drenching rain rather than pay the flyman a shilling more than what he thought was his due.

Lord Westminster, the father of the late Duke, occasionally gave away large sums of money, but in trifles was ludicrously stingy. When one of his sons entered the Navy he asked his father to give him a watch.—“Why do you want one?”—“Because all the other middies have one.”—“In that case you do not need any, as you can always ascertain the hour from them.”—When building his house at Fonthill, his architect complained that, after having persuaded him in the morning not to spend a thousand pounds uselessly, they had nothing between them for dinner except one roast rabbit. There were many similar amusing stories told of his miserly proceedings. He would pay large prices for pictures, but it made him unhappy. One of his daughters once said to me—and she was not joking—“My poor father is much vexed because he has been tempted this morning to buy a picture for a greater sum than he can afford.”

His son, the late Duke of Westminster, was a very different man. It is true that when we travelled together in India he was inclined to follow his father's example. Although in delicate health, he would not take a servant on account of the expense, which made me take mine, who

attended upon him and nursed him in an illness. His tips, too, hardly amounted to what was expected of the son of one of the richest men in England. But this disposition entirely changed, and as he grew older he was noted for his munificent gifts. In every respect generous, he spared neither trouble nor money in assisting every deserving charity.

To return to Sir William White. While at Holmbury he was so natural and full of information, and his conversation was so extremely interesting, that before the conclusion of his visit we all got to like him much. At Constantinople he received me with open arms. He spoke feelingly of what he owed to my brother with regard to diplomatic promotion, saying that it was in consequence of his having sent him on a temporary Mission to Constantinople that he held the post he then occupied. He procured me facilities for sight-seeing; he gave me luncheon every day, and organised picnics to Therapia and the islands. He also drove me to the Sweet Waters, where the Turkish ladies were not sufficiently veiled to prevent our seeing their lovely black eyes, which he said beamed upon us in consequence of the presence of his *chasseur* on the box of our carriage. I never dined with him, as he only gave official dinners, a sensible plan for an overworked diplomatist. I did not lose by it, as Sir Drummond Wolff, who was at Constantinople on a special Mission, asked me to dine with him every day,

and twice invited me to large banquets at the Club. He was very entertaining, and we became great friends in spite of the persistent attacks he had made on my brother in the House of Commons, which I looked upon as being only in the way of business.

The kindness shown me by the various diplomats I came across during this tour was very gratifying, although I knew it was a good deal owing to the regard which they entertained for my brother, who had been for so many years their Chief. Besides those I have already mentioned were my cousin, Sir Frank Lascelles, at Bucharest, Mr. (now Sir William) Barrington at Pesth, Mr. Phipps at Vienna, and last but not least, Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet at Berlin. Frank Lascelles boarded me and would have lodged me, had his furniture all arrived from his last post, Sofia. Barrington shared his small apartment with me and took me about everywhere, introducing me to various notable Hungarians, amongst whom were the orator, Count Appony, and Professor Vambéry. The latter has passed his life in trying to bring about a quarrel between England and Russia, a most mischievous endeavour, although perhaps natural in a Hungarian. At Berlin I spent a whole week at the Embassy, which gave me time to see the principal sights of that interesting but unattractive town. The event of the week was the christening of the infant daughter of my friend and relative, Mr. Arthur Leveson Gower. It was a grand

affair, the Crown Princess and the Ambassadress being Godmothers. Afterwards there was a luncheon at the Embassy, at which I had the honour of sitting next to Her Royal Highness, who made herself very agreeable. I had previously been presented to her in London at a small afternoon party which my sister-in-law gave at Alford House, where she was accompanied by her husband and her son, the present Emperor. He was then about fourteen years old, and appeared to be a quiet and rather dull youth, an impression which has been much belied by his subsequent career.

After luncheon Lady Ermyntrude told me what an effort it had been for the Crown Princess to be present at it, as she had been informed that morning for the first time of the serious nature of her beloved husband's malady. But, on this as on every other occasion, she never shrank from performing anything she looked upon as a duty. I met her several times afterwards, twice at Homburg and once at Venice. The last time I saw her she alluded to our meeting at Berlin, and the painful circumstances in which it had occurred.

Sir Donald Currie in 1895 invited Mr. Gladstone to accompany him in his newly-built steamer, the *Tantallon Castle*, to witness the opening of the Kiel Canal. He was good enough, at Mr. Gladstone's instigation, to include me in the invitation. It was a delightful expedition. The vessel was splendid,

the weather glorious, and the company agreeable. There were no ladies except the immediate relatives and friends of Sir Donald and of his chief guest. The party comprised several of my intimate friends, but I only knew a few of the rest of my shipmates. It was chiefly composed of Members of Parliament, authors and artists, with whom I was glad to become acquainted.

Our first destination was Hamburg, a fine town, much improved since I was there on my return from Moscow in 1856. We were hospitably received by the principal merchants and citizens. They gave us a banquet at which I sat next to a pleasant lady, who had still some remains of beauty. She asked me among many things whether I had ever seen their Emperor. I told her I had done so at a party at the Prince of Wales's.—“Were you at a party at the Prince of Wales's? That was indeed an honour!”—Not to appear boastful, I explained that it was a large garden party, to which many people were invited.—“Still, a party at the Prince of Wales's!”—I might have told her that His Majesty when Prince of Wales had once done me the honour of dining with me, but she would have certainly not believed it. She informed me that she was going to Carlsbad, and I asked her what took her there. She replied, “My stomach,” which sounds more crude than had it been expressed in any other language but English. What is insufferable in this sort of banquet in Germany is that speeches

are made between each dish, a custom which I cannot understand the Germans continuing.

At Hamburg Sir Donald proposed to Mr. Gladstone that he should pay Prince Bismarck a visit. This Mr. Gladstone declined to do, saying that if invited he would be happy to go, but could not propose himself. Sir Donald then asked me and several others to accompany him and pay our respects to the Prince at Friedrichsruhe. We all consented. Impelled by curiosity to see a man who had played so large a part in the history of his country, I was glad to be one of the party, although, having no great admiration for the Prince's career, this was rather inconsistent.

We got as far as the porter's lodge, but no farther. We were told that the Prince was asleep, and that when he awoke our cards would be given to him. We were from time to time, in answer to our inquiries, assured that he was still asleep, till the hour arrived for our return to Hamburg. The next day the Prince wrote to Sir Donald to express his regret that, owing to the state of his health, he had been unable to receive us. The newspapers on the same day stated that he was perfectly well. Now which excuse were we to believe—the sleep, or the state of health? This reminds me of what a young man in Paris said to a charming lady who had got into some scrape: “*Ma chère, dites ce que vous voulez, et nous vous croirons, pourvu que cela soit toujours la même chose.*” Prince Bismarck, however, the

following year sent a number of small oak saplings to be distributed among the gentlemen who had been good enough to call upon him the previous year. My specimen now flourishes in a field in front of my house.

From Hamburg we went to Copenhagen, which, in spite of its historical associations, to my shame did not interest me much. Its appearance in comparison with most of the other Capitals in Europe—to use a disagreeable epithet when applied to individuals—is somewhat second-rate.

The King and several members of the Royal Family came on board and were entertained at luncheon, when Mr. Gladstone made a speech, which was much applauded, but which I was too far from him to hear. His Majesty seemed delighted to meet our great statesman, who was always a favourite with the Danish Court. The next day what appeared to be the whole population was allowed to inspect the ship. They came in crowds and peered into every cabin, which made the place intolerable.

Our next destination was Kiel harbour, which was seen at its best, crowded with ships of every description, men-of-war, merchant vessels and yachts of all nationalities. The chief event was the German Emperor's inspection of the different fleets. There he stood, upright on the bridge of his ship, quite alone and in an attitude which betokened the monarch of all he surveyed. Some of our company admired it, but I thought it a

trifle theatrical. At one time his vessel seemed to be directed straight towards us, which made us think he was coming to pay a visit to our aged statesman, which would have been a graceful act on his part; but his ship suddenly altered her course, and he went off, as I was told, to see some English friend who had come to Kiel in his yacht.

There was little of an opening ceremony. At least, all I saw were a few ships coming at long intervals from a corner of the bay where the entrance of the Canal was said to be.

We were desirous on leaving Kiel to go to Stockholm, the only Capital in Europe which I have never seen, but for some reason it could not be managed. We went instead to the pretty town of Gothenburg, which was all decorated with green branches on account of some local festivity. Our return home was prosperous, and we all felt that we had made a most pleasant expedition. There was much excitement among the passengers when the news reached us at the mouth of the Thames that the Liberal Government was out, which was nuts to some but not to all.

About twenty years ago I met with a piece of good fortune. The late Lord Armstrong, who was then Sir William, proposed to me at the suggestion of my friend, Lord Rendel, to join the Board of Directors of his Company. I joyfully accepted his kind offer. Besides benefiting me financially, it has given me the interest of watching

the marvellous development of this great concern and the skill with which it has been brought about. My relations with my fellow directors both past and present have always been most pleasant, and I have much valued their friendship. Lord Armstrong himself I greatly esteemed, admiring his modesty and unassuming manners, which, considering his ability and successful career, were very remarkable.

With regard to the business we are engaged in I will only say that I abhor every war of aggression, but consider it the duty of every Government to be adequately prepared for defence. I once said to the late Colonel Dyer that I should always regret a war taking place, although it might be to our advantage. He mildly observed, "Perhaps you do not object to rumours of war."

Some years later Mr. Gladstone spent his last winter at Lord Rendel's beautiful *château* at Cannes. He went there in the hope that a change of climate would be beneficial, a hope which unluckily was not realised. He suffered severely during his whole stay there.

Lord Rendel thought that it would do him good to see some society, and with that object invited several of his old friends, including myself, to meet him. It was a sad visit, as it was so distressing to see one to whom we were so much attached endure so much pain. We saw a good deal of him, as with the exception of breakfast he was present at every meal. I do not know

how he passed his time before luncheon, but in the afternoon he took a drive, and after tea and in the evening lay down on a sofa, listening to music, which soothed him. Several ladies played to him by turns; they were angels by the sick man's couch.

Lord Rendel urged me to try and draw him into conversation in the hope of distracting him from his sufferings. I endeavoured to do so by putting questions and suggesting topics, such as in former years he so charmingly dealt with; but now, finding it only wearied and annoyed him, I had to desist. The only conversation I had with him was when he sometimes after luncheon asked me to give him my arm whilst we paced up and down a long passage, as it was his habit to do every day. He then talked to me freely. He was perfectly resigned, but his words were sad. More than once he expressed the hope that all might be over before the next day. When finally I took leave of him he gave me his blessing, whilst he added, "We shall never meet again in this world." His prediction turned out true, for although his life of suffering was prolonged for a few months, I never saw him again.

The weather during the whole of this visit was enchanting—cloudless skies, glorious sunsets and no *mistral*. With the exception of a few days it has been much the same during the various times I have visited Cannes. I have gone there every winter, remaining never less than ten weeks, and

one year I took a villa for four months. No words can describe the kindness I have always there met with in nearly every quarter. A young man looks upon the hospitality he receives as a matter of course, but it is very different with an old man—at least, it is so with me. I am grateful for the welcome often given me by Lady Alfred Paget, Lord and Lady Rendel, and Lord Glenesk at their respective *châteaux* of Garibondy, Thorenc and St. Michel, all in their different ways delicious abodes, and I heartily thank them and many other friends at Cannes for their constant goodness towards me.

Before concluding, I will, although with some hesitation, venture to refer to the subject of the authorship of *Werner*. In an article in the August number of 1899 of the *Nineteenth Century* I maintained that my grandmother the Duchess of Devonshire and not Lord Byron wrote that drama. It is a startling statement, but is borne out by undeniable facts. I shall not here repeat the substance of my article, but am convinced that most people who take the trouble to read it will arrive at the same conclusion about it. Mr. Hartley Coleridge, the editor of Byron's Poems in Mr. Murray's edition of his Works, deals with my article in his notes to *Werner*. He does not answer my arguments, but disbelieves my story for the two following reasons. The first is that there is ample proof that Byron just before its publication informed his *entourage* that he was

busy writing *Werner*. Surely if he contemplated publishing as his own a poem written by some one else, he would be anxious to make people believe that it was his own production. You would not say that the innocence of a man suspected of some offence was proved by his having told his friends that he had not committed it. The second reason is on account of the parallel passages which are to be found in *Werner* and in the works of Byron. But this does not disprove my case, as Byron may have inserted, and probably did insert, some lines of his own in the original poem. Moreover, the argument derived from parallel passages as to the identity of authorship is not reliable, or else we must believe that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare, as so many parallel passages are to be met with in their writings.

Byron did, at an earlier date, write the first act of a drama founded on the plot of *Werner*. The copy of it, in his handwriting, was mislaid in his lifetime, and was only found the other day by Mr. Murray. I wish Mr. Coleridge had printed it in his notes to *Werner*, as I am sure that any one comparing it with the first act of the published version would see at once that the two could not have been written by the same person.

Little attention was paid to my article, which I partly attribute to its having appeared in the month in which the Boer War began, when everybody was engrossed by the events in South Africa. I am therefore induced to make another attempt to point

out what appears to me to be a curious incident in the history of literature.

My escape to Cannes from fogs and short, damp days in England during the last eight years has probably prolonged my life, and thereby enabled me to write this little book. For this I am thankful. Although aware of its deficiencies—being rambling patchwork ill put together—it has still amused me to write it, and I hope that some of the stories I tell may be found entertaining, and some of my accounts, however trivial, of the great men I allude to, not without interest.

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